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P O E M S

BY

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

BY

JOHN MITCHEL.



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James Clarence Mangan:

HIS LIFE, POETRY, AND DEATH.



T is a daring adventure, perhaps, in this more than Augustan age of poesy, an age which has produced, it seems, upwards of one hundred bards in our language alone (see *Poets of the Nineteenth Century* by the Rev. Robert Aris Willmot and Evert A. Duyckinck), to demand the attention of the literary world to another poet of the aforesaid nineteenth century: a poet, too, whose writings have been all published, and whose life has been ended more than ten years ago; so that if there was any thing in his work truly excellent, and worthy so enlightened an age, it is presumable that it would have been found out ere now.

In that collection of the poetic gems of our time and tongue by Messrs. Willmot and Duyckinck, with its one or two hundred immortal names, the name of Clarence Mangan has no place. Mr. Dana, in his highly meritorious, though not altogether blameless, *Household Book of Poetry*, displaying specimens and master-pieces of three or four hundred "poets" in our tongue, has, indeed, found room for *two* of Mangan's translations from the German—and those by no means amongst the best. A natural inquiry will suggest itself to many readers,—Who, then, is this new old poet? Mackay we know, and Alexander Smith we know, but who art Thou? If he was indeed a true poet, would not the critical acumen of our literary age have discovered him; if he has lain so long in oblivion, let him lie: we have poets enough and to spare.

Not by any means desiring to obtrude an obscure *parvenu* amongst that crowd of immortals, nor intending to pluck one leaf of ivy from the brow of a Mackay or a Smith, or a laurel from the chaplet of the bard who sings "Riflemen, Form!"—not designing

to dispute about tastes, or to importune a cultivated public which has its hands and head already too full, and labours only under an *embarras de richesses*,—I have yet undertaken, at the desire of a bold publisher, to introduce the almost unknown name and writings of James Clarence Mangan modestly and bashfully to American readers. And I am the more emboldened to this enterprise, in calling to mind with what eager admiration the few samples of his strange melodies which have found their way to the innumerable readers of this continent, were welcomed and rejoiced over. The comparative unacquaintance, also, of Americans with these poems may be readily accounted for, when we remember how completely British criticism gives the law throughout the literary domain of that semi-barbarous tongue in which I have now the honour to indite. For this Mangan was not only an Irishman,—not only an Irish papist,—not only an Irish papist rebel;—but throughout his whole literary life of twenty years, he never deigned to attorn to English criticism, never published a line in any English periodical, or through any English bookseller, never seemed to be aware that there was a British public to please. He was a rebel politically, and a rebel intellectually and spiritually,—a rebel with his whole heart and soul against the whole British spirit of the age. The consequence was sure, and not unexpected. Hardly anybody in England knew the name of such a person; and the only critique of his volumes called “German Anthology” which I have ever met with, is a very short and contemptuous notice in the *Foreign Quarterly*, for October, 1845, wherein the austere critic declares Mr. Mangan’s method of rendering the German to be, “not gilding refined gold, but plating it with copper; not painting the lily white, but plastering it with red ochre.”

Whereupon issue is joined. I respectfully appeal from English taste to American. In the eyes of Americans, *that* can hardly be a great crime (though to an Englishman it is the sin against the Holy Ghost)—to ignore British opinion, and despise equally British censure and applause. Moreover I believe there is in these United States quite enough of the Celtic blood and warmth of temperament, enough too of the true Gaelic ear for melody, to recognize in the poems of Mangan that marvellous charm which makes him the household and heart-enshrined darling of many an Irish home. I have never yet met a cultivated Irish man or woman, of genuine Irish nature, who did not prize Clarence Mangan above all the poets that their island of song ever nursed. This one fact, singular as it must needs appear to the Dnyckincks, makes it worth while surely to understand with what

wand of power, and what musical incantations he wrought so wondrous a magic.

I have undertaken also to give some account of his life; or rather his two lives: for never was a creature on this earth whose existence was so entirely dual and double; nay, whose two lives were so hopelessly and eternally at war, racking and desolating the poor mortal frame which was the battle-ground of that fearful strife. Yet I ask myself, What would Mangan think and feel now, if he could know that a man was going to write his life? Would he not rise up from his low grave in Glasnevin to forbid? Be still, poor ghost! Gently and reverently, and with shoes from off my feet, I will tread that sacred ground.

And first, of the mere material and visible life. Mangan was not born in the aristocratic rank. Moore's father was a grocer in Aungier-street; Beranger was brought forth in the shed of his grandfather, a tailor. Of Mangan's parentage little more is known than that his father was one James Mangan, a native of Shanagolden, in Limerick county; who in 1801 was married to Catharine Smith, of Fishamble-street, Dublin. In the same street, and in 1803, James Clarence Mangan was born, his father being then a shopkeeper of the grocer species, and unfortunate in his business. In the short sketch of Mangan's life prefixed to Mr. O'Daly's publication, called "The Poets and Poetry of Munster," it is said, touching this unprosperous grocer parent, "that being of a restless disposition he removed to another locality, having consigned the establishment and his son to the care of his brother-in-law, whom he induced to come from London for that purpose." Those who knew Clarence Mangan in later days had a vague sort of knowledge that he had a brother, a sister, and a mother still living; some of whom survived him, and that their scanty sustenance depended, at least partly, upon him. In the older part of Dublin, between the castle and the river Liffey, runs off from Werburgh-street a narrow alley which brings you into a small square of dismal brick houses, called "Derby-square." Very few of the wealthier and more fashionable inhabitants of Dublin know the existence of this dreary quadrangle. The houses are high and dingy: many of the windows are patched with paper; clothes-lines extend across from window to window, and on the whole the place has an air of having seen better days—better, but never very good. In this Derby-square, it appears, was a boys' school; and here Clarence Mangan received what scholastic training he ever had. Then, for seven years, he laboured as a copyist in a scrivener's office at a weekly salary; a mechanical employment which had at least one advantage for him,—that his mind

could wander. Eye and finger once set steadily to their task, the soul might spread her wings and soar beyond all the spheres—

Then Fancy bore him to the palest star,
Pinnacled in the lofty æther dim.

After that, for two or three years he gained his living and maintained his wretched household as an attorney's clerk. The name of that particular member of the Society of the King's Inns who doled out a few shillings a week to so remarkable a clerk, is not known to fame; and my researches upon this important point will be forever in vain.

At what age he devoted himself to this drudgery, at what age he left it, or was discharged from it, does not appear: for his whole biography documents are wanting, the man having never for one moment imagined that his poor life could interest any surviving human being, and having never, accordingly, collected his biographical assets, and appointed a literary executor to take care of his posthumous fame. Neither did he ever acquire the habit, common enough among literary men, of dwelling upon his own early trials, struggles, and triumphs. But those who knew him in after years can remember with what a shuddering and loathing horror he spoke, when at rare intervals he could be induced to speak at all, of his labours with the scrivener and the attorney. He was shy and sensitive, with exquisite sensibility and fine impulses; eye, ear, and soul open to all the beauty, music, and glory of heaven and earth; humble, gentle, and unexact; modestly craving nothing in the world but celestial glorified life, seraphic love, and a throne among the immortal gods (that's all),—and he was eight or ten years scribbling deeds, pleadings, and bills in chancery. Know all men by these presents, that it was "a very vile life," if indeed his true life were spent there and so; but there was another, an inner and a higher life for him: and in those years of quill driving, amongst gross and ill-conditioned fellow-clerks, whose naughty ways long after made him tremble to think of, that subtle spirit wandered and dwelt afar. At this time he must have been a great devourer of books, and seems to have early devoted himself to the exploration of those treasures which lay locked up in foreign languages. Mangan had no education of a regular and approved sort; neither, in his multifarious reading had he, nor could brook any guidance whatever. Yet the reader of his poems will probably find in them ample proof of culture both high and wide, both profound and curiously exquisite. How he came by these acquirements;

by what devoted and passionate study, deep in the night, like the wrestle of Jacob with a god, this poor attorney's clerk brought down the immortals to commune with him, is not recorded. He has not made provision, as was remarked before, for satisfying the landable curiosity of the public on these points.

Indeed, for some years after his labours had ceased in the attorney's office, there is a gap in his life which pains-taking biography will never fill up. It is a vacuum and obscure gulf which no eye hath fathomed or measured; into which he entered a bright-haired youth and emerged a withered and stricken man. Mangan, when the present writer saw him first, was a spare and meagre figure, somewhat under middle height, with a finely-formed head, clear blue eyes, and features of peculiar delicacy. His face was pallid and worn, and the light hair seemed not so much grizzled as *bleached*. From several obscure indications in his poems, it is plain that in one at least of the great branches of education he had run through his *curriculum* regularly; he had loved, and was deceived. The instructress in this department of knowledge was a certain fair and false "Frances;" at least, such is the name under which he addressed to her one of his dreariest songs of sorrow. In that obscure, unrecorded interval of his life, he seems to have some time or other, by a rare accident, penetrated (like Diogenes Teufelsdröckh) into a sphere of life higher and more refined than any which his poor lot had before revealed to him; and even to have dwelt therein for certain days. Dubiously and with difficulty, I collect from those who were his intimates many years, thus much. He was on terms of visiting in a house where were three sisters; one of them beautiful, *spirituelle*, and a coquette. The old story was here once more re-enacted in due order. Paradise opened before him: the imaginative and passionate soul of a devoted boy bended in homage before an enchantress. She received it, was pleased with it, even encouraged and stimulated it, by various arts known to that class of persons, until she was fully and proudly conscious of her absolute power over one other noble and gifted nature—until she knew that she was the centre of the whole orbit of his being, and the light of his life:—then with a cold surprise, as wondering that he could be guilty of such a foolish presumption, she exercised her undoubted prerogative and whistled him down the wind. His air-paradise was suddenly a darkness and a chaos.

Well, it was a needful part of his education: if his Frances had not done him this service, some other as fair and cruel most undoubtedly would. She was but the accidental instrument and occasion of giving him that one fundamental lesson of a poet's

life, *une grande passion*. As a beautiful dream she entered into his existence once for all : as a tone of celestial music she pitched the key-note of his song ; and, sweeping over all the chords of his melodious desolation you may see that white hand. Let us bid her farewell, then, not altogether in unkindness ; for she was more than half the Mangan.

He never loved, and hardly looked upon, any woman forever more. Neither over his disappointment did he gnash his teeth and beat his breast before the public ; nor make himself and his sorrows the burden of his song. Only in the selection of poems for translation, and in the wonderful pathos of the thought which he scrupled not sometimes to interpolate, can you discern the master misery :—as in that ballad from Rueckert—

“I saw her once, one little while, and then no more.
 ’Twas Paradise on earth awhile, and then no more ;
 Ah ! what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore ?
 She shone before my eyes awhile, and then no more.
 The shallop of my peace is wrecked on Beauty’s shore.
 Near Hope’s fair isle it rode awhile, and then no more !

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more.
 Earth looked like Heaven a little while, and then no more.
 Her presence thrilled and lighted to its inner core
 My desert breast a little while, and then no more.”

Into the empty and dreary interval which followed there are but few glimpses of light ; unless the hinted revelations in that ghastly poem, “The Nameless One,” be regarded as autobiographic. One thing is plain : he could not afford leisure to brood over the shivered splinters of his great dreams, by reason of the necessity of earning daily bread for himself and his mother and sister : which was also probably what saved him from suicide. Men do not usually rush to meet death, when death, by mere hunger, stands like a wolf at the door. It is well also, if the devil find one forever occupied ; which was the receipt found effectual by that learned Count Caylus, who kept diligently engraving, to illustrate his own works, a glass always stuck in his eye, and a burin in his hand, his maxim and rule of life being “*Je grave pour ne pas me pendre*.” Certain it is the man became miserable enough. At home he had no pleasure ; nothing but reproaches and ill-humour. He contracted a “friendship” with I know not whom ; and the friend betrayed him at his need. Baffled, beaten, mocked, and all alone amidst the wrecks of his world—is it wonderful that he sought at times to escape from consciousness by

taking for bread opium, and for water brandy? Many a sore and pitiable struggle he must have maintained against the foul fiend, but with a character and a will essentially feeble, he succumbed at last.

About 1830—he being then twenty-seven years of age—we find him contributing short poems, usually translations from the German or the Irish, to a small weekly illustrated periodical in Dublin. His compensation was small, and in penury and wretchedness of body and soul, he dragged along his life: sometimes too truly—

“—— In days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When Death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.”

Amongst the literary people of that *provincial* metropolis of Dublin (so I must call it, though I may gnash my teeth, if that be any comfort) were two or three who not only understood and appreciated Clarence Mangan, but would have served and saved him, if he had permitted. Of these I may name Dr. Anster, one of the innumerable translators of “*Faust*,” Petrie, well known both as an exquisite artist, and also for his great work on the *Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Ireland*; Dr. Todd, Fellow of Trinity College, and Librarian of the magnificent Library of that University. By their aid and influence the solitary, half-conscious dreamer and opium-eater obtained employment in the great University Library, on the preparation of a new and improved catalogue of that vast repository; for which his varied and polyglot studies eminently qualified him.

The first time the present biographer saw Clarence Mangan, it was in this wise—Being in the college library, and having occasion for a book in that gloomy apartment of the institution called the “Fagel Library,” which is the innermost recess of the stately building, an acquaintance pointed out to me a man perched on the top of a ladder, with the whispered information that the figure was Clarence Mangan. It was an unearthly and ghostly figure, in a brown garment; the same garment (to all appearance) which lasted till the day of his death. The blanched hair was totally unkempt; the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book. I had never heard of Clarence Mangan before, and knew not for what he was celebrated; whether as a magician, a poet, or a murderer; yet took a volume and spread it on a table, not to read, but with pretence of reading to gaze on the spectral creature upon the ladder.

Here Mangan laboured mechanically, and dreamed, roosting on a ladder, for certain months, perhaps years; carrying the proceeds in money to his mother's poor home, storing in his memory the proceeds which were not in money, but in another kind of ore, which might feed the imagination indeed, but was not available for board and lodging. All this time he was the bond-slave of opium.

And now it almost repents me that I undertook to narrate the events of this man's outer and visible life, even to gratify the natural interest which his loving, worshipping readers cannot but feel in all that concerns him—an interest, however, which is deeper and higher than mere curiosity. No purer and more benignant spirit ever alighted upon earth—no more abandoned wretch ever found earth a purgatory and a hell. There were, as I have said, two Mangans: one well known to the Muses, the other to the police; one soared through the empyrean and sought the stars—the other lay too often in gutters of Peter-street and Bride-street. I have read the lives and sufferings of Edgar Poe and of Richard Savage. Neither was so consummate a poet, neither so miserable a mortal. Yet in one respect poor Mangan compares favorably with them both; he had no malignity, sought no revenge, never wrought sorrow and suffering to any human being but himself. In his deadly struggle with the cold world he wore no defiant air and attitude; was always humble, affectionate, almost prayerful. He was never of the “Satanic school,” never devoted mankind to the infernal gods, nor cursed the sun; but the cry of his spirit was ever, Miserable man that I am, who will deliver me from the wrath to come!

To proceed with the few and meagre records of his remaining days. It was the time of “Penny Journals.” There were the *London* and the *Dublin Penny Journal*, and the *Irish Penny Journal*. To the two latter Mangan made frequent contributions; but he never sent a line of his verses for publication in any London periodical; perhaps through diffidence; not feeling confident that any production of his could satisfy the critical taste of the step-sister island. Afterwards he became a regular contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*; in whose pages appeared the most and best of his beautiful translations; and other pieces purporting to be translations, from the German, Irish, Persian, Spanish, “Coptic,” and so forth.

In 1842 commenced the *Nation*, weekly newspaper; and as national poems, especially ballads, were to be a regular feature of that publication, and no man in Ireland knew all moods of the Irish harp save Mangan, a large number of his finest compositions

for five years appeared in the columns of the *Nation*. It was in the office of that journal his present biographer made his acquaintance; a feat not easily accomplished; for Mangan had a morbid reluctance to meet new people, or to be "introduced." The thing *was* accomplished, however, and when, in the end of the year 1847, I thought proper to break off my connection with the *Nation*, Mangan, and also Reilly, attached themselves to me, and followed my fortunes, or to speak more accurately, misfortunes. Clarence Mangan never wrote another line for the *Nation*, nor during the short career of the *United Irishman*, for any other publication than this.

In the continual movements of political associations, whether under O'Connell, or under the auspices of those immortal youngsters called the Young Ireland Party, Mangan never took any ostensible part; yet when he, in common with most other men, believed that a mortal struggle was approaching, and already imminent, he became vehemently excited. Whatever relic of manly vigor and force of character was still left living amidst the wrecks and ruins of the man seemed to flame up; for his history and fate were indeed a type and shadow of the land he loved so well. The very soul of his melody is that plaintive and passionate yearning which breathes and throbs through all the music of Ireland. Like Ireland's, his gaze was ever backward, with vain and feeble complaint for vanished years. Like Ireland's, his light flickered upward for a moment, and went out in the blackness of darkness. It was 1848, one of the dreadful years of the Famine in Ireland; and it began to be stated distinctly by the ministerial journals of London that the newspaper named *United Irishman*, an avowed organ of insurrection, would shortly be crushed by a determined prosecution. Mangan thereupon wrote the following letter. To reprint it here is distinctly egotistical; and the excuse is that this letter was the only expression (in prose) of the writer's political sentiments which I have ever seen or heard of:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "UNITED IRISHMAN."

MY DEAR M.—There is a rumor in circulation, that the government intend to commence a prosecution against you. Insignificant an individual as I am, and unimportant to society as my political opinions may be, I, nevertheless, owe it, not merely to the kindness you have shown me, but to the cause of my country, to assure you that I thoroughly sympathize with your sentiments, that I identify my views of public affairs with yours, and that I am prepared to go all lengths with you and your intrepid friend, Devin Reilly, for the achievement of our national independence.

I mean to write you, in a few days, a long letter, explanatory of the course which I think it becomes the duty of every Irish patriot to pursue, at the present eventful epoch. Meanwhile you are at liberty to make what use you please of this preliminary communication.

Yours, in life and death,

JAS. CLARENCE MANGAN.

Welcome as the letter was, and not a little touching as coming from him, the truth of history compels me to declare that it did not intimidate the British government much. The "long letter explanatory" never came to hand; unless, indeed, in the process of writing, it arranged itself in rhyme, arrayed itself in rich metaphor and allegory, and made its appearance in the form of those noble lines entitled "Irish National Hymn," which the reader will find in the present volume. The desolate writer was by this time too much enfeebled in mind and body to think or act persistently in any matter whatever. But to the last he could sing.

About this time he often visited the office of the *United Irishman*, in Trinity street; and if his present biographer chanced to be found alone, the visitor would sometimes remain in conversation, or more properly in discourse of his own, for an hour; for though extremely silent, shy, and reserved habitually, yet with those in whom he confided, he was much given to strange and desultory talk, which seemed like the soliloquy of a somnambulist. His blue eyes would then dilate, and light up strangely the sepulchral pallor of his face. His manner and voice were always extremely gentle; and I never heard him blame anybody but himself. Neither did he speak much of his own utter misery and desolation; but it was easy to perceive that his being was all drowned in the blackest despair; he had reached that dismal point of remediless misery, described so terribly by the grim Roman satirist, when the soul can but say to itself, *Imus, imus præcipites!* He saw spirits, too, and received unwelcome visits from his dead father, whom he did not love. Yet something saved him from insanity: perhaps it was religion. I am not aware that at this time he had any practical connection with his Church—he was a Catholic—but there was always present with him a devotional sentiment, and an humble and contrite heart. Before his death, too, he showed more profound interest in matters of faith, by more frequently translating Catholic hymns and paraphrasing the Scriptures. By some tie or other he did assuredly hold on to his anchorage upon the firm ground of reason, and did not drift into unknown seas.

"Every man holds, chained up within him, a madman:" so it

is written ; and nothing is more fearful than to watch in some men how perilously their maniac inmates tug at the chain, and to think, If a link should break now?—The life of such a being is the life of Homer's mariners rushing through a stormy sea at twelve knots, in the dead of night—

Δειδότες· τυτθὸν γὰρ ὑπ' ἐκ θανάτοιο φέρονται

—inside, you have still a cabin-lamp burning, and air to breathe, and human companionship ; without, the infinite black waste of the roaring, ravening sea, and between these, trembling and creaking, a half-inch plank : let the plank but start, and your lamp and life are extinguished in the foaming whirl. Poor Mang-an's lamp, though often sadly dimmed by thick vapours of sickness, and horror, and shame, yet burned still (somewhat blue), and lighted his pathway to the grave.

And this was not far now. The last cause that could arouse in him any human interest or hope, was lost. He still haunted the newspaper offices ; for some money must be had, for bread, or indeed for whiskey ; the proportions of these two necessities of life being much the same as Falstaff's ; and in the month of June of that rueful year—let John Savage describe for us—

“ A crooked little street, called ‘ Trinity,’ off one of the greatest thoroughfares of the city. The principal propellers of the excitement which moves the city and country have their being in this crooked little street, famous in Irish History, in the shape of the two journals, the ‘ *Irish Tribune*,’ and ‘ *Irish Felon*,’ both preaching the same creed, and rivals only in their devotion to it. Out of either of these offices—they are side by side, like brothers in a fight—we perceive a strange-looking individual has glided, even as a shadow on a wall.

“ That shy, abstracted-looking man has held not the least powerful talisman by which a nation is moved. We must look at him more minutely. He is about the middle size, and glides more than walks, yet at that is but infirm. He stoops and is abstracted. A threadbare dark coat—is it brown or black?—buttoned up to the throat, sheathes his attenuated body. His eye is lustrously mild and beautifully blue, and his silver-white locks surround, like a tender halo, the once beautiful, and now pale and intellectual face of the prematurely aged man before us. He glides along and through the people who are naturally attracted to this locality, as if he did not belong to the same earth with them. Nor does he. His steps seem as if they were not directed by any thought, but mechanically wended their way to his wretched abode.”

And so he glided and wended his way, longing for "the Angel Death;" no one wish of his heart was ever fulfilled, no aspiration satisfied:—he passionately loved all sights and sounds of nature; yet his hard fate held him chained in the dreariest haunts of a crowded city all his life:—he pined to sit under the shade of tropic trees or to sweep the great desert on a barb from Alexandria; yet he never left Ireland; never, perhaps, penetrated farther into the country than the hills of Wicklow. And now his life was wasted and gone;—the very powers of intellect and imagination wherein he could freely live and move "twenty golden years ago," now lying darkened and bound in the torpor produced by a horrible drug,—the soul that once could soar and dwell alone, now at last weighed down and hebetated by the miserable body to which it was chained,—what could be wished for him but freedom from that bond? Some friends he still had, who regarded him with a reverential compassion and wonder, and would have felt pride in giving him a shelter and a home. But sometimes he could not be found for weeks; and then he would reappear, like a ghost, or a ghoul, with a wildness in his blue, glittering eye, as of one who has seen spectres; and nothing gives so ghastly an idea of his condition of mind as the fact that the insane orgies of this rarely-gifted creature were transacted in the lowest and obscurest taverns, and in company with the offal of the human species. From this thought one turns with a shudder.

John O'Daly, a bookseller in Angelsea-street, was warmly attached to him. O'Daly is a fair Irish scholar; and it is singular that Mangan, who has given the most exquisite metrical versions of Irish ballads, thoroughly instinct, too, with the Gaelic idioms and spirit, never himself could read a word of Irish. Either O'Daly, or else Eugene Curry, or John O'Donovan of the Royal Irish Academy, used to furnish him with literal prose translations.

Dr. Anster and Mr. Petrie retained their generous friendship for him to the last; but they could do nothing for him: he was out of the reach of help; he would not dwell with men, or endure decent society; they could but look on with pity and wonder.

Another warm admirer and attached friend was Joseph Brennan; "his brother, and yet more than brother," to whom he addressed the touching verses which are found in this collection. Brennan was one of the brightest and boldest of the young men whom that unhappy country, then in the vortex of her fate, swept along and carried down with her. His own destiny was a strange one; he laboured for years afterwards in a strange land, and lies buried on the bank of Mississippi.

At last, one morning in June, 1849, the news spread abroad

amongst the literary persons of Dublin, that Clarence Mangan was dead: had died in a hospital, utterly destitute; destitute but not deserted. He had suffered dreadfully from an attack of cholera, brought on, they say, by a lack of proper nourishment, and was nearly at the last stage when his friends found him. In the short biographical sketch prefixed to O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster," is this short memorandum.

"A short time before his death, his constitution was greatly weakened by an attack of cholera. On his recovery (?) we found him in an obscure house in Bride-street, and, at his own request, procured admission for him to the Meath Hospital, on the 13th of June, 1849, where he lingered for seven days, and died on the 20th."

During this interval he was assiduously waited on by a few friends; and Mr. Meehan, a good priest,—who had always appreciated him as a poet, loved him as a man, and yearned over him as a soul in the jaws of perdition,—anxiously and affectionately sought to console him in his last hours. The poor patient never repined, never blamed an unjust world, constantly thanked his friends for their attentions, and apologized earnestly for the trouble he was giving. At his own request, they read him, during his last moments of life, one of the Catholic penitential hymns, and so that gentle spirit passed.

His remains lie in the cemetery of Glasnevin, a suburb on the northern confines of Dublin; where there is not, so far as I have learned, a stone to mark his last abode. Assuredly he did not covet monuments, or a laurelled bust: craved but a resting-place in the bosom of his mother earth; and could, if poet ever could, content himself with that kind of immortality of which the dying flower of Rueckert so sweetly sang in death, or with the "Poet's Consolation" of Koerner—

"What, though no maiden's tears ever be shed

O'er my clay bed,

Yet will the generous Night never refuse

To weep its dews.

And though no friendly hand garland the cross

Above my moss,

Still will the dear, dear Moon tenderly shine

Down on that sign.

And if the saunterer-by songlessly pass

Through the long grass,

There will the noontide bee pleasantly hum,

And warm winds come.

Yes—you at least, ye dells, meadows, and streams,
Stars and moon-beams,
Will think on him whose weak, meritless lays
Teemed with your praise."

Such was the outward and visible existence of James Clarence Mangan. His inner and more living life affords a more pleasing spectacle. Whether the beautiful and luxuriant world of dreams wherein he built his palaces, and laid up his treasure, and tasted the ambrosia of the gods, was indeed a sufficient compensation for all that squalid misery in the body, is a question on which there is no occasion to pronounce. One may hope that it was, and much more than a compensation; for God is just. At any rate it was all the poor poet had. Some "poets" there are who desire to own a dream-world, and at the same time to own stock in banks and railroads. They do not give themselves up altogether to either order of things, but prudently invest in both a little. That "poet's consolation" suits them exactly, in a sentimental kind of way; but the consolidated fund also is not to be despised: and like the gigantic angel, while they trust one foot out to sea, they keep the other on the firm shore.

Of Mangan it may be said that he lived solely in his poetry—all the rest was but a ghastly death-in-life. And now it remains to consider this side of his twofold existence. He was, though self-educated, a scholar. By what miraculous gift of apprehension he made his unaided studies so effective, in the attorney's office, and on the top of library ladders, is hard to understand; but certain it is, that he became a thorough classical scholar; and of modern languages he was familiar with at least three, besides his own—namely, German, French, and Spanish; and roved at will through the glowing garden of their poetic literature. It has been too readily assumed that he was also acquainted with the eastern tongues; but this is at least doubtful; and certainly his verses purporting to be translated from the Persian and the Coptic, were altogether his own. Somebody asked him why he gave credit to Hafiz for such exquisite gems of his own poetry; because, he said, Hafiz paid better than Mangan—and any critic could see that they were only *half his*.

In the case of Irish songs and ballads, he generally selected for translation the most dismal and desolate. More than in any other mood of song he seemed to revel in the expression of passionate sorrow: and I know not that any other productions in the world breathe so intensely the very soul of woe and terrible desolation

as do his version of "O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire," the "Lament for the Irish Princes," "Sarsfield," "Kinkora," and "Dark Rosaleen." In these translations, as well as those from the German, he did not assume to be literal in words and phrases; nor, indeed, in general, was there any uniform unvarying version of the original poems, to which he could be literal, because they lived, for the most part only in the memories of the illiterate peasantry; and Gaelic scholars, in their researches for authentic originals, usually found three or four different ballads, on the same subject and under the same name, having some lines and verses identical, but varying in the arrangement; always, however, agreeing in cadence and rhythm, in general scope and spirit. To this scope and spirit he was always faithful; and sometimes selected portions out of two or three *codices* (as supplied to him by his Gaelic friends) to make a perfect poem.

Of the "Dark Rosaleen" (*Roisin Dubh*, "Dark-haired Little Rose," or *Rois Gheal Dubh* "Dark-haired, fair-skinned Rose"), there were, for example, at least three forms: none of them being technically the original of the poem in this volume; and it may serve to illustrate his method of translating, if I present portions of two renderings which he made, somewhat literally from other versions of the same, as they are found in Mr. O'Daly's collection. This passionate song, by the hereditary bard of the Clan-Conal refers to the time of the great struggle of the Northern clans against Queen Elizabeth's power; when the Irish were encouraged by promises of aid from the King of Spain and the Pope; and *Roisin Dubh* means Ireland, according to the usage of the Celtic bards in personifying their country as a distressed virgin.

Since last night's star, afar, afar, Heaven saw my speed,
I seemed to fly, o'er mountains high, on magic steed,
I dashed through Erne:—the world may learn the cause from *Love*;
For light or sun shone on me none, but *Roisin Dubh*!

O *Roisin* mine! droop not nor pine, look not so dull!
The Pope from Rome hath sent thee home a pardon full!
—The priests are near: O! never fear! from Heaven above
They come to thee—they come to free my *Roisin Dubh*!

Thee have I loved—for thee have roved o'er land and sea;
My heart was sore;—it evermore beat but for thee.
I could but weep—I could not sleep—I could not move;
For, night and day, I dreamt away of *Roisin Dubh*!

Through Munster's lands, by shores and strands, far could I roam,
If I might get my loved one yet, and bring her home.
O, sweetest flower, that blooms in bower, or dell, or grove,
Thou lovest me, and I love thee, my *Roisin Dubh*!

The sea shall burn, the earth shall mourn—the skies rain blood—
 The world shall rise in dread surprise and warful mood—
 And hill and lake in Eire shake, and hawk turn dove—
 Ere you shall pine, ere you decline, my *Roisin Dubh* !

From another Roisin Dubh.

My guiding Star of Hope you are, all glow and grace,
 My blooming Love, my Spouse above all Adam's race;
 In deed or thought you cherish nought of low or mean;
 The base alone can hate his own—my Dark *Roisin* !

O, never mourn as one forlorn, but bide your hour;
 Your friends ere long, combined and strong, will prove their power.
 From distant Spain will sail a train to change the scene
 That makes you sad, for one more glad, my Dark *Roisin* !

Till then, adieu ! my Fond and True ! adieu, till then !
 Though now you grieve, still, still believe we'll meet again;
 I'll yet return, with hopes that burn, and broad-sword keen;
 Fear not, nor think you e'er can sink, my Dark *Roisin* !

Of "Kathaleen Ni Houlahan," a Jacobite song about a century and a half old, besides the translation given in this volume, Mangan versified also another original only partially agreeing with it, of which I may give a sample here :

Let none believe this lovely Eve outworn or old—
 Fair is her form ; her blood is warm, her heart is bold.
 Though strangers long have wrought her wrong, she will not fawn—
 Will not prove mean, our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain* !

Her stately air, her flowing hair—her eyes that far
 Pierce through the gloom of Banba's doom, each like a star;
 Her songful voice that makes rejoice hearts Grief hath gnawn,
 Prove her our Queen, our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain* !

We will not bear the chains we wear, not bear them long.
 We seem bereaven, but mighty Heaven will make us strong.
 The God who led through Ocean Red all Israel on
 Will aid our Queen, our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain* !

Kathaleen Ni Houlahan, here spelled in the Gaelic manner, is again but an emblematic name for Ireland.

In other cases, however, there is but one known form of the original, to which the translator has adhered with considerable closeness. Perhaps the two most characteristic of these are "O'Hussey's Ode" and "Sarsfield," ballads of wonderful power and passion, but of a dreary desolation almost frightful. And it must be confessed that this character of extravagant but impotent passion greatly prevails throughout the Irish ballads at all times,

expressing not only that misery produced by ages of torture and humiliation, but the excessively impressible temperament of the Gael, ever ready to sink into blackest despondency and blind rage, or to rise into rapturous triumph; a temperament which makes both men and nations feeble in adversity, and great, gay, and generous in prosperity. One might say many wise things on the advantages or disadvantages of this sort of national character; but those who are gifted with it, or cursed with it, must only make the best of it; being, as they are—

“Kindly Irish of the Irish,
Neither Saxons nor Italians.”

Of the original poems in our volume, whether called translations, or avowedly Mangan's own, the tone has this same mournful cadence; like the splendid, but ghastly “Cahal Mor,” the “Karamanian Exile,” “Kiukora,” and those singular verses called “Twenty golden years ago,” which blend the deepest pathos with a sort of fictitious jollity. For Mangan's pathos was all genuine, his laughter hollow and painful. In several poems he breaks out into a sort of humour, not hearty and merry fun, but rather grotesque, bitter, Fescennine buffoonery; which leaves an unpleasant impression, as if he were grimly sneering at himself and at all the world; purposely spoiling and marring the effect of fine poetry by turning it into burlesque; and shewing how meanly he regarded every thing, even his Art wherein he lived and had his being, when he compared his own exalted ideal of Art and Life with the littleness of all his experiences and performances.

The German Translations, which were collected and published in Dublin, in 1845, under the title of “Anthologia Germanica,” are likely to be always greatly most attractive to readers in our language, except perhaps Irish readers. Indeed some few of these must be regarded as perfect works of art in themselves, whether translations or not; never perhaps exceeded for strength, sweetness, clearness, and beauty of finish. If this judgment appear extravagant, let the reader before so pronouncing it, only read “The Dying Flower,” from Rueckert, the “Spectre Caravan” from Freiligrath, and “Charlemagne and the Bridge of Moonbeams” from Geibler,—and if he can point out how any phrase or word could be altered without loss; where the meaning could be made more transparently clear, the melody more perfect, or the whole (meaning and melody together) more admirably summed up in the last stanza of each, as in the *finale* of a piece of music, then the praise I have awarded is too high. Undoubtedly these German translations are unequal. Two or three of those which appear in

this volume have been rendered perhaps as well, or better (if the reader chooses) by Longfellow or even by Bulwer, yet once read, in fitting mood of mind, their melody haunts the ear, and the soft dreamy beauty of the sumptuous robe which they sometimes throw around the dry bones of a ballad harsh and meagre enough before, leads one to believe that if the German author could see himself so richly clothed, he would admit that in the account between him and his translator, the balance would be heavily in favor of the latter.

Literalness was in his eyes one of the least qualities of a truly faithful translator of poetry into poetry : and the license he allows himself in this regard is sometimes so great as to materially alter the author's meaning. In the "Death of Hofer," by Julius Mosen, for example, that most literal versifier, Baskerville, gives us the two last stanzas almost word for word :

"They bade him then kneel down,
He answered, 'I will not !
Here standing will I die,
As I have stood and fought,
As now I tread this bulwark's bank,
—Long life to my good Kaiser Frank,
And Tyrol, hail to thee !"¹

A Grenadier then took
The bandage from his hand,
While Hofer spake a prayer,
His last on earthly land.
'Mark well,' he with loud voice exclaimed,
'Now *fire* ! Ah ! 'twas badly aimed !
O Tyrol, fare thee well !"

Whether Mangan's free and easy rendering of this passage be an improvement or not, may be variously judged by different readers. Here it is :

"They bade him kneel, but he with all
A patriot's truth replied—
'I kneel alone to God on high—
As thus I stand so dare I die,
As oft I fought, so let me fall !
Farewell'—his breast a moment swoll
With agony he strove to hide—
'My Kaiser and Tyrol !"

¹ *Es leb mein guter Kaiser Franz,
Mit ihm sein Land Tyrol.*

No more emotion he betrayed;
 Again he bade farewell
 To Francis and the faithful men
 Who girt his throne. His hands were then
 Unbound for prayer, and thus he prayed—
 ‘God of the Free, receive my soul!
And you, slaves, Fire!’ So bravely fell
 Thy foremost man, Tyról!”

In this last verse the translator carries himself back to the scene, puts himself in Hofer’s place, with the Bavarian soldiery before him, false to the cause of Germany, and utters, through the hero’s mouth, that indignant scorn of his executioners which the great Tyrolien must have felt. Like Thucydides, or like some chroniclers of General Taylor’s Mexican battles, he gives us not what was actually said, but what, under the circumstances, might, could, or would have been said.

In some cases, indeed, the freedom of translation goes much further than this. In that most beautiful chaunt entitled “The Ride round the Parapet,” Mangan has so transformed, so draped and ornamented Friedrich Rueckert that his mother could scarcely know him. In the original there is no “Lady Eleonora von Al-leyne” at all, no “Margrave Gondibert;” and although in the last two stanzas there is given to the story the same grotesque turn, so dear to the heart of Mangan, yet he has exercised his privilege by adding additional circumstances of wild and bacchanal buffoonery. This ballad has been very gracefully rendered by Mr. Charles T. Brooks;¹ of whose poem a specimen or two will exhibit, by comparison, the luxuriant wealth of Mangan’s amplification—Mr. Brooks thus gives the first three, represented by Mangan’s first *five*, rolling and resounding stanzas—

THE GREETING ON KYNAST.

“She said: This narrow chamber is not for me the place,
 Said the Lady Kunigunde of the Kynast!

’Tis pleasanter on horseback, I’ll hie me to the chase,
 Said the Lady Kunigunde!

She said: The knight who weds me, I do require of him,
 Said the Lady Kunigunde of Kynast!

To gallop round the Kynast, and break not neck nor limb.

A noble knight came forward and galloped round the wall;

The Lady Kunigunde of Kynast,
 The lady without lifting a finger saw him fall.”

Then, when the fated “Man of men,” comes to his conquest,

¹ German Lyrics. By Charles T. Brooks. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields.

who in the original is not a Margrave Gondibert, but a Landgrave Adelbert,—the scene so highly wrought by Mangan is given thus simply—

“She saw him now make ready, then trembled she and sighed,
The Lady Kunigunde;
Woe's me that I so fearful have made the bridal ride!

Then rode he round the Kynast; her face she turned away
The Lady Kunigunde:
Woe's me, the knight is riding down to his grave to-day!

He rides around the Kynast, right round the narrow wall;
The Lady Kunigunde!
She cannot stir, for terror, her lily hand at all.

He rides around the Kynast, clear round the battlement;
The Lady Kunigunde!
As if a breath might kill him, she held her breath suspent.”

In comparing Mangan's translations from Schiller with those by Bulwer from the same poet, we find the former, as usual, less faithful to the verbal expression, but quite as true to the soul and spirit, and infinitely more poetic. One of the finest pieces in Bulwer's volume is certainly “The Ideal;” which Mangan chooses to call “The Unrealities.” Take parallel passages—

BULWER.

“The suns, serene, are lost and vanished
That wont the path of youth to gild,
And all the fair ideals banished
From that wild heart they whilom filled.
Gone the divine and sweet believing
In dreams which heaven itself unfurled!
What godlike shapes have years bereaving
Swept from this real, workday world!

As once, with tearful passion fired,
The Cyprian sculptor clasped the stone
Till the cold checks, delight-inspired,
Blushed—to sweet life the marble grown.
So youth's desire for Nature! round
The statue so my arms I wreathed,
Till warmth and life in mine it found,
And breath that poets breathe—it breathed.

With my own burning thoughts it burned;
Its silence stirred to speech divine,
Its lips my glowing kiss returned;
Its heart in beating answered mine!

How fair was then the flower—the tree !
 How silver-sweet the fountain's fall !
 The soulless had a soul to me ;
 My life, its own life lent to all !"

MANGAN.

"Extinguished in dead darkness lies the sun
 That lighted up my shrivelled world of wonder ;
 Those fairy bands Imagination spun
 Around my heart have long been reft asunder,
 Gone, gone, forever, is the fine belief,
 The all-too-generous trust in the Ideal :
 All my Divinities have died of grief,
 And left me wedded to the Rude and Real.

As clasped the enthusiastic Prince of old,
 The lovely statue stricken by its charms,
 Until the marble, late so dead and cold,
 Glowed into throbbing life beneath his arms,
 So fondly round enchanting Nature's form,
 I too entwined my passionate arms, till, pressed
 In my embraces, she began to warm
 And breathe and revel in my bounding breast.

And, sympathizing with my virgin bliss,
 The speechless things of Earth received a tongue ;
 They gave me back affection's burning kiss,
 And loved the melody my bosom sung :
 Then sparkled hues of life on tree and flower,
 Sweet music from the silver fountain flowed ;
 All soulless images in that brief hour
 The echo of my life divinely glowed !"

There is not perhaps a more deliciously musical poem in this whole collection than the "Autumn-Song," from Ludwig Tieck :

"A little bird flew through the dell,
 And where the falling sunbeams fell
 He warbled thus his wondrous lay,
 'Adieu ! adieu ! I go away :
 Far, far,
 Must I voyage ere the twilight star !'

It pierced me through, the song he sang,
 With many a sweet and bitter pang :
 For wounding joy, delicious pain,
 My bosom swelled and sank again :—
 Heart ! heart !

Is it drunk with bliss or woe thou art ?" &c.

And this is almost exactly literal, save that the original has no

"twilight star." The metre too is here accurately preserved; and all the passion of the apostrophe is retained.

*"Mit frohem Schmerz, mit trüber Lust,
Stieg wechselnd bald und sank die Brust;
Herz, herz,
Brichst du vor Wonn' oder Schmerz !"*

Amongst the pieces now for the first time collected, will be found "The Midnight Review," by Baron Zedlitz, and Koerner's famous "Sword Song." They are both rather faithful (for Mangan), yet not without some of his characteristic ornamentation. In the spectral "Review," Napoleon rising from his grave to parade his ghostly troops, is thus described :

*"Er trägt ein kleines Hutchen,
Er trägt ein einfach Kleid."*

Here was a difficulty for the many translators of the "Review." Mr. Frothingham¹ very conscientiously gives us :

*"He wears a little hat,
And a coat quite plain has on."*

The author of the version which appears in Mr. Dana's "Household Book" is equally exact :

*"A little Hat he wears,
A coat quite plain wears he."*

Baskerville, with all his principles of *verbatim* rendering, cannot endure the "Little Hat," and so dignifies the Little Hat into a plumeless helm :

*"No plume his helm adorneth
His garb no regal pride."*

If Mangan had preserved the head-gear at all, his propensity to slang might have tempted him to say—

"He wore a Little Tile;"

but prudently avoiding the spectral head altogether, he decorates his imperial ghost with the Star of the Legion of Honour.

One other example of Mangan's habit of adding a thought to his original, may be given. Mr. Frothingham¹ has very nobly translated that matchless "Dying Flower" of Rueckert; and has thus admirably rendered one of the stanzas :

¹ Metrical Pieces; Translated and Original. By N. L. Frothingham. Boston, 1855.

"For every gentle note of Spring ;
 Each Summer's gale I trembled to ;
 Each golden insect's dancing wing,
 That gaily round my leaflets flew ;
 For eyes that sparkled at my hues ;
 For hearts that blessed my fragraney ;—
 Made but of tints and odorous dews,
 Maker, I still give thanks to thee."

Which is presented by Mangan thus :

"How often soared my soul aloft,
 In balmy bliss too deep to speak,
 When Zephyr came and kissed with soft,
 Sweet incense-breath my blushing cheek !
 When beauteous bees and butterflies
 Flew round me in the summer beam,
Or when some virgin's glorious eyes
Bent o'er me like a dazzling dream !"

If Mr. Longfellow's beautiful translations of "The Castle by the Sea," "The Black Knight" (Mangan's "Spring Roses"), and "Whither" (Mangan's "Noon-Day Dreaming"), were not so well known, one might collate them with the versions of the same poems in this volume. But every reader can do this for himself, and generally with the same result—save that while it is easy to decide that Mr. Longfellow is more faithful, it is hard to say which is the more musical. It is a grievous pity that Longfellow's poems from the German are so few ; seeing that no man now living could carry us with such a pomp of purple words into the magnificent temple of Teuton Song.

No reader who considers the man Mangan, and his sad, strange death-in-life, will wonder to find that in his selection of poems for translation, he has been irresistibly drawn to so many whose burden is dreary retrospection, or a longing for the peace of the grave. There is also another class of ballads, in which the German literature excels all others, and which never did, and never will find so fitting an interpreter as Clarence Mangan :—those poems, namely, which strive to utter that vague, yearning aspiration towards somewhat nobler and grander than the world can give us,—that passionate stretching forth of hands to reach the ever-flying Ideal, which must be to us all as the fair Cloud Juno was to Ixion. It is the mysterious Longing which Schiller calls *Sehnsucht*. In the poems called by Mangan "Home-sickness," the "Garden that fades not,"—especially in that marvellously impassioned song of Tiek, "Life is the Desert and the Solitude," this ardent craving, as with strong crying and tears, for the fair realm of perfect Lib-

erty and Love outside the prison bars of flesh and sense, is surely uttered with a pathos as profound as human utterance was ever made to express :

“ Whence this fever?
Whence this burning
Love and Longing?

* * *

Thence what fragrant
Airs are blowing!
What rich vagrant
Music flowing!

* * *

In vain I pine and sigh
To trace thy dells and streams :
They gleam but by the spectral sky
That lights my shifting dreams.

Ah! what fair form, flitting through yon green glades,
Dazes mine eye? Spirit, oh! rive my chain!”

So, with neither possibility of attaining nor capacity for enjoying a nobler superhuman life, man continually bends forward towards the glorious, glowing Distance :—“ the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing :”—“ On the whole it is much to be feared,” says the Chevalier de Montaigne, “ it is much to be feared, that our eyes are bigger than our bellies.” Here is “ The Desire of the Moth for the Star ;”—which however demonstrates, perhaps, that the true home of the Moth, could he but find it, lies somewhere beyond the crystalline spheres.

Many readers of poetry, familiar with the sensuous luxury of love-poems, like those of Owen-Meredith, Bulwer-Lytton, and others, may be disgusted with the spiritual purity of Mangan. In this respect he will be found sensitively scrupulous, even almost to a fault : as where, in Hoelty’s “ Song exciting to gladness,” he renders a passage thus :

“ The wine, the chaliced wine, still sheds its purple splendour
On souls that droop in Grief’s eclipse ;
And in the rosy glen is still as fond and tender
The kiss from pure Affection’s lips.”

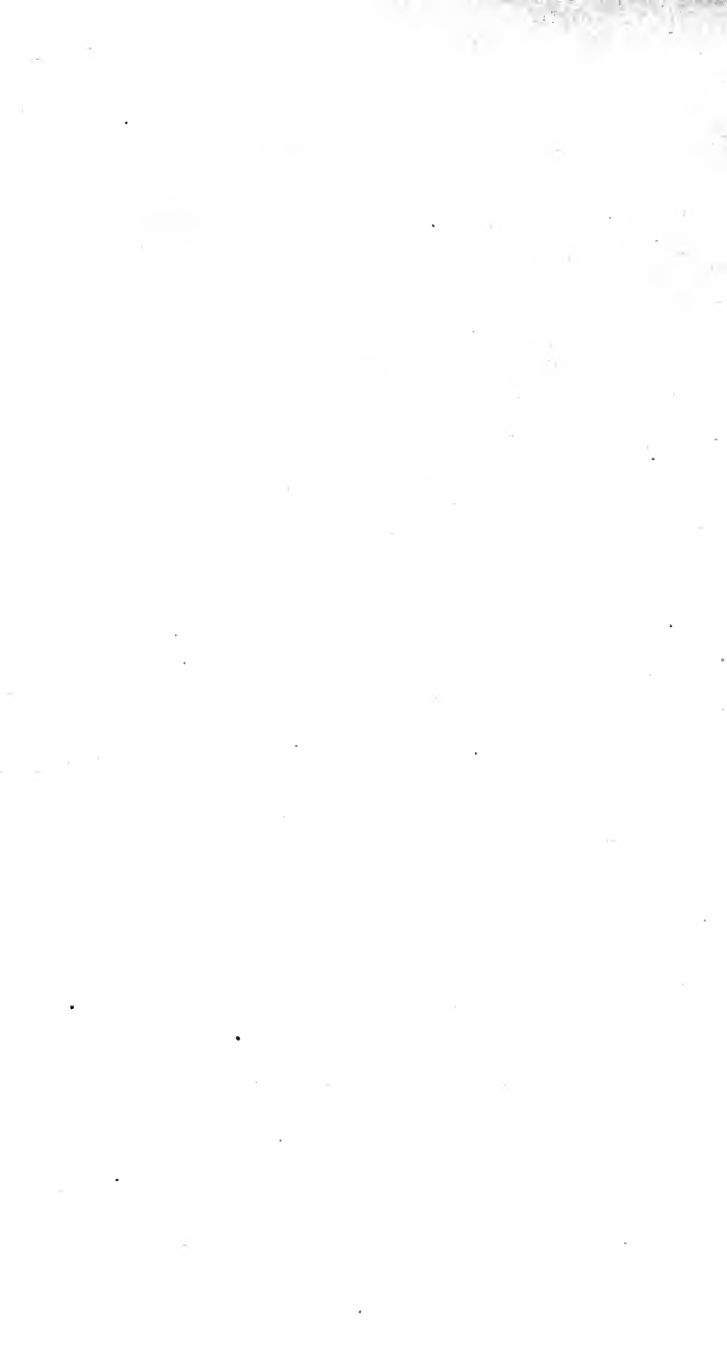
But Hoelty has nothing of “ pure Affection ;” and most persons will agree that there would have been no great harm in the Translator giving us the sentiment as it stands—namely, that kisses from a Red-Mouth in an evening bower are still as delicious as,

according to the best authorities, they were in ancient times ; and the Poet encourages his readers to "gladness," by inculcating that there is yet *so* much to live for.¹

The allotted space is exhausted ; and indeed this present editor has discoursed so long of Mangan, not so much for the reader's delectation as for his own. This volume contains not all Mangan's poems, but only about two-thirds of them. In the selection some may be omitted which are favorites with his readers ; for no compiler can satisfy every taste. They have been selected with my best skill ; and so let the reader take them, with a benison.

J. M.

¹ *Noch schmecket in der Abendlaube
Der Kuss auf einen rothen Mund.*



GERMAN ANTHOLOGY.

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

The Lay of the Bell.

Vivos voco. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango.

PREPARATION FOR FOUNDING THE BELL.

FIRMLY walled within the soil
Stands the firebaked mould of clay.
Courage, comrades! Now for toil!
For we cast THE BELL to-day.
Sweat must trickle now
Down the burning brow,
If the work may boast of beauty;
Still 'tis Heaven must bless our duty.

A word of earnest exhortation
The serious task before us needs:
Beguiled by cheerful conversation,
How much more lightly toil proceeds!
Then let us here, with best endeavor,
Weigh well what these our labors mean:
Contempt awaits that artist ever
Who plods through all, the mere machine;

But Thought makes Man to dust superior,
And he alone is thoughtfulsouled
Who ponders in his heart's interior
Whatever shape his hand may mould.

Gather first the pine-tree wood,
Only be it wholly dry,
That the flame, with subtle flood,
Through the furnace-chink may fly.
Now the brass is in,
Add the alloy of tin,
That the ingredients may, while warm,
Take the essential fluid form.

OFFICES OF THE BELL.

What here in caverns by the power
Of fire our mastering fingers frame,
Hereafter from the belfry tower
Will vindicate its makers' aim;
'Twill speak to Man with voice unfailing
In latest years of after-days,
Will echo back the mourner's wailing,
Or move the heart to prayer and praise:
In many a varying cadence ringing,
The willing BELL will publish far
The fitful changes hourly springing
Beneath Man's ever-shifting star.

Surface-bubbles glittering palely
Show the mixture floweth well:

Mingle now the quick *alkali*;
That will help to found the BELL.
Purified from scum
Must the mass become,
That the tone, escaping free,
Clear and deep and full may be.

THE BIRTH-DAY BELL.

For, with a peal of joyous clangor
It hails the infant boy, that in
The soft embrace of sleep and languor
Life's tiring travel doth begin.
His brighter lot and darker doom
Lie shrouded in the Future's womb.
Watched over by his tender mother,
His golden mornings chase each other;
Swift summers fly like javelins by.
The woman's yoke the stripling spurneth;
He rushes wildly forth to roam
The wide world over, and returneth
When years have wheeled—a stranger—home.
Arrayed in Beauty's magic might,
A vision from the Heaven that's o'er him,
With conscious blush and eye of light,
The bashful virgin stands before him.
Then flies the youth his wonted sports,
For in his heart a nameless feeling
Is born; the lonesome dell he courts,
And down his cheek the tears are stealing.
He hangs upon her silver tone,
He tracks with joy her very shadow,

And culls, to deck his lovely one,
The brightest flowers that gem the meadow.
Oh, golden time of Love's devotion,
When tenderest hopes and thrills have birth,
When hearts are drunk with blest emotion,
And Heaven itself shines out on Earth!
Were thy sweet season ever vernal!
Were early Youth and Love eternal!

Ha! the pipes appear embrowned,
So this little staff I lower:
'Twill be time, I wis, to found,
If the fluid glaze it o'er.
Courage, comrades! Move!
Quick the mixture prove.
If the soft but well unite
With the rigid, all is right.

THE WEDDING-BELL.

For, where the Strong protects the Tender,
Where Might and Mildness join, they render
A sweet result, content ensuring;
Let those then prove who make election,
That heart meets heart in blent affection,
Else Bliss is brief, and Grief enduring!
In the bride's rich ringlets brightly
Shines the flowery coronal,
As the BELL, now pealing lightly,
Bids her to the festal hall.
Fairest scene of Man's elysian
World! thou closest life's short May:

With the *zone* and *veil*¹ the Vision

Melts in mist and fades for aye!

The rapture has fled,

Still the love has not perished ;

The blossom is dead,

But the fruit must be cherished.

The husband must out,

He must mix in the rout,

In the struggle and strife

And the clangor of life,

Must join in its jangle,

Must wrestle and wrangle,

O'erreaching, outrunning,

By force and by cunning,

That Fortune propitious

May smile on his wishes.

Then riches flow in to his uttermost wishes ;

His warehouses glitter with all that is precious ;

The storehouse, the mansion,

Soon call for expansion,

And busied within is

The orderly matron,

The little ones' mother,²

Who is everywhere seen

As she rules like a queen,

The instructress of maidens

And curber of boys ;

¹ Mit dem *Gürtel*, mit dem *Schleier*,
Reizt der schöne Wahn entzwei.

Schiller here alludes to that custom of antiquity according to which the bridegroom unloosed the zone and removed the veil of his betrothed. Among the ancients, to *unbind the cestus*, and to *espouse*, were expressions meaning the same thing. Hence the well-known line of Catullus—

Quod possit *zonam solvere* virgineam.

² Here, and in a few subsequent passages, Schiller omits his rhymes.

And seldom she lingers
In plying her fingers,
But doubles the gains
By her prudence and pains,
And winds round the spindle the threads at her leisure,
And fills odoriferous coffers with treasure,
And storeth her shining receptacles full
Of snowy-white linen and pale-colored wool,
And blends with the Useful the Brilliant and Pleasing,
And toils without ceasing.
And the father counts his possessions now,
As he paces his house's commanding terrace,
And he looks around with a satisfied brow
On his pillar-like trees in rows unending,
And his barns and rooms that are filling amain,
And his granaries under their burden bending,
And his wavy fields of golden grain,
And speaks with exultation,
"Fast as the Earth's foundation,
Against all ill secure,
Long shall my house endure!"
But ah! with Destiny and Power
No human paction lasts an hour,
And Ruin rides a restless courser.

Good! The chasm is guarded well;
Now, my men! commence to found;
Yet, before ye run the BELL,
Breathe a prayer to Heaven around!
Wrench the stopple-cork!
God protect our work!
Smoking to the bow it flies,
While the flames around it rise.

THE FIRE-BELL.

Fire works for good with noble force
So long as Man controls its course ;
And all he rears of strong or slight
Is debtor to this heavenly might.
But dreadful is this heavenly might
When, bursting forth in dead of night,
Unloosed and raging, wide and wild
It ranges, Nature's chainless child !

Woe! when oversweeping bar,
With a fury naught can stand,
Through the stifled streets afar
Rolls the monstrous volumebrand!
For the elements ever war

With the works of human hand.
From the cloud

Blessings gush ;

From the cloud

Torrents rush ;

From the cloud alike

Come the bolts that strike.

LARUM peals from lofty steeple

Rouse the people !

Red, like blood,

Heaven is flashing !

How it shames the daylight's flood !

Hark ! what crashing

Down the streets !

Smoke ascends in volumes !

Skyward flares the flame in columns !

Through the tent-like lines of streets
Rapidly as wind it fleets!
Now the white air, waxing hotter,
Glow's a furnace—pillars totter—
Rafters crackle—casements rattle—
Mothers fly—
Children cry—
Under ruins whimper cattle.
All is horror, noise, affright!
Bright as noontide glares the night!
Swung from hand to hand with zeal along
By the throng,
Speeds the pail. In bow-like form
Sprays the hissing watershower,
But the madly-howling storm
Aids the flames with wrathful power;
Round the shrivelled fruit they curl;
Grappling with the granary-stores,
Now they blaze through roof and floors,
And with upward-dragging whirl,
Even as though they strove to bear
Earth herself aloft in air,
Shoot into the vaulted Void,
Giant-vast!
Hope is past:
Man submits to God's decree,
And, all stunned and silently,
Sees his earthly All destroyed!

Burned a void
Is the Dwelling:
Winter winds its wailing dirge are knelling;
In the skeleton window-pits

Horror sits,
And exposed to Heaven's wide woof
Lies the roof.

One glance only
On the lonely
Sepulchre of all his wealth below
Doth the man bestow;
Then turns to tread the world's broad path.
It matters not what wreck the wrath
Of fire hath brought on house and land,
One treasured blessing still he hath,
His Best Beloved beside him stand!

Happily at length, and rightly,
Doth it fill the loamy frame:
Think ye will it come forth brightly?
Will it yet fulfil our aim?
If we fail to found?
If the mould rebound?
Ah! perchance, when least we deem,
Fortune may defeat our scheme.

In hope our work we now confide
To Earth's obscure but hallowed bosom;
Therein the sower, too, doth hide
The seed he hopes shall one day blossom,
If bounteous Heaven shall so decide.
But holier, dearer Seed than this
We bury oft, with tears, in Earth,
And trust that from the Grave's abyss
'Twill bloom forth yet in brighter birth.

THE PASSING BELL.

Hollowly and slowly,
By the BELL's disastrous tongue,
Is the melancholy
Knell of death and burial rung.
Heavily those muffled accents mourn
Some one journeying to the last dark bourne.

Ah! it is the spouse, the dear one!
Ah! it is that faithful mother!
She it is that thus is borne,
Sadly borne and rudely torn
By the sable Prince of Spectres
From her fondest of protectors—
From the children forced to flee
Whom she bore him lovingly,
Whom she gazed on day and night
With a mother's deep delight.
Ah! the house's bands, that held
Each to each, are doomed to sever:
She that there as mother dwelled
Roams the Phantomland forever.
Truest friend and best arranger!
Thou art gone, and gone for aye;
And a loveless hireling stranger
O'er thine orphaned ones will sway.

Till the BELL shall cool and harden,
Labor's heat a while may cease;
Like the wild bird in the garden,
Each may play or take his ease.

Soon as twinkles Hesper,
Soon as chimes the Vesper,
All the workman's toils are o'er,
But the master frets the more.

Wandering through the lonely greenwood,
Blithely hies the merry rover
Forward towards his humble hovel.
Bleating sheep are homeward wending,
And the herds of
Sleek and broad-browed cattle come with
Lowing warning
Each to fill its stall till morning.
Townward rumbling
Reels the wagon,
Corn-o'erladen,
On whose sheaves
Shine the leaves
Of the Garland fair,
While the youthful band of reapers
To the dance repair.
Street and market now grow stiller :
Round the social hearth assembling,
Gayly crowd the house's inmates,
As the towngate closes creaking ;
And the earth is
Robed in sable,
But the night, which wakes affright
In the souls of conscience-haunted men,
Troubles not the tranquil denizen,
For he knows the eye of Law unsleeping
Watch is keeping.

Blessed Order! heavendescended
Maiden! Early did she band
Like with like, in union blended,
Social cities early planned;
She the fierce barbarian brought
From his forest-haunts of wildness;
She the peasant's hovel sought,
And redeemed his mind to mildness,
And first wove that everdearest band,
Fond attachment to our Fatherland!

Thousand hands in ceaseless motion
All in mutual aid unite,
Every art with warm devotion
Eager to reveal its might.
All are bonded in affection;
Each, rejoicing in his sphere,
Safe in Liberty's protection,
Laughs to scorn the scoffer's sneer.
Toil is polished Man's vocation:
Praises are the meed of Skill;
Kings may vaunt their crown and station,
We will vaunt our Labor still.

Mildest Quiet!
Sweetest Concord!
Gently, gently
Hover over this our town!
Ne'er may that dark day be witnessed
When the dread exterminators
Through our vales shall rush, destroying,
When that azure

Softly painted by the rays of
Sunset fair
Shall (oh, horror!) with the blaze of
Burning towns and hamlets glare!

Now, companions, break the mould,
For its end and use have ceased:
On the structure 'twill unfold
Soul and sight alike shall feast.
Swing the hammer! Swing!
Till the covering spring.
Shivered first the mould must lie
Ere the BELL may mount on high.

The Master's hand, what time he wills,
May break the mould; but woe to ye
If, spreading far in fiery rills,
The glowing ore *itself* shall free!
With roar as when deep thunder crashes
It blindly blasts the house to ashes,
And as from Hell's abysmal deep
The deathtide rolls with lava sweep.
Where lawless force is awless master
Stands naught of noble, naught sublime;
Where Freedom comes achieved by Crime
Her fruits are tumult and disaster.

THE TOCSIN, OR ALARM-BELL.

Woe! when in cities smouldering long
The pent-up train explodes at length!
Woe! when a vast and senseless throng
Shake off their chains by desperate strength!
Then to the bellrope rushes Riot,
And rings, and sounds the alarm afar,
And, destined but for tones of quiet,
The TOCSIN peals To War! To War!

“Equality and Liberty!”

They shout: the rabble seize on swords;
And streets and halls¹ fill rapidly
With cutthroat gangs and ruffian hordes.
Then women change to wild hyenas,
And mingle cruelty with jest,
And o'er their prostrate foe are seen, as
With panther-teeth they tear his breast.
All holy shrines go trampled under:
The Wise and Good in horror flee;
Life's shamefaced bands are ripped asunder,
And cloakless Riot wantons free.
The lion roused by shout of stranger,
The tiger's talons, these appal—
But worse, and charged with deadlier danger,
Is reckless Man in Frenzy's thrall!
Woe, woe to those who attempt illumining
Eternal blindness by the rays
Of Truth!—they flame abroad, consuming
Surrounding nations in their blaze!

¹ Die Strassen füllen sich, die *Hallen*.—Schiller means public halls, as the *Town Hall*, the *Halls of Justice*, &c.

GOD hath given my soul delight!
Glancing like a star of gold,
From its shell, all pure and bright,
Comes the metal kernel rolled.
Brim¹ and rim, it gleams
As when sunlight beams;
And the armorial shield and crest
Tell that Art hath wrought its best.

In, in! our task is done—
In, in, companions every one!
By what name shall we now baptize the BELL?
CONCORDIA will become it well:
For oft in concord shall its pealing loud
Assemble many a gay and many a solemn crowd.

THE DESTINATION OF THE BELL.

And this henceforward be its duty,
For which 'twas framed at first in beauty;
High o'er this world of lowly labor
In Heaven's blue concave let it rise,
And heave aloft, the thunder's neighbor,
In commerce with the starry skies.
There let it chorus with the story
Of the resplendent planetsphere,
Which nightly hymns its MAKER's glory,
And guides the garland-crownèd year.
Be all its powers devoted only
To things eternal and sublime,

¹ *Brim* is the technical term for the body of the bell, or that part upon which the clapper strikes.

As hour by hour it tracks the lonely
And forwardwinging flight of Time!
To destiny an echo lending,
But never doomed itself to feel,
Forever be it found attending
Each change of Life's revolving wheel;
And as its tone, when tolling loudest,
Dies on the listener's ear away,
So let it teach that all that's proudest
In human might must thus decay!

Now attach the ropes—now move,
Heave the BELL from this its prison,
Till it hath to Heaven above
And the realm of Sound arisen.
Heave it! heave it!—there—
Now it swings in air.
Joy to this our city may it presage!
PEACE attend its first harmonious message!

The Message to the Iron-Foundry.

A BALLAD.

A GOD-REVERING youth, we learn,
Was gentle Fridolin:
Reared by the Countess Von Savern,
His childhood knew no sin.
Oh! she was mild—so mild and good!
But even Caprice's harshest mood
He would have borne, this duteous boy,
And borne, for love of God, with joy.

From streaky gleam of morning's light
Until the vesper-toll,
He wrought for her with earnest might,
He gave her heart and soul.
"Rest, rest, my child!" the dame would cry:
Then tears would fill the Page's eye,
But still he toiled, and seemed to feel
The labor lost that wanted zeal.

And therefore did the Countess raise
Him o'er her menials all,
And from her lovely lips his praise
Was hourly heard to fall.
Her knave or page he scarce was named;
His heart a filial interest claimed:
And often would her pleased glance
Dwell on his comely countenance.

Now in the huntsman Robert, this
Begot the wrath of Hell.
With Envy's devilish venom his
Black breast began to swell;
And listening to the Tempter's word,
Straightway one day he sought his Lord,
Fresh from the chase, and strewed with art
Doubt's darkling seeds within his heart.

"How blest are you, my noble master!"
So spake his cunning deep—
"No spectral omens of disaster
Affright your golden sleep.
You have a pure and virtuous wife,
Of rarest worth and purest life,

Whose ever-spotless faith to stain
Seducers might attempt in vain."

Then loured his Master's brow of gloom—

"What trumpery dost thou rave?
Shall Man on Woman's troth presume?

What shifts as shifts the wave
Soon falls the losel wheedler's prey:
My trust, I trow, hath sterner stay.
Is here no gallant fop to earn
Smiles from the Countess Von Savern."

Quoth Robert, "Right, my Lord!—In sooth

He should but move your scorn,
Your pity. Most audacious youth!

A thrall, a vassal born,
To lift his wanton eyes to her,
His Lady and his Fosterer!"

"Ha!" cried the other, startled, "How?
Who? Where? What youth? How sayest thou?"

"What! Wis you not, my Lord, the tale
They babble far and nigh?

Nay, now, methinks you fain would veil
The truth. Well, so shall I."

"Man!" cried the other, "mock me not!
Speak! else I stab thee on the spot!
Who dares to think on Cunigond?"

"My Lord, that smock-faced page beyond.

"In sooth he . . . seems . . . a shapely springald,"
He said with damning art,

While cold and hot the quick blood tingled
About his listener's heart.

"And marked you never, even by chance,
How she, not you, absorbs his glance,
And how he leans, with lovesick air,
At table o'er your Lady's chair?

"Look! Read, my Lord, these amorous lines—

Mark how his feelings burn;
He owns the love with which he pines,
And asks a like return.

Your highsoul'd Consort, with a view
To spare him, screens his guilt from you.
. . . But I have idly vexed your ear,
For what, my Lord, have *you* to fear?"

At once into a neighboring wood

The Count in frenzy rode,
Wherein an Iron-foundry stood,
Whose furnace redly glowed.

Here, late and early, swinking hands,
Fed volumed flames and blazing brands,
While sparkles flew, and bellows roar'd,
And molten ore in billows poured.

Here waves on waves, fires hot and hotter,

In raging strength were found;
Huge millwheels, turned by foaming water,
Clanged clattering round and round.
Harsh engines brattled night and day;
The thunderous hammer stunned away.
With sledgeblows blended, which descended
Till even the stubborn iron bended.

And, beckoning there to workmen two,
He called them from their task,
And spake: "The FIRST who comes to you
From me, and thus shall ask—
'Have ye fulfilled the Count's desire?'
Him cast in yonder furnace-fire,
So that his bones be cindered white,
And he no more may blast my sight!"

This dark behest the monsters twain
Enjoyed with bloody zest,
For anvil-dead had longtime lain
The heart in either's breast,—
And fiercelier now they blow the fire,
Till palier shoots its flame and higher,
And glare thereon with gloating eyes,
Impatient for the sacrifice.

To Fridolin the huntsman speeds,
And speaks with oily tone—
"Companion mine, the Master needs
Thy presence: go alone!"
He went: then spake the Count, "Must waste
No time, but to the Foundry haste,
And ask the furnace-men this word—
'Have ye obeyed the Count, my Lord?'"

Said Fridolin, "Without delay."
But pausing musefully,
Perchance, he thought, my Lady may
Have some commands for me.
Anon before the Dame he stands,
And speaks: "My Lord the Count commands

Me to the Foundry ; so, if thou
Wouldst aught, I bide thy bidding now."

Replied the Dame, with silvery tone—

"My son lies ill, alas !

Else I to-day had gladly gone

To hear the holy Mass.

Go thou, my child, instead, and be

Thine orisons to God for me,

So, when thy sins are blanched by Heaven,

Mine too, I trust, may be forgiven."

The Page received with joy the glad

And everwelcome order ;

But ere with bounding step he had

Attained the village border,

Hark ! toll ! and toll ! the Minster-bell

Pealed out with clear and solemn swell,

Inviting chosen souls to share

The Eucharistic banquet there.

"If God shall call thee o'er and o'er,

Resist not thou His will,"

He said, and entered at the door,

But all within was still ;

For these were harvest-days, and now

Men toiled afield with sweltering brow,

Nor clerk was nigh, nor choral throng

To serve at Mass with answering song.

Eftsoons the aisle he therefore trod,

And filled the sexton's post :

Said he, "The time we give to God,
Be sure, is never lost."
The stole upon the Priest he placed,
And bound the cincture round his waist,
And then prepared the water-glass
And sacred chalice-cup for Mass.

Which finished with decorous haste,
The novice did not falter,
But walked before the Priest, and placed
The missal on the altar;
And knelt at left and right hand duly,
And answered reverently and truly;
And as the Priest the *Sanctus* sang,
His little bell three times he rang.

And when the Priest, inclining lowly,
Knelt humbly to adore
The present God whom, pure and holy,
In hand upraised he bore,
The bell again went tinkling, tinkling,
To give the throng the usual inkling,
And all, adoring CHRIST, and kneeling,
Then beat their breasts with contrite feeling.

He thus accomplished all with ease,
By quick perceptive thought,
For he those hallowed usages
From childhood had been taught;
Nor tired when at the close the Priest
Pronounced the *Ite: Missa est*,
And, turning round, bestowed aloud
His blessing on the assembled crowd.

Book, stole, and cup he then restored,
Each to its place anew,
And, having clean'd the altarboard,
He noiselessly withdrew,
And towards the wood, his purposed goal,
Retook his way with placid soul,
And, as his prayers were uncompleted,
Twelve Paternosters more repeated.

And reaching soon the hammerers' den,
Mid sinoke and storming fires,
He stopped and asked—"Have you, ye men,
Done what the Count desires?"
When, pointing towards the furnace wide,
And grimly grinning, one replied—
"The cindered bones require no bellows—
The Count may style us dexterous fellows!"

He bears the answer to his Master,
Who spies him with surprise,
And, as he nears him, fast and faster,
Almost mistrusts his eyes.
"Unhappy wretch! Whence comest thou?"
"This moment from the Foundry." "How!
Thou hast been loitering, then, elsewhere?"
"My Lord, I stopped for Mass and prayer,—

"For when this morning I retired
With your command, I sought
Your spouse, if haply she required
My services in aught,
Who bade me hear the Mass: content
And willing, I obeyed and went;

And thrice I said my rosary
For her and your prosperity."

The Count, amazed and quivering, gazed,
While terror blanched his cheek.
"And what reply was given thee by
The Foundry-workmen? Speak!"
"Obscure, my Lord, it seemed: One showed
Me where the horrid furnace glowed,
And grinned, and thus his answer flowed—
'The cindered bones require no bellows:
The Count may style us dexterous fellows!' "

"And Robert?" asked the Count—and strange
Sensations iced his blood—
"Didst thou not meet him on thy range?
I sent him to the wood."
"My Lord, in wood or mead around
No trace of Robert have I found."
"Then," cried the Count, with reverent fear,
"God has Himself passed judgment here!"

And yielding to a softer mood,
The unconscious Page he led
Before his spouse (who understood
The mystery not), and said—
"Be kind and bounteous tow'ards this child;
No angel is more undefiled.
THOUGH MEN MISJUDGE, CONDEMN, DISTRUST,
GOD AND HIS SAINTS WATCH O'ER THE JUST."

The Diver.

A BALLAD.

“BARON or vassal, is any so bold
As to plunge in yon gulf and follow
Through chamber and cave this beaker of gold,
Which already the waters whirlingly swallow?
Who retrieves the prize from the horrid abyss
Shall keep it: the gold and the glory be his!”

So spake the King, and incontinent flung
From the cliff that, gigantic and steep,
High over Charybdis’s whirlpool hung,
A glittering wine-cup down in the deep;
And again he asked, “Is there one so brave
As to plunge for the gold in the dangerous wave?”

And the knights and the knaves all answerless hear
The challenging words of the speaker;
And some glance downwards with looks of fear,
And none are ambitious of winning the beaker.
And a third time the King his question urges—
“Dares none, then, breast the menacing surges?”

But the silence lasts unbroken and long;
When a Page, fair-featured and soft,
Steps forth from the shuddering vassal-throng,
And his mantle and girdle already are doffed,
And the groups of nobles and damosels nigh,
Envisage the youth with a wondering eye.

He dreadlessly moves to the gaunt crag's brow,
And measures the drear depth under;—
But the waters Charybdis had swallowed she now
Regurgitates bellowing back in thunder;
And the foam, with a stunning and horrible sound,
Breaks its hoar way through the waves around.

And it seethes and roars, it welters and boils,
As when water is showered upon fire;
And skyward the spray agonizingly toils,
And flood over flood sweeps higher and higher,
Upheaving, downrolling, tumultuously,
As though the abyss would bring forth a young sea.

But the terrible turmoil at last is over;
And down through the whirlpool's well
A yawning blackness ye may discover,
Profound as the passage to central Hell;
And the waves, under many a struggle and spasm,
Are sucked in afresh by the gorge of the chasm.

And now, ere the din rethunders, the youth
Invokes the Great Name of God;
And blended shrieks of horror and ruth,
Burst forth as he plunges headlong unawed:
And down he descends through the watery bed,
And the waves boom over his sinking head.

But though for a while they have ceased their swell,
They roar in the hollows beneath,
And from mouth to mouth goes round the farewell—
“Brave-spirited youth, good-night in death!”

And louder and louder the roarings grow,
While with trembling all eyes are directed below.

Now, wert thou even, O monarch! to fling
Thy crown in the angry abyss,
And exclaim, "Who recovers the crown shall be king!"
The guerdon were powerless to tempt me, I wis;
For what in Charybdis's caverns dwells
No chronicle penned of mortal tells.

Full many a vessel beyond repeal
Lies low in that gulf to-day,
And the shattered masts and the drifting keel
Alon tell the tale of the swooper's prey.
But hark!—with a noise like the howling of storms,
Again the wild water the surface deforms!

And it hisses and rages, it welters and boils,
As when water is spurted on fire,
And skyward the spray agonizingly toils,
And wave over wave beats higher and higher,
While the foam with a stunning and horrible sound,
Breaks its white way through the waters around

When lo! ere as yet th billowy war
Loud raging beneath is o'er,
An arm and a neck are distinguished afar,
And a swimmer is seen to make for the shore,
And hardily buffeting surge and breaker,
He springs upon land with the golden beaker.

And lengthened and deep is the breath he draws
As he hails the bright face of the sun;

And a murmur goes round of delight and applause —

He lives!—he is safe!—he has conquered and won!
He has mastered Charybdis's perilous wave!
He has rescued his life and his prize from the grave!

Now, bearing the booty triumphantly,

At the foot of the throne he falls,
And he proffers his trophy on bended knee;
And the King to his beautiful daughter calls,
Who fills with red wine the golden cup,
While the gallant stripling again stands up.

“All hail to the King! Rejoice, ye who breathe

Wheresoever Earth's gales are driven!
For ghastly and drear is the region beneath;
And let Man beware how he tempts high Heaven!
Let him never essay to uncurtain to light
What destiny shrouds in horror and night!

“The maelstrom dragged me down in its course;

When, forth from the cleft of a rock,
A torrent outrushed with tremendous force,
And met me anew with deadening shock;
And I felt my brain swim and my senses reel
As the double-flood whirled me round like a wheel.

“But the God I had cried to answered me

When my destiny darkliest frowned,
And He showed me a reef of rocks in the sea,
Whereunto I clung, and there I found
On a coral jag the goblet of gold,
Which else to the lowermost crypt had rolled.

“And the gloom through measureless toises under
Was all as a purple haze;
And though sound was none in these realms of wonder,
I shuddered when under my shrinking gaze
That wilderness lay developed where wander
The dragon, and dog-fish, and sea-salamander.

“And I saw the huge kraken and magnified snake
And the thornback and ravening shark
Their way through the dismal waters take,
While the hammer-fish wallowed below in the dark,
And the river-horse rose from his lair beneath,
And grinned through the grate of his spiky teeth.

“And there I hung, aghast and dismayed,
Among skeleton larvæ, the only
Soul conscious of life—despairing of aid
In that vastness untrodden and lonely.
Not a human voice—not an earthly sound—
But silence, and water, and monsters around.

“Soon one of these monsters approached me, and plied
His hundred feelers to drag
Me down through the darkness; when, springing aside,
I abandoned my hold of the coral crag,
And the maelstrom grasped me with arms of strength,
And upwhirled and upbore me to daylight at length.”

Then spake to the Page the marvelling King,
“The golden cup is thine own,
But—I promise thee further this jewelled ring
That beams with a priceless hyacinth-stone,

Shouldst thou dive once more and discover for me
The mysteries shrined in the cells of the sea.”—

Now the King’s fair daughter was touched and grieved,
And she fell at her father’s feet—

“O father, enough what the youth has achieved!

Expose not his life anew, I entreat!

If this your heart’s longing you cannot well tame,
There are surely knights here who will rival his fame.”—

But the King hurled downwards the golden cup,

And he spake, as it sank in the wave,

“Now, shouldst thou a second time bring it me up,

As my knight, and the bravest of all my brave,

Thou shalt sit at my nuptial banquet, and she

Who pleads for thee thus thy wedded shall be!”—

Then the blood to the youth’s hot temples rushes,

And his eyes on the maiden are cast,

And he sees her at first overspread with blushes,

And then growing pale and sinking aghast.

So, vowing to win so glorious a crown,

For Life or for Death he again plunges down.

The far-sounding din returns amain,

And the foam is alive as before,

And all eyes are bent downward. In vain, in vain—

The billows indeed re-dash and re-roar.

But while ages shall roll and those billows shall thunder,

That youth shall sleep under!

Polycrates and his King.

A BALLAD.

HE stood upon his palace-wall.
His proud eye wandered over all
The wealth of Samos, east and west.
“See! this is mine—all this *I* govern!”
He said, addressing Egypt’s Sovereign,
“Confess! my lot indeed is blest!”

“Yes, thou hast won the Gods’ high favor,
For nobler men than thou, and braver,
Thy rivals once, are now thy slaves;
But, Fate will soon revenge the wrong—
I dare not call thee blest, so long
As Heaven is just or Earth has graves!”

While yet he spake, behold! there came
A messenger in Milo’s name—
“Health to the great Polycrates!
O King, braid laurels in thy hair,
And let new Pæans thrill the air,
And incense-offerings load the breeze!”

“Spear-pierced, thy rebel foe lies dead,
Behold! I bear the traitor’s head,
Sent by thy General, Polydore.”—
Unrolling a dark shroud of cloth,
He bared, before the gaze of both,
A ghastly head, still dropping gore!

The Stranger King shrank back a pace,
Then said—"Thou art of mortal race :
On earth Success but heralds Ill.

Thou hast a fleet at sea : Beware !

For waves and winds heed no man's prayer
And Tempest wakes at Neptune's will !"

But hark ! a loud, a deafening shout
Of welcome from the throng without !
"Joy ! joy !" The fleet so long away,
So long away, so long awaited,
At last is come, and, richly freighted,
Casts anchor in the exulting bay !"

The Royal Guest hears all, astounded.
"Thy triumphs, truly, *seem* unbounded,
But *are* they ? No ! Thy star will set ;
The javelins of the Cretan hordes
Strike surer home than Samian swords,
And thou must fall before them yet !" —

Even while he warns again rejoice
The crowd with one tumultuous voice—
"Hurrah ! Dread Sovereign, live away !
The war is over ! Lo ! the storms
Have wrecked thy foes ! The savage swarms
Of Crete and Thrace are Neptune's prey !"

"It is enough !" exclaimed the Guest :
Blind Mortal ! call thyself The Blest—
Feel all that Pride and Conquest can !
I here predict thine overthrow,

For, perfect bliss, unstarred with woe,
Came never yet from God to Man.

"I too have been most fortunate :
At home, abroad, in camp and state,
The bounteous Gods long favored me—
Yet I have wept! My only-cherished,
My son died in my arms! He perished,
And paid my debt to Destiny.

"If thou, then, wilt propitiate Fate,
Pray God forthwith to adulterate
Thy Cup of Joy! In all my past
Experience never knew I one
Who too long filled a golden throne,
But Ruin crushed the wretch at last!

"But if God will not hear thy prayer,
Then woo Misfortune by some snare,
Even as the fowler sets his gin.
Hast here some jewel, some rare treasure,
Thou lovest, prizest beyond measure?
The sea rolls yonder—hurl it in!"

Replied the Host, now seized with fear,
"My realm hath naught I hold so dear
As this resplendent opal ring;
If *that* may calm the Furies' wrath,
Behold! I cast it in their path;"—
And forth he flung the glittering thing.

But when the morn again was come,
There stood without the palace-dome

A fisher with his teeming flasket,
Who cried, "Great King, thy days be pleasant!
Thou wilt not scorn my humble present,
This fish, the choicest in my basket."

And ere the mid-day meal the cook,
With joy and wonder in his look,
Rushed in, and fell before his Master—
"O glorious Victor! matchless King!
Within the fish I found thy ring!
Thou wast not born to know Disaster!"

Hereon uprose the Guest in dread:
"I tarry here too long," he said;
"O prosperous wretch! my *friend* no more!
The Gods have willed thy swift perdition!
I will not bide the Avenger's mission!"
He spake, and straightway left the shore.



The Hostage.

A BALLAD.

THEY seize in the Tyrant of Syracuse' halls
A youth with a dagger in's vest:
He is bound by the Tyrant's behest:
The Tyrant beholds him—Rage blanches his cheek:
"Why hiddest yon dagger, conspirator? Speak!"—
"To pierce to the heart such as thou!"—
"Wretch! Death on the cross is thy doom even
now!"—

“It is well,” spake the youth ; “I am harnessed for death ;
And I sue not thy sternness to spare ;
Yet would I be granted one prayer :—
Three days would I ask, till my sister be wed ;
As a hostage, I leave thee my friend in my stead ;
If *I* be found false to my truth,
Nail *him* to thy cross without respite or ruth !”

Then smiled with a dark exultation the King,
And he spake, after brief meditation—
“I grant thee three days’ preparation ;
But see thou outstay not the term I allow,
Else, by the high thrones of Olympus I vow,
That if *thou* shalt go scathless and free,
The best blood of thy friend shall be forfeit for thee !”

And Pythias repairs to his friend—“I am doomed
To atone for my daring emprise,
By Death in its shamefullest guise ;
But the Monarch three days ere I perish allows,
Till I give a loved sister away to her spouse ;
Thou, therefore, my hostage must be,
Till I come the third day, and again set thee free.”

And Damon in silence embraces his friend,
And he gives himself up to the Despot ;
While Pythias makes use of his respite,
And ere the third morning in Orient is burning
Behold the Devoted already returning
To save his friend ere it be later,
By dying himself the vile death of a traitor !

But the rain, the wild rain, dashes earthwards in floods,
 Upswelling the deluging fountains;
 Strong torrents rush down from the mountains,
And lo! as he reaches the deep river's border
The bridgeworks give way in terrific disorder,
 And the waves, with a roaring like thunder,
 Sweep o'er the rent wrecks of the arches, and under.

To and fro by the brink of that river he wanders—
 In vain he looks out through the offing—
 The fiends of the tempests are scoffing
His outcries for aid;—from the opposite strand
No pinnacle puts off to convey him to land;
 And, made mad by the stormy commotion,
 The river-waves foam like the surges of Ocean.

Then he drops on his knees, and he raises his arms
 To Jupiter, Strength-and-Help-giver—
 “ Oh, stem the fierce force of this river!
The hours are advancing—Noon wanes—in the West
Soon Apollo will sink—and my zeal and my best
 Aspirations and hopes will be baffled—
 And Damon, my Damon, will die on a scaffold!”

But the tempest abates not, the rapid flood waits not;
 On, billow o'er billow comes hasting,
 Day, minute by minute, is wasting—
And, daring the worst that the Desperate dare,
He casts himself in with a noble despair;
 And he buffets the tyrannous waves—
 And Jupiter pities the struggler—and saves.

The hours will not linger : his speed is redoubled—
Forth, Faithfullest! Bravest, exert thee!
The gods cannot surely desert thee!
Alas! as Hope springs in his bosom renewed,
A band of barbarians rush out of the wood,
And they block up the wanderer's path,
And they brandish their weapons in clamorous wrath.

“What will ye?” he cries; “I have naught but my life,
And that must be yielded ere night:
Force me not to defend it by fight!”
But they swarm round him closer, that truculent band,
So he wrests the huge club from one savage's hand,
And he fells the first four at his feet;
And the remnant, dismayed and astounded, retreat.

The storm-burst is over—low glows the red sun,
Making Earth and Air fainter and hotter;
The knees of the fugitive totter—
“Alas!” he cries, “have I then breasted the flood,
Have I vanquished those wild men of rapine and blood,
But to perish from languor and pain,
While my hostage, my friend, is my victim in vain?”

When, hark! a cool sound, as of murmuring water!
He hears it—it bubbles—it gushes—
Hark! louder and louder it rushes!
He turns him, he searches, and lo! a pure stream
Ripples forth from a rock, and shines out in the beam
Of the sun ere he fierily sinks,
And the wanderer bathes his hot limbs, and he drinks.

The sun looks his last!—On the oft-trodden pathway
Hies homeward the weariful reaper;
The shadows of evening grow deeper.
When, pressing and hurrying anxiously on,
Two strangers pass Pythias—and list! he hears one
To the other exclaiming, “Oh, shame on
The wretch that betrayed the magnanimous Damon!”

Then Horror lends wings to his faltering feet,
And he dashes in agony onward;
And soon a few roofs, looking sunward,
Gleam faintly where Syracuse’ suburbs extend;
And the good Philodemus, his freedman and friend,
Now comes forward in tears to his master,
Who gathers despair from that face of disaster.

“Back, Master! Preserve thine own life at the least!
His, I fear me, thou canst not redeem,
For the last rays of Eventide beam:
Oh! though hour after hour travelled on to its goal,
He expected thy coming with confident soul,
And though mocked by the King as forsaken,
His trust in thy truth to the last was unshaken!”

“Eternal Avenger, and is it too late?”
Cried the youth, with a passionate fervor,
“And dare not I be his preserver?”
Then Death shall unite whom not Hell shall divide!
We will die, he and I, on the rood, side by side,
And the bloody Destroyer shall find
That there *be* souls whom Friendship and Honor can
bind!”

And on, on, unresting, he bounds like a roe :
See! they lay the long cross on the ground!
See! the multitude gather all round!
See! already they hurry their victim along!
When, with giant-like strength, a man bursts through the
throng,
And—"Oh, stay, stay your hands!" is his cry—
"I am come!—I am here!—I am ready to die!"

And Astonishment masters the crowd at the sight,
While the friends in the arms of each other
Weep tears that they struggle to smother.
Embarrassed, the lictors and officers bring
The strange tidings at length to the ears of the King,
And a human emotion steals o'er him,
And he orders the friends to be summoned before him.

And, admiring, he looks at them long ere he speaks—
"You have conquered, O marvellous pair,
By a friendship as glorious as rare!
You have melted to flesh the hard heart in my breast!
Go in peace!—you are free! But accord one request
To my earnest entreaties and wishes—
Accept a *third* friend in your King, Dionysius."

The Maiden's Plaint.

THE forestpines groan—
The dim clouds are flitting—
The Maiden is sitting
On the green shore alone.
The surges are broken with might, with might,
And her sighs are pour'd on the desert Night,
And tears are troubling her eye.

“All, all is o'er:
The heart is destroyed—
The world is a void—
It can yield me no more.
Then, Master of Life, take back thy boon:
I have tasted such bliss as is under the moon:
I have lived—I have loved—I would die!”

Thy tears, O Forsaken!
Are gushing in vain;
Thy wail shall not waken
The Buried again:
But all that is left for the desolate bosom,
The flower of whose Love has been blasted in blossom,
Be granted to thee from on high!

Then pour like a river
Thy tears without number!
The Buried can never
Be wept from their slumber:
But the luxury dear to the Broken-hearted,
When the sweet enchantment of Love hath departed,
Be thine—the tear and the sigh!.

The Lament of Ceres.

HAS the beamy Spring shone out anew?
Reassumes the Earth her primal mien?
Yes, once more the rivulets are blue:
Yes, once more the sunny hills are green.
On the mirror-floor of Ocean's wave
Cloudlessly the face of Phœbus lies;
Blandlier the Zephyr-pinions wave;
Bud and plantling ope their little eyes.
Music trills from every grove and glen,
And I hear the Oread in the grot
Sing, "Thy flowers, indeed, return agen,
But thy Daughter, she returneth not!"

Ah! how long I wander sadly over,
Desolately over Earth's bare field!
Titan! Titan! canst thou not discover
Where my Loved, my Vanished, lies concealed?
None of all thy lamps, of all thy rays,
Lights the dear, dear Countenance for me;
Even the Day, which all on earth displays,
Nowhere shows me her I sigh to see.
Hast thou, Jupiter, from these fond arms
Pitilessly torn my lovely one?
Or has Pluto borne away her charms
To the deathcold Flood of Acheron?

Downwards to the blackly-rolling River
Who will bear my message-word of woe?
Into Charon's bark, which floats for ever,
None save spectral shadows dare to go.

Hidden from each flesh-imprisoned soul
Lies always the nightbegirdled Shore:
Long as Styx hath yet been known to roll,
Shape of Life his waters never bore.
Thousand headlong pathways hurry thither—
Back alone to Light is no return;
Scarce a sigh comes faintly wafted hither,
Whispering of her lot for whom I mourn.

Earthsprung mothers, of an earthly name,
Doomed to die because of Pyrrha born,
Follow joyously through Death and Flame,
Nurslings from their loving bosoms torn.
Thus doth reigning Jupiter command—
“None of Mine shall pass the Phantomportal:”
Wherefore, Parcæ, must your iron hand
Sternly spare the God and the Immortal?
Ah! down, down into the Night of Nights
Rather hurl me from Olympus’ brow:
Why revere in me the Goddess’ rights?
Are they not the Mother’s tortures now?

Sways my child in joyless pomp beneath
On the throne, beside her sable Spouse?
Gladly, gladly would I plunge in Death,
There to seek the Queen of Pluto’s House.
Ah! her eyes, a very Fount of Tears,
Aching for the goldbright Light in vain,
Wandering wistfully to far-off Spheres,
Fain would meet the Mother’s glance again.
Never! never! till the Depths rejoice
In the awakened might of Pity’s spell;

Never! never! until Mercy's voice
Echoes through the sunken Dome of Hell.

Vain, vain wish, and idly-wasted wailing!

Ever in the one bright Track away
Phœbus calmly wheels his never-failing
Chariot; Jupiter is Lord for aye;
Lord, and Lord of Happiness and Light:
Darkness flung no shadow on his throne

When I lost her in the dead of Night,

When my soul was left to weep alone,
Till above the black abysmal Well

Young Aurora's fairy tints shall glow,
And till Iris gilds the gloom of Hell

By the glory of her painted Bow.

And is naught remaining by the Mother?

No fond pledge of reminiscence here?

Naught to say the Severed love each other?

Naught in memory from the Hand so dear?

Is there, then, no holy link of union

Found between the Child and Mother more?

Hold the Left-in-Life no sweet communion

With the wanderers on the Phantomshore?

No! nor sundered for eternal years

Must we languish—she shall yet be mine:

Lo! in pity to the Mother's tears,

Heaven accords a Symbol and a Sign.

Soon as Autumn dies, and Winter's blast

From the North is chillily returning,

Soon as leaf and flower their hues have cast

And in nakedness the trees are mourning,

Then from out Vertumnus' lavish Horn
 Slowly, silently, the Gift I take
Overcharged with Life—the golden Corn—
 As mine Offering to the Stygian Lake.
Into Earth I sink the Seed with sadness,
 And it lies upon my daughter's heart ;
Thus an emblem of my grief and gladness,
 Of my love and anguish I impart.

When the handmaid Hours, in circling duty,
 Once again lead round the bowery Spring,
Then upbounding Life and newborn Beauty
 Unto all that died the Sun shall bring.
Lo! the germ that lay from eyes of Mortals
 Longwhile confined by the Earth's cold bosom,
Blushes as it bursts the clayey Portals,
 With the dyes of Heaven on its blossom.
While the stem, ascending, skyward towers,
 Bashfully the fibres shun the Light,
Thus to rear my tender ones the Powers
 Both of Heaven and Earth in love unite.

Halfway in the Land where Life rejoices,
 Halfway in the Nightworld of the tomb,
These to me are blessed Herald-voices,
 Earthward wafted up from Orcus' gloom.
Yea, though dungeoned in the Hell of Hells,
 Would I from the deep Abyss infernal
Hear the silver peal whose music swells
 Gently from these blossoms, young and vernal,
Singing that where old in rayless blindness
 Darklingly the Mournerphantoms move,

Even *there* are bosoms filled with kindness,
Even *there* are hearts alive with love.

O, my Flowers! that round the mead so sunny,
Odourloaded, freshly bloom and blow,
Here I bless you! May redundant honey
Ever down your chalicepetals flow!
Flowers! I'll bathe you in celestial Light,
Blent with colours from the Rainbow borrowed;
All your bells shall glisten with the bright
Hues that play around Aurora's forehead!
So, whene'er the days of Springtime roll,
When the Autumn pours her yellow treasures,
May each bleeding heart and loving soul
Read in you my mingled pains and pleasures!

The Unrealities.

AND dost thou faithlessly abandon me?
Must thyameleon phantasies depart?
Thy griefs, thy gladnesses, take wing and flee
The bower they builded in this lonely heart?
O, Summer of Existence, golden, glowing!
Can nought avail to curb thine onward motion?
In vain! The river of my years is flowing,
And soon shall mingle with the eternal ocean.

Extinguished in dead darkness lies the sun
That lighted up my shrivelled world of wonder;
Those fairy bands Imagination spun
Around my heart have long been rent asunder.

Gone, gone forever is the fine belief,
The all-too-generous trust in the Ideal:
All my Divinities have died of grief,
And left me wedded to the Rude and Real.

As clasped the enthusiastic Prince¹ of old
The lovely statue, stricken by its charms,
Until the marble, late so dead and cold,
Glowed into throbbing life beneath his arms,
So fondly round enchanting Nature's form,
I too entwined my passionate arms, till, pressed
In my embraces, she began to warm
And breathe and revel in my bounding breast.

And, sympathizing with my virgin bliss,
The speechless things of Earth received a tongue;
They gave me back Affection's burning kiss,
And loved the Melody my bosom sung:
Then sparkled hues of Life on tree and flower,
Sweet music from the silver fountain flowed;
All soulless images in that brief hour
The Echo of my Life divinely glowed!

How struggled all my feelings to extend
Themselves afar beyond their prisoning bounds!
O, how I longed to enter Life and blend
Me with its words and deeds, its shapes and sounds!
This human theatre, how fair it beamed
While yet the curtain hung before the scene!
Uprolled, how little then the arena seemed!
That little how contemptible and mean!

¹ Pygmalion.

How roamed, imparadised in blest illusion,
With soul to which upsoaring Hope lent pinions,
And heart as yet unchilled by Care's intrusion,
How roamed the stripling-lord through his dominions!

Then Fancy bore him to the palest star
Pinnacled in the lofty æther dim:
Was nought so elevated, nought so far,
But thither the Enchantress guided him!

With what rich reveries his brain was rife!
What adversary might withstand him long?
How glanced and danced before the Car of Life
The visions of his thought, a dazzling throng!
For there was FORTUNE with her golden crown,
There flitted LOVE with heart-bewitching boon,
There glittered starry-diademed RENOWN,
And TRUTH, with radiance like the sun of noon!

But ah! ere half the journey yet was over,
That gorgeous escort wended separate ways;
All faithlessly forsook the pilgrim-rover,
And one by one vanished from his gaze.
Away inconstant-handed FORTUNE flew;
And, while the thirst of Knowledge burned away,
The dreary mists of Doubt arose and threw
Their shadow over TRUTH's resplendent ray.

I saw the sacred garland-crown of FAME
Around the common brow its glory shed:
The rapid Summer died, the Autumn came,
And LOVE, with all his necromancies, fled,

And ever lonelier and silenter

Grew the dark images of Life's poor dream,
Till scarcely o'er the dusky scenery there
The lamp of HOPE itself could cast a gleam.

And now, of all, Who, in my day of dolor,

Alone survives to clasp my willing hand?
Who stands beside me still, my best consoler,
And lights my pathway to the Phantom-strand?
Thou, FRIENDSHIP! stancher of our wounds and
sorrows,

From whom this lifelong pilgrimage of pain
A balsam for its worst afflictions borrows;
Thou whom I early sought, nor sought in vain!

And thou whose labours by her light are wrought,

Soother and soberer of the spirit's fever,
Who, shaping all things, ne'er destroyest aught,
Calm OCCUPATION! thou that weariest never!
Whose efforts rear at last the mighty Mount
Of Life, though merely grain on grain they lay,
And, slowly toiling, from the vast Account
Of Time strike minutes, days, and years away.

To my Friends.

BELOVED friends! More glorious times than ours
Of old existed: men of loftier powers
Than we can boast have flourished:—who shall doubt it?
A million stones dug from the depths of Earth
Will bear this witness for the ancient worth,
If History's chronicles be mute about it.
But, all are gone—those richly-gifted souls—
That constellation of illustrious names:
For Us, for Us, the current moment rolls,
And We, We live, and have our claims.

My friends! The wanderer tells us—and we own—
That Earth shows many a more luxuriant zone
Than that whereunder we sedately live;
But, if denied a paradise, our hearts
Are still the home of science and the arts,
And glow and gladden in the light they give;
And if beneath our skies the laurel pines,
And winter desolates our myrtle boughs,
The curling tendrils of our joyous vines
Shed freshest greenness round our brows.

May burn more feverish life, more maddening pleasures,
Where four assembled worlds exchange their treasures,
At London, in the world's Commercial Hall;
A thousand stately vessels come and go,
And costly sights are there, and pomp and show,
And Gold is lord and idolgod of all!

But will the sun be mirrored in the stream
Sullied and darkened by the flooding rains?
No! On the still smooth lake alone his beam
Is brightly imaged, and remains.

The beggar at St. Angelo's might gaze
With scorn upon our North, for he surveys
The one, lone, only, everliving Rome—
All shapes of beauty fascinate his eye;
He sees a brilliant heaven below the sky
Shine in Saint Peter's wonderwaking dome.
But, even while beaming with celestial glory,
Rome is the grave of long-departed years;
It is the green young plant and not the hoary
And time-worn trunk that blooms and cheers.

Prouder achievements may perchance appear
Elsewhere than signalize our humble sphere,
But newer nowhere underneath the sun.
We see in pettier outlines on our stage,
Which miniatures the world of every age,
The storied feats of bypassed eras done.
All things are but redone, reshown, retold,
Fancy alone is ever young and new;
Man and the universe shall both grow old,
But not the forms her pencil drew!

The Maid of Orleans.

AT thee *the Mocker*¹ sneers in cold derision,
Through thee he seeks to desecrate and dim
Glory for which he hath no soul or vision,
For "God" and "Angel" are but sounds with him.
He makes the jewels of the heart his booty,
And scoffs at Man's Belief and Woman's Beauty.

Yet thou—a lowly shepherdess!—descended
Not from a kingly but a godly race,
Art crowned by Poësy! Amid the splendid
Of Heaven's high stars she builds thy dwellingplace,
Garlands thy temples with a wreath of glory,
And swathes thy memory in eternal Story.

The Base of this weak world exult at seeing
The Fair defaced, the Lofty in the dust;
Yet grieve not! There are godlike hearts in being
Which worship still the Beautiful and Just.
Let Momus and his mummers please the crowd,
Of nobleness alone a noble mind is proud.



The Secret.

SHE could not whisper one least word;
Too many listeners hovered nigh;
But, though her dear lips never stirred,
I well could read her speechful eye:

¹ Voltaire.

And now with stealthy step I come
And seek thy shades, thou darkling grove!
Here will I build my hermit-home,
Here veil from prying eyes my love.

The city's voice of many tones
Resoundeth in the sweltering Day;
Wheels roll, as 'twere, o'er muffled stones,
And far-off hammers faintly bray:
So wring the o'er anxious Crowd with toil
From Earth's hard breast their bitter bread,
While blessings flow from Heaven like oil
On each serene Believer's head!

Yet, breathe it not, what holy joy,
What bliss in Love and Faith may be;
The world will mock thee, and destroy
The inmost Life of Heaven in thee!
Not in thy words, not on thy brow,
Should glow the soul of thy desire;
Deep in thy heart's recesses thou
Must feed, unseen, the Sacred Fire.

Flee where nor Light nor Man intrudes!
Love lives for Night and Silentness;
Love's dearest haunts are Solitudes
Where sandalled feet fall echoless.
Love's home is in the Land of Dream,
For, there, through Truth's eternal power,
Its life is glassed in every stream,
And symbolized by every flower!

The Words of Reality.

I NAME you Three Words which ought to resound
In thunder from zone to zone:
But the world understands them not—they are found
In the depths of the heart alone.
That man must indeed be utterly base
In whose heart the Three Words no longer find place.

First,—MAN IS FREE, IS CREATED FREE,
Though born a manacled slave:—
I abhor the abuses of Liberty—
I hear how the populace rave,—
But I never can dread, and I dare not disdain,
The slave who stands up and shivers his chain!

And,—VIRTUE IS NOT AN EMPTY NAME:—
'Tis the paction of Man with his soul,
That, though balked of his worthiest earthly aim,
He will still seek a heavenly goal;
For, that to which worldling natures are blind
Is a pillar of light for the childlike mind.

And,—A GOD, AN IMMUTABLE WILL, EXISTS,
However *Men* waver and yield:—
Beyond Space, beyond Time, and their dimming mists,
The Ancient of Days is revealed;
And while Time and the Universe haste to decay,
Their unchangeable Author is Lord for aye!

Then, treasure those Words. They ought to resound
 In thunder from zone to zone;
 But the world will not teach thee their force;—they are
 found
 In the depths of the heart alone;
 Thou never, O Man! canst be utterly base
 While *those* Three Words in thy heart find place!



The Words of Delusion.

THREE Words are heard with the Good and Blameless,
 Three ruinous words and vain—
 Their sound is hollow—their use is aimless—
 They cannot console and sustain.
 Man's path is a path of thorns and troubles
 So long as he chases these vagrant bubbles.

So long as he hopes that *Triumph and Treasure*
 Will yet be the guerdon of Worth :—
 Both are dealt out to Baseness in lavishest measure;
 The Worthy possess not the earth—
 They are exiled spirits and strangers here,
 And look for their home to a purer sphere.

So long as he dreams that *On clay-made creatures*
 The noonbeams of Truth will shine :—
 No mortal may lift up the veil from her features;
 On earth we but guess and opine :
 We prison her vainly in pompous words:
 She is not *our* handmaid—she is the Lord's.

So long as he sighs for a Golden Era,
 When *Good will be victress o'er Ill*:
 The triumph of Good is an idiot's chimera;
 She never can combat—nor will:
 The Foe must contend and o'ermaster, till, cloyed
 By destruction, he perishes, self-destroyed.

Then, Man! through Life's labyrinths winding and
 darkened,
 Take, dare to take, Faith as thy clue!
 THAT WHICH EYE NEVER SAW, TO WHICH EAR NEVER
 HEARKENED,
 THAT, THAT IS THE BEAUTEOUS AND TRUE!
 It is not *without*—let the fool seek it there—
 It is in thine own bosom and heart—the Perfect, the
 Good, and the Fair!¹

The Course of Time.

TIME is threefold—triple—three:
 First—and Midst—and Last;
 Was—and Is—and Yet-To-Be;—
 Future—Present—Past.

Lightning-swift, the Is is gone—
 The Yet-To-Be crawls with a snakelike slowness on;
 Still stands the Was for aye—its goal is won.

¹ The classical reader need hardly be informed that the epithets in this line are from Plato.

No fierce impatience, no entreating,
 Can spur or wing the tardy Tarrier ;
 No strength, no skill, can rear a barrier
 Between Departure and the Fleeting :
 No prayers, no tears, no magic spell,
 Can ever move the Immovable.

Wouldst thou, fortunate and sage,
 Terminate Life's Pilgrimage ?
 Wouldst thou quit this mundane stage
 Better, happier, worthier, wiser ?
 Then, whate'er thine aim and end,
Take, O Youth ! for thine adviser,
Not thy working-mate, The Slow ;
Oh, make not The Vanishing thy friend,
Or The Permanent thy foe !



Breadth and Depth.

GENTRY there be who don't figure in History ;
 Yet they are clever, too—decidedly !—
 All that is puzzling, all tissues of mystery,
 They will unravel you lucidly.
 Hear their oracular dicta but thrown out,
 You'd fancy those Wise Men of Gotham must find the
 Philosophers' Stone out !

Yet they quit Earth without signal and voicelessly ;
 All their existence was vanity.
He seldom speaks—*he* deports himself noiselessly
 Who would enlighten Humanity :

Lone, unbeheld, he by slow but incessant
Exertion extracts for the Future the pith of the Past and
the Present.

Look at yon tree, spreading like a pavilion! See
How it shines, shadows, and flourishes!
Not in its leaves, though all odour and brilliancy,
Seek we the sweet fruit that nourishes.
No! a dark prison incloses the kernel
Whence shoots with round bole and broad boughs the
green giant whose youth looks eternal!



Light and Warmth.

THE Noblehearted sees in Earth
A paradise before his eyes;
The dreams to which his soul gives birth
He fondly hopes to realize;
He dedicates his burning youth
To glorify the majesty of Truth.

But ah! before he gazes long,
So mean, so paltry all appears,
Self soon becomes, amid the throng,
The loadstar of his hopes and fears,
Enthusiastic feeling flies,
And Love is chill'd, and droops his wings, and dies.

Truth's beams are pure, but, like the moon's,
They warm not with the light they shed:

Where Knowledge is, her brightest boons
Illumine less the heart than head.
Blest, therefore, they who best ally
The Visionary's hope and Worldling's eye!



Hecla: A Voice from the World of Spirits.

“WHERE I am, and Whitherward I fled,
When my spirit was from Earth removed?”
Wherefore ask me? Is not all completed?
I have lived, lived long, for I have loved!

Tell me where the nightingale reposes
Which with soulful music fugitive
Charmed thy dolour in the Days of Roses!
When *she* ceased to love she ceased to live.

“Have I found anew the dear Departed?”
Oh, believe me, I am blent with him,
There, where Peace unites the Faithfulhearted,
Where no sorrow makes the bright eye dim.

There thou too, if meek in mind and lowly,
Mayest behold us when thy Night is o'er,
There embrace our father,¹ healed and holy,
Whom the bloody steel can reach no more.

There he sees how truthful were the feelings
Born of gazing on yon starry sphere.²

¹ Wallenstein.

² An allusion to Wallenstein's astrological studies.

Blest are they who cherish such revealings !
Unto them the Holy One is near,

Far above the sapphire spaces yonder
Souls achieve what Men in vain essay—
Therefore venture thou to dream and wander—
Mysteries often lurk in childish play.



Hope.

THE Future is Man's immemorial hymn :

In vain runs the Present a-wasting ;
To a golden goal in the distance dim
In life, in death, he is hasting.
The world grows, old, and young, and old,
But the ancient story still bears to be told.

Hope smiles on the Boy from the hour of his birth :—

To the Youth it gives bliss without limit ;
It gleams for Old Age as a star on earth,
And the darkness of Death cannot dim it.
Its rays will gild even fathomless gloom,
When the Pilgrim of Life lies down in the tomb.

Never deem it a Shibboleth phrase of the crowd,

Never call it the dream of a rhymer ;
The instinct of Nature proclaims it aloud—

WE ARE DESTINED FOR SOMETHING SUBLIMER.
This truth, which the Witness within reveals,
The purest worshipper deepliest feels.

LUDWIG UHLAND.

The Golden Apple.¹

With a wondrous host, serene and bold,
I tarried as a boarder lately ;
His sign was an Apple of the brilliantest gold,
At the which men marvelled greatly.

It was under the boughs of the goodly Apple-tree,
Which from time immemorial has flourished,
That I gathered yellow honey like the blithe summer-bee,
And was tenderly warmed and nourished.

Through the day, my hours, however they might pass,
Ever flitted, like butterflies, lightly ;
And I slept upon soft luxuriant grass
In a roomy summer-house nightly.

There came to the bowery Elysium of mine host
So many a wildwood ranger !
And he laughed as they banqueted by millions at his cost,
For he never saw the face of a stranger.

After months I asked him how much was to pay,
But he said he was no attorney ;
All benisons be therefore on his head I pray,
While the green Earth goes her journey !

¹ This is an allegorical poem on the Sun.

The Lobe-adieu.

FARE thee well, fare thee well, my dove!
Thou and I must sever;
One fond kiss, one fond kiss of love,
Ere we part forever!

And one rose, one red rose, Marie,
Choose me from the bowers;
But no fruit, oh! no fruit for me,
Nought but fragile flowers.

*Ichabod! the Glory has departed.*

I RIDE through a dark, dark Land by night,
Where moon is none and no stars lend light,
And rueful winds are blowing;
Yet oft have I trodden this way ere now,
With summer zephyrs a-fanning my brow,
And the gold of the sunshine glowing.

I roam by a gloomy Garden-wall;
The deathstricken leaves around me fall;
And the night-blast wails its dolours;
How oft with my love I have hitherward strayed
When the roses flowered, and all I surveyed
Was radiant with Hope's own colours!

But the gold of the sunshine is shed and gone,
And the once bright roses are dead and wan,
And my love in her low grave moulders,
And I ride through a dark, dark Land by night,
With never a star to bless me with light,
And the Mantle of Age on my shoulders.



Spirits Everywhere.

A MANY a summer is dead and buried
Since over this flood I last was ferried;
And then, as now, the Noon lay bright
On strand, and water, and castled height.

Beside me then in this bark sat nearest
Two companions the best and dearest;
One was a gentle and thoughtful sire,
The other a youth with a soul of fire.

One, outworn by Care and Illness,
Sought the grave of the Just in stillness;
The other's shroud was the bloody rain
And thunder-smoke of the battle plain.

Yet still, when Memory's necromancy
Robes the Past in the hues of Fancy,
Medreameth I hear and see the Twain
With talk and smiles at my side again!

Even the grave is a bond of union ;
Spirit and spirit best hold communion !
Seen through Faith, by the Inward Eye,
It is *after* Life they are truly nigh !

Then, ferryman, take this coin, I pray thee,
Thrice thy fare I cheerfully pay thee ;
For, though thou seest them not, there stand
Anear me Two from the Phantomland !



Spring Roses.

GREEN-LEAFY Whitsuntide was come,
To gladden many a Christian home :—
Spake then King Engelbert,—“ A fitter
Time than this we scarce shall see
For tournament and revelrie :
Ho ! to horse, each valiant Ritter !”

Gay banners wave above the walls,—
The herald's trumpet loudly calls,
And beauteous eyes rain radiant glances !
And of all the knights can none
Match the Monarch's gallant son,
In the headlong shock of lances !

Till, at the close, a Stranger came,—
Japan-black iron cased his frame ;

In his air was somewhat kingly :
Well I guess, that stalwart knight
Yet will overcome in fight
All the hosts of Europe singly.

As he flings his gage to earth
You hear no more the sound of mirth,—
All shrink back, as dreading danger :
The Prince alone defies the worst—
Alas! in vain! He falls, unhorsed :
Sole victor bides the Sable Stranger!

Boots now no longer steed or lance :
“Light up the hall!—a dance!—a dance!”
Anon a dazzling throng assembles ;
And then and there that Dark Unscanned
Asks the Royal Maiden’s hand,
Whilk she gives, albeit it trembles.

And as they dance—the Dark and Fair—
In the Maiden’s breast and hair
Every golden clasp uncloses,
And, to and fro—that way and this—
Drops dimmed each pearl and amethyss—
Drop dead the shrivelled yellow roses.

But who makes merriest at the feast?
Not he who furnished it at least!
Sad is he for son and daughter!
Fears that reason cannot bind
Chase each other through his mind,
Swift and dark as midnight water!

So pale both youth and maiden were!
Whereon the Guest, affecting care,
Spake, "Blushful wine will mend your colour,"
Filled he then a beaker up,
And they—they drank; but oh! that cup
Proved in sooth a draught of dolour!

Their eyelids droop, and neither speaks;
They kiss their father; and their cheeks,
Pale before, wax white and shrunken:
Momently their death draws nigher,
He, the while, their wretched sire,
Gazing on them, terror-drunken!

"Spare these! Take *me!*" he shrieked, and pressed
The stone-cold corpses to his breast;
When, to that heart-smitten father
Spake the Guest, with iron voice,
"Autumn-spoils are not my choice;
Roses in the Spring I gather!"



The Jeweller's Daughter.

THE Jeweller's Daughter sat in her father's booth—
Gems, gold, and diamonds dazzled around:
"But the richest treasure I ever found,"
He lovingly whispered in her ear,
"O Helen, was and is, in sooth,
Thyself, my daughter dear!"

Thereon stepped into the Jeweller's booth a Knight,
A Knight of stately apparel and air—
“I greet thee, maiden young and fair!
I greet thee, Jeweller, courteouslie!
And make me a coronal rich and bright
For my bride that is to be.”

Eftsoons, I ween, the glittering pearls were strung—
Was never beheld a brillianter show!
Poor Helen! she saw it, and sighed as though
Her youth and beauty had lost their charm;
Alas, poor Helen! she sighed as she hung
The ornament on her arm.

Ah! blest is the bride—supremely blest!” she said,
“Who, bright as a star, in the nuptial hall,
Shall wear this beautiful coronall!
Ah! would the Ritter but offer to me
A chaplet only of roses red,
How joyful I should be!”

Ere long came into the booth again the Knight—
“Thanks, worthy friend!—thy pearls outshine
The sparkling droplets of the mine:
Now make me, Jeweller, speedilie,
A ring, ingemmed with a chrysolite,
For my bride that is to be!”

Eftsoons was ready that gay gold ring, I ween,
And mildly shimmered its paler stone.
Alas, poor Helen! Left all alone,
She sighed anew as she tried the ring
On her own fair finger, where its sheen
In truth was a beauteous thing!

Ah! blest, she thought, how blest as a happy bride,
How doubly blest as a happy wife,
Is she who shall wear this ring for life!
Ah! would the Ritter but give to me
A lock of his hair and nought beside,
How joyful I should be!

Ere long the Knight appeared in the booth once more—
“O Jeweller! words are poor to praise
The taste and finish thy work displays;
A ring and a chaplet bright as these
Might lie on the loftiest shrine before
Which Love ever bent his knees!

“But as I would fain behold them dazzle and glow
From Beauty’s finger and Beauty’s brow,
Come hither, enchanting damsel, thou!
And let me try them first on thee;
So will they become my bride, I trow,
For thou art fair as she!

Now this, it chanced, was all on a Sunday morn;
And Helen, to meetly honour the day,
Had dressed herself in the prettiest way,
In the holiday garb of the burgher class,
The silken suit she had always worn,
When going, as now, to Mass.

There, then, she stands in that graceful silken dress,
Deep blushes dyeing her face and neck:
Meanwhile, the Ritter proceeds to deck
With the wreath of pearls her flowing hair,
And draws, unheeding her bashfulness,
The ring on her finger fair.

Then, taking her hand in his he tenderly said,
 "Helena dear, Helena sweet,
 Forgive, I pray, this little deceit;
 My heart has ever been thine alone,
And thou art the bride I hope to wed,
 And the wreath and the ring are thine own !

"'Mid gold and gems, and all that's precious and rare,
 The opal's hues and the ruby's blaze,
 Thy lot has been cast from Childhood's days—
 To thee be this a symbol and sign
That thou wert born to shine elsewhere—
 Wert born to charm and shine!"



The Castle over the Sea.

"SAWEST thou the castle that beetles over
 The wine-dark sea?
The rosy sunset clouds do hover
 Above it so goldenly !

"It hath a leaning as though it would bend to
 The waves below ;
It hath a longing as though to ascend to
 The skies in their gorgeous glow."—

"—Well saw I the castle that beetles over
 The wine-dark sea ;
And a pall of watery clouds did cover
 Its battlements gloomsomely."—

“—The winds and the moonlit waves were singing
A choral song?

And the brilliant castle-hall was ringing
With melody all night long?”—

“—The winds and the moonless waves were sleeping
In stillness all;

But many voices of woe and weeping
Rose out from the castle-hall.”—

—“And sawest thou not step forth so lightly
The King and the Queen,
Their festal dresses bespangled brightly,
Their crowns of a dazzling sheen?

“And by their side a resplendent vision,
A virgin fair,
The glorious child of some clime elysian,
With starry gems in her hair?”—

“—Well saw I the twain by the wine-dark water
Walk slower and slower;
They were clad in weeds, and their virgin daughter
Was found at their side no more!”

9*



Durand of Blonden.

Tow'ARDS the lofty walls of Balbi, lo! Durand of Blonden
hies;
Thousand songs are in his bosom; Love and Pleasure
light his eyes.
There, he dreams, his own true maiden, beauteous as the
evening-star,
Leaning o'er her turret-lattice, waits to hear her knight's
guitar.

In the lindenshaded courtyard soon Durand begins his
lay.
But his eyes glance vainly upwards; there they meet no
answering ray.
Flowers are blooming in the lattice, rich of odour, fair to
see.
But the fairest flower of any, Lady Blanca, where is she?

Ah! while yet he chants the ditty, draws a mourner near
and speaks—
"She is dead, is dead forever, whom Durand of Blonden
seeks!"
And the knight replies not, breathes not: darkness gath-
ers round his brain:
He is dead, is dead forever, and the mourners weep the
twain.

In the darkened castle-chapel burn a many tapers bright:
There the lifeless maiden lies, with whitest wreaths and
ribands dight.

There . . . But lo! a mighty marvel! She hath oped her
eyes of blue!

All are lost in joy and wonder! Lady Blanca lives anew!

Dreams and visions flit before her, as she asks of those
anear,

“Heard I not my lover singing?—Is Durand of Blonden
here?”

Yes, O Lady, thou hast heard him; he has died for thy
dear sake!

He could wake his tranced mistress: him shall none for-
ever wake!

He is in a realm of glory, but as yet he weets not where;
He but seeks the Lady Blanca: dwells she not already
there?

Till he finds her must he wander to and fro, as one be-
reaven,

Ever calling, “Blanca! Blanca!” through the desert
halls of Heaven.



Forward.

FORWARD! Onward!—far and forth!
An earthquake shout upwakes the North!
Forward!

Prussia hears that shout so proud,
She hears and echoes it aloud,
Forward!

Ancient Austria! Nurse of Mind!
Sublime land, lag not thou behind!
Forward!

Warriors of the Saxon land,
Arouse! arise!—press hand in hand
Forward!

Swabia! Brunswick! Pomeraine!—
Wild Yagers from the Meuse and Main!
Forward!

Holland!—thou hast heard the word,
Up! Thou too hast a soul and sword!
Forward!

Switzerland—thou Ever-free!
Lorraine, Alsatia, Burgundy!
Forward!

Albion! Spain! A common cause
Is yours—your liberties and laws!
Forward!

Onward! Forward!—each and all!
Hark, hark to Freedom's thundercall!
Forward!

Forward! Onward!—far and forth!
And prove what gallant hearts are worth!
Forward!

LUDWIG TIEK.

Life is the Desert and the Solitude.

WHENCE this fever?
Whence this burning
Love and Longing?
Ah! forever,
Ever turning,
Ever thronging
Tow'rds the Distance,
Roams each fonder
Yearning yonder,
There, where wander
Golden stars in blest existence!

Thence what fragrant
Airs are blowing!
What rich vagrant
Music flowing!
Angel voices
Tones wherein the
Heart rejoices,
Call from thence from Earth to win thee!

How yearns and burns for evermore
My heart for thee, thou blessed shore!
And shall I never see thy fairy
 Bowers and palace-gardens near?
Will no enchanted skiff so airy,
 Sail from thee to seek me here?
O! undeveloped Land,
 Whereto I fain would flee,
What mighty hand shall break each band
 That keeps my soul from thee?
In vain I pine and sigh
 To trace thy dells and streams:
They gleam but by the spectral sky
 That lights my shifting dreams.
Ah! what fair form, flitting through yon green glades,
 Dazes mine eye? Spirit, oh! rive my chain!
Woe is my soul! Swiftly the vision fades,
 And I start up—waking—to weep in vain!

Hence this fever;
Hence this burning
Love and Longing:
Hence forever,
Ever turning,
Ever thronging,
Tow'rd the Distance,
Roams each fonder
Yearning yonder,
There, where wander
Golden stars in blest existence!

Autumn Song.¹

A LITTLE bird flew through the dell,
And where the failing sunbeams fell
He warbled thus his wondrous lay.
"Adieu! adieu! I go away:
Far, far,
Must I voyage ere the twilight star!"

It pierced me through, the song he sang,
With many a sweet and bitter pang:
For wounding joy, delicious pain,
My bosom swelled and sank again.
Heart! heart!
Is it drunk with bliss or woe thou art?

Then, when I saw the drifted leaves,
I said, "Already Autumn grieves!
To sunnier skies the swallow hies:
So Love departs and Longing flies,
Far, far,
Where the Radiant and the Beauteous are."

But soon the Sun shone out anew,
And back the little flutterer flew:

¹ It was the Translator's custom to alter sometimes the titles selected by the Authors themselves. Generally the present Editor does not interfere with this: but in the present case the name prefixed by Mangan was evidently a mistake. In the original it is simply "Herbstlied."

He saw my grief, he saw my tears,
And sang, "Love knows no Winter years!
No! no!
While it lives its breath is Summer's glow!"



Pleasure.

OH, cherish Pleasure!
To him alone
'Tis given to measure
Time's jewelled zone.

As over meadows
Cloud-masses throng,
So sweep the Shadows
Of Earth along.

The years are hasting
To swift decay;
Life's lamp is wasting
By day and day.

Yet cherish Pleasure!
To him alone
'Tis given to measure
Time's jewelled zone.

For him the hours are
Enamelled years ;
His laughing flowers are
Undulled by tears.

With him the starry
And regal wine
Best loves to tarry
Where sun-rays shine.

And when Night closes
Around his sky,
In graves of roses
His Buried lie.

Then cherish Pleasure !
To him alone
'Tis given to measure
Time's jewelled zone.



Light and Shade.

THE gayest lot beneath
By Grief is shaded :
Pale Evening sees the wreath
Of Morning faded.

Pain slays, or Pleasure cloy ;
All mortal morrows

But waken hollow joys
Or lasting sorrows.

Hope yesternoon was bright—
Earth beamed with beauty ;
But soon came conquering Night
And claimed his booty.

Life's billows, as they roll,
Would fain look sunward ;
But ever must the soul
Drift darkly onward.

The sun forsakes the sky,
Sad stars are sovereigns,
Long shadows mount on high
And Darkness governs.

So Love deserts his throne,
Weary of reigning!
Ah! would he but rule on
Young and unwaning!

Pain slays, or Pleasure cloy,
And all our morrows
But waken hollow joys
Or lasting sorrows.

JUSTINUS KERNER.

The Four Idiot Brothers.

DRIED, as 'twere, to skeleton chips,
In the Madhouse found I Four:
From their white and shrivelled lips
Cometh language never more.
Ghastly, stony, stiff, each brother
Gazes vacant on the other;

Till the midnight hour be come;
Bristles then erect their hair,
And the lips all day so dumb
Utter slowly to the air,
*"Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat seclum in favilla."*

Four bold brothers once were these,
Riotous and reprobate,
Whose rakehellish revelries
Terrified the more sedate.
Ghostly guide and good adviser
Tried in vain to make them wiser.

On his deathbed spake their sire—
"Hear your father from his tomb!

Rouse not God's eternal ire ;
Ponder well the day of doom,
' *Dies iræ, dies illa,*
Solvat seclum in favilla.' "

So spake he, and died : the Four
All unmoved beheld him die.
Happy he !—his labors o'er,
He was ta'en to bliss on high,
While his sons, like very devils
Loosed from Hell, pursued their revels.

Still they courted each excess
Atheism and Vice could dare ;
Ironhearted, feelingless,
Not a hair of theirs grew grayer.
"Live," they cried, "while life enables !
God and devil alike are fables !"

Once at midnight as the Four
Riotously reeled along,
From an open temple-door
Streamed a flood of holy song.
"Cease, ye hounds, your yelling noises !"
Cried the devil by their voices.

Through the temple vast and dim
Goes the unhallowed greeting, while
Still the singers chant their hymn.
Hark ! it echoes down the aisle—
" *Dies iræ, dies illa,*
Solvat seclum in favilla."

On the instant stricken as
By the wrath of God they stand,
Each dull eyeball fixed like glass,
Mute each eye, unnerved each hand,
Blanched their hair and wan their features,
Speechless, mindless, idiot creatures!

And now, dried to skeleton chips,
In the Mad-cell sit the Four,
Moveless:—from their blasted lips
Cometh language never more.
Ghastly, stony, stiff, each brother
Gazes vacant on the other;

Till the midnight hour be come;
Bristles then erect their hair,
And their lips, all day so dumb,
Utter slowly to the air,
“*Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat seculum in favilla.*”

The Faithful Steed.

GRAF TURNECK, after a toilsome ride
By night, in a chapel desired to bide.

The chapel stood in a greenwood deep:
In this, thought the Graf, may I safely sleep.

There lay in the vault of the chapel narrow
A king who had died of a poisoned arrow.

The Graf he sprung from his horse on the plain,
And he said, "Graze here till I come again."

The portal oped with a gnarring sound;
Deep stillness reigned in the vault around.

The Graf in a niche of the aged wall
Discovered a coffin and crumbling pall.

"Here by the Dead may the Living be borne;
I rest on this coffin till dawn of morn."

The Graf lay down, a stranger to fear,
On the mouldering planks of the royal bier.

The sun came over the mountains red;
The Graf came never—the Graf was dead.

Three hundred years have rolled and more,
And the steed still tarries before the door.

The chapel is hasting to swift decay,
But the steed grazes yet in the moon's blue ray,



The Garden that fades not.

"WHERE dost thou idly wander!
What doest thou moping yonder;
Leave those bald peaks and join thy friends below!

Thy garden-bowers look chilly :
Rose, hyacinth, nor lily,
Can bud where mists are thick and bleak winds blow.

“ The valley-gardens flourish :
Rich rains and sunbeams nourish
The laughing children of the meads and dells.
Each bud outblossoms the other ;
And sister-flower and brother
Tinkle in Zephyr’s ear their sweetest bells.

“ But on the mountains wither
All flowers thou takest thither :
Lifeless they lie, and will revive no more.
Doth not their fate dismay thee !
Come down, come down, I pray thee,
And leave the wreck thou vainly mournest o’er !”

The gardener heard, unheeding,
The valley-tenant pleading ;
Spell-fettered, as in some dim dream he stood,
Until the gold and dun light
Which tracks the waning sunlight
Shed o’er the floor of Heaven its gorgeous flood.

And, as the shades descended,
And Day and Dusk were blended,
And Fancy shaped wild wonders in the sky.
And each cloud-woven streamer
Floated aloft, the dreamer
Gazed on the firmament with tranced eye.

“ *There*, earth-enamored stranger,”
He cried, “ thy mountain-ranger
His garden only glories to behold !
Appear these bowers so chilly ?
Can hyacinth nor lily
Spring up in yon full fields of blue and gold ?

“ These be the bowers my spirit
Shall one bright day inherit ;
There stands for me an undecaying dome.
Seest not its pillars gleaming ?
Seest not its pennons streaming ?
Go, grovel in thy vale ! I know my home !”



The Midnight Bell.

HARK ! through the midnight lonely
How tolls the convent-bell !
But ah ! no summer-breeze awakes the sound ;
The beating of the heavy hammer only
Is author of the melancholy knell
That startles the dull ear for miles around.

How such a bell resembles
The drooping poet's heart !
Thereon must Misery's hammer drearily jar,
Ere the deep melody that shrinks and trembles
Within its dædal chambers can impart
Its tale unto the listless world afar.

And, woe is me! too often
Hath such a bell alone,
At such an hour, with such disastrous tongue,
Power to disarm the heart's despair, and soften
Its chords to music; even as now its tone
Inspires me with the lay I thus have sung.

The Wanderer's Chant.

MAY sparkle for others
Henceforward this wine!
Adieu, beloved brothers
And sisters of mine,
My boyhood's green valleys,
My fathers' grey halls!
Where Liberty rallies
My destiny calls.

The sun never stands,
Never slackens his motion;
He travels all lands
Till he sinks in the ocean;
The stars cannot rest;
The wild winds have no pillow,
And the shore from its breast
Ever flings the blue billow.

So Man in the harness
Of Fortune must roam,
And far in the Farness
Look out for his home;

Unresting and errant,
West, East, South, and North,
The liker his parent,
The weariless Earth!

Though he hears not the words of
The language he loves,
He kens the blithe birds of
His Fatherland's groves:
Old voices are singing
From river and rill,
And flowrets are springing
To welcome him still.

And Beauty's dear tresses
Are lovely to view,
And Friendship still blesses
The soul of the True:
And love, too, so garlands
The wanderer's dome
That the farthest of far lands
To him is a home.



The Poet's Consolation.

WHAT, though no maiden's tears ever be shed
O'er my clay bed,
Yet will the generous Night never refuse
To weep its dews.

And though no friendly hand garland the cross
 Above my moss,
Still will the dear, dear moon tenderly shine
 Down on that sign.

And if the saunterer-by songlessly pass
 Through the long grass,
There will the noontide bee pleasantly hum,
 And warm winds come.

Yes—you at least, ye dells, meadows, and streams,
 Stars and moon-beams,
Will think on him whose weak meritless lays
 Teemed with your praise.



Home-sickness.

THERE calleth me ever a marvellous Horn,
 “Come away! Come away!”
Is it earthly music faring astray,
 Or is it air-born?
Oh, whether it be a spirit-wile
 Or a forest voice,
It biddeth mine ailing heart rejoice,
 Yet sorrow the while!

In the greenwood glades—o’er the garlanded bowl—
 Night, Noontide, and Morn,
The summoning call of that marvellous Horn
 Tones home to my soul!

In vain have I sought for it east and west,
But I darkly feel
That so soon as its music shall cease to peal
I go to my rest!

To the Ghost-seeress of Preborst, as she lay on her
Death-bed.

YET lingerest thou!—but I have ceased repining;
Through thy long nights I see God's brightness shining;
For, though our Sceneworld vanish from thy sight,
Within thee radiates more than starry light!

To thee have been revealed—bared for thy seeing—
The INNER LIFE,—the Mystery of Being—
Heaven, Hades, Hell,—the eternal How and Where—
The glory of the Dead—and their despair!

Tears darkened long thy bodily vision nightly,
Yet then, even then, the Interior Eye saw brightly,
Saw, too, how Truth itself spake by His voice
Who bade men weep, that so they might rejoice!

Well hast thou borne thy Cross, like Him, thy Master,
Though griefs, like snares, waylaid thee fast and faster
While that hard-minded world which knew thee not
Found only food for mockery in thy lot!

And now, rejoice, thou Faithfullest and meekest!
It lies in sight, the Quiet Home thou seekest;
And gently wilt thou pass to it, for thou
Art all but disembodied even now!

To the Ghost-servess of Preborst, after her Decease.

FAREWELL!—the All I owe to thee

This breast enshrined shall ever keep:

Mine inner sense awakes to see

The Ghostworld's clear and wondrous Deep.

Where'er thy home—in Light or Shade—

A spirit still thou wert and art:

Oh! if my faith shall fail or fade,

Send thou a sign to cheer my heart!

And, since thou soon shalt share the power

Of purer spirits, blessed, bright,

Sustain me in that fateful hour

When death shall rob mine eyes of light!

Above thy grave-mound blooms and blows

Of all dear flowers the dearest one,

Mute witness of the SAVIOUR'S woes,

Thine own beloved Hypericon.¹

And that lone-flower, blood-hued at heart,

And gold without, from every leaf

Shall nightly to my soul impart

The memory of thy faith and grief.

Farewell!—the world may mock, may rave;

Me little move its words or ways;

Men's idle scorn *he* well can brave

Who never wooed their idler praise.

¹ Hypericum perforatum.

The Lober's Farewell.

SLOWLY through the tomb-still streets I go:—
Morn is dark, save one swart streak of gold—
Sullen tolls the far-off river's flow,
And the moon is very thin and cold.

Long and long before the house I stand
Where sleeps she, the dear, dear one I love—
All undreaming that I leave my land,
Mute and mourning, like the moon above!

Wishfully I stretch abroad mine arms
Towards the well-remembered casement-cell—
Fare thee well! Farewell thy virgin charms!
And thou stilly, stilly house, farewell!

And farewell the dear dusk little room,
Redolent of roses as a dell,
And the lattice that relieved its gloom—
And its pictured lilac walls, farewell!

Forth upon my path! I must not wait—
Bitter blows the fretful morning wind:
Warden, wilt thou softly close the gate
When thou knowest I leave my heart behind?

To Ludwig Uhland,

ON THE LAST VOLUME OF HIS POEMS.

As a headlong stream that Winter had bound,
When Spring reshowers her beams on the plains
Breaks loose with a fierce impatient sound
From its icy chains:

As a tree, despoiled by the axe of the North
Of its leaves of green and fruits of gold,
New leaves, new fruits, afresh puts forth,
As bright as the old:

As riotous wine, whose fiery strength
By the walls of the flask was prisoned long,
Outgushes in purple pride at length,
A bubbling song!

As the pealing of some vast organ floats
On the air to the ear of him who has heard
In many long days but the piping notes
Of the coppice-bird:

So rushes, O Uhland!—so streams and rolls
The flood of thy song—a flood of fire!
So thrills through the depths of all hearts and souls
The might of thy lyre!

Not at Home.

"One grand cause of this uneasiness is, that Man is not at home."—GODWIN,
Thoughts on Man.

MY spirit, alas, knoweth *no* rest!
I lay under Heaven's blue dome,
 One day, in the summer beam,
By the Mummel-zee in the forest,
 And dreamed a dream
Of my Home—

My Home, the Home of my Father!
Shone glory within and without;
 Shone bright in its garden bowers
Such fruits as the Angels gather,
 And gold-hued flowers
All about!

Alas! the illusion soon vanished.
I awoke. There were clouds in the sky.
 My tears began to flow.
My quiet of soul was banished;
 I felt as though
I could die!

And still with a heart ever swelling
With yearnings,—and still with years
 Overdarked by a desolate lot,
I seek for my Father's Dwelling,
 And see it not
For my tears!

GOTTFRIED AUGUSTUS BUERGER.

Leonore.

A BALLAD.

UPSTARTING with the dawning red,
 Rose Leonore from dreams of ill.
 "Oh, Wilhelm! art thou false, or dead?
 How long, how long, wilt loiter still?"—
 The youth had gone to Prague to yield
 King Frederick aid in battle-field,
 Nor word nor friend had come to tell
 If he were still alive and well.

War's trumpet blew its dying blast,
 And o'er the empress and the king
 Long-wished, long looked-for Peace at last
 Came hovering upon angel-wing.
 And all the hosts, with glittering sheen,
 And kettledrum and tambourine,
 And decked with garlands green and gay,
 Marched, merrily, for home away.

And on the highways, paths, and byways,
 Came clustering, mustering, crowds and groupes
 Of old and young, from far and nigh-ways,
 And met with smiles the noble troops.

“Thank God!” the son and mother cried—
And “Welcome!” many a joyous bride:
But none throughout that happy meeting
Hailed Leonore with kiss or greeting.

She wandered hither, hurried thither;
She called aloud upon her Lost,
But none knew aught of him she sought,
Of all that far-extending host.
When all was vain, for sheer despair
She madly tore her night-black hair,
And dashed herself against the stones,
And raved and wept with bitter groans.

Then came her mother hurriedly—
“Oh, God of Mercy!—what alarms
My darling child? What troubles thee?”—
And locked her fondly in her arms.
“Oh, mother, mother! dead is dead!
My days are sped, my hopes are fled:
Heaven has no pity on me—none—
Oh, woe is me! oh, wretched one!”

“Alas! alas! Child, place thy trust
In God, and raise thy heart above:
What God ordains is right and just,
He is a God of tender love.”—
Oh! mother, mother! false and vain,
For God has wrought me only pain!
I will not pray—my plaint and prayer
Are wasted on the idle air!”

“No, no, my child!—not so—the LORD
 Is good—He heals His children’s grief;
 The Holy Eucharist will afford
 The anguish of thy soul relief.”—
 “Hush, mother, mother! What I feel
 No Eucharist can ever heal—
 No Eucharist can ever give
 The shrouded Dead again to live.”

“Ah, child, perchance thy lover now—
 A traitor to his love and thee—
 Before the altar plights his vow
 To some fair girl of Hungary:
 Yet weep not this perfidious wrong,
 For he will rue it late and long,
 And when his soul and body part
 His faithlessness will burn his heart.”

“Oh, mother, mother! gone is gone,
 And lorn for once is ever lorn!
 The grave is now my hope alone:
 Would God that I had ne’er been born!
 Out, out, sick light! Out, flickering taper!
 Down, down in night and charnel vapour!
 In Heaven there is no pity—none—
 Oh, woe is me! oh, wretched one!”

“Oh, God of mercy, enter not
 In judgment with thy suffering child!
 Condemn her not—she knows not what
 She raves in this delirium wild.

My child, forget thy tears and sighs,
And look to God and Paradise:
A holier bridegroom shalt thou see,
And He will sweetly comfort thee."

"Oh, mother, what is Paradise?
Oh, mother, what and where is Hell?
In Wilhelm lies my Paradise—
Where he is not my life is Hell!
Then out, sick light! Out, flickering taper!
Down, down in blackest night and vapour!
In heaven, on earth I will not share
Delight if Wilhelm be not there!"

And thus, as reigned and raged despair
Throughout her brain, through every vein,
Did this presumptuous maiden dare
To tax with ill God's righteous will,
And wrang her hands and beat her breast
Till sank the sunlight in the west,
And under heaven's ethereal arch
The silver stars began their march.

When, list! a sound!—hark! *hoff, hoff, hoff!*
It nears, she hears a courser's tramp—
And swiftly bounds a rider off
Before the gate with clattering stamp;
And hark, the bell goes *ring, ding, ding!*
And hark again! *cling, ling, ling, ling!*
And through the portal and the hall
There peals a voice with hollow call:

“What, ho! Up, up, sweet love inside!

Dost watch for me, or art thou sleeping?
Art false, or still my faithful bride?

And smilest thou, or art thou weeping?”—
“What! Wilhelm! thou? and come thus late!
Oh! Night has seen me weep and wait
And suffer so! But oh! I fear—
Why this wild haste in riding here?”

“I left Bohemia late at night:

We journey but at midnight, we!
My time was brief, and fleet my flight.

Up, up! thou must away with me!”—
“Ah, Wilhelm! come inside the house;
The wind moans through the fir-tree boughs;
Come in, my heart’s beloved! and rest
And warm thee in this faithful breast.”

“The boughs may wave, the wind may rave;
Let rave the blast and wave the fir!
Though winds may rave and boughs may wave
My sable steed expects the spur.
Up! gird thyself, and spring with speed
Behind me on my sable steed!
A hundred leagues must yet be sped
Before we reach the bridal bed.”

“Oh, Wilhelm! at so drear an hour,
A hundred leagues away from bed!
Hark! hark! ‘Eleven’ from the tower
Is tolling far with tone of dread!”—

"Look round! look up! The moon is bright.
The Dead and We are fleet of flight:
Doubt not I'll bear thee hence away
To home before the break of day."

"And where is then the nuptial hall?
And where the chamber of the bride?"
"Far, far from hence! Chill, still, and small,
But six feet long by two feet wide!"
"Hast room for me?" "For me and thee!
Quick! robe thyself and come with me.
The wedding guests await the bride;
The chamber-door stands open wide."

Soon up, soon clad, with lightest bound
On that black steed the maiden sprung,
And round her love, and warmly round,
Her snow-white arms she swung and flung;
And deftly, swiftly, *hoff, hoff, hoff!*
Away went horse and riders off;
Till panted horse and riders too,
And sparks and pebbles flashed and flew!

On left and right, with whirling flight,
How rock and forest reeled and wheeled!
How danced each height before their sight!
What thunder-tones the bridges pealed!
"Dost fear! The moon is fair to see;
Hurrah! the Dead ride rapidly!
Beloved! dost dread the shrouded Dead?"
"Ah, no! but let them rest," she said.

But see! what throng, with song and gong
 Moves by, as croaks the raven hoarse!
 Hark! funeral song! Hark! knelling dong!
 They sing, "Let's here inter the corpse!"
 And nearer draws that mourning throng,
 And bearing hearse and bier along.
 With hollow hymn outgurgled like
 Low reptile groanings from a dyke.

"Entomb your dead when midnight wanes,
 With knell, and bell, and funeral wail!
 Now homewards to her dim domains
 I bear my bride—so, comrades, hail!
 Come, Sexton, with the choral throng,
 And jabber me the bridal song.
 Come, Priest, the marriage must be blessed
 Before the wedded pair can rest!"

Some spell is in the horseman's call,
 The hymn is hushed, the hearse is gone,
 And in his wake the buriers all,
 Tramp, tramp, come clattering, pattering on;
 And onward, forward, *hoff, hoff, hoff!*
 Away swept all in gallop off,
 Till panted steeds and riders too,
 And sparks and pebbles flashed and flew.

On left and right, with flight of light,
 How whirled the hills, the trees, the bowers!
 With lightlike flight, on left and right,
 How spun the hamlets, towns, and towers!

“Dost quail? The moon is fair to see;
Hurrah! the Dead ride recklessly!
Beloved! dost dread the shrouded Dead?”
“Ah! let the Dead repose!” she said.

But look! On yonder gibbet’s height,
How round his wheel, as wanly glances
The yellow moon’s unclouded light,
A malefactor’s carcase dances!
“So ho! poor Carcase! down with thee!
Down, Thing of Bones, and follow me!
And thou shalt briskly dance, ho, ho!
Before us when to bed we go!”

Whereon the Carcase, *brush, ush, ush!*
Came rustling, bustling, close behind,
With whirr as when through hazel-bush,
Steals cracklingly the winter wind.
And forward, onward, *hoff, hoff, hoff!*
Away dashed all in gallop off,
Till panted steeds and riders too,
And fire and pebbles flashed and flew.

How swift the eye saw sweep and fly
Earth’s bounding car afar, afar!
How flew on high the circling sky,
The heavens and every winking star.
“Dost quake? The moon is fair to see.
Hurrah! the Dead ride gloriously!
Beloved! dost dread the shrouded Dead?”
“Oh woe! let rest the Dead!” she said.

“ ’Tis well! Ha! ha! the cock is crowing;

Thy sand, Beloved, is nearly run!
I smell the breeze of Morning blowing.

My good black steed, thy race is done!
The race is done, the goal is won—
The wedding bed we shall not shun!
The Dead can chase and race apace!
Behold! we face the fated place!”

Before a grated portal stand

That midnight troop and coalblack horse,
Which, touched as by a viewless wand,
Bursts open with gigantic force!
With trailing reins and lagging speed
Wends onward now the gasping steed,
Where ghastlily the moon illumines
A wilderness of graves and tombs!

He halts. O horrible! Behold—

Hoo! hoo! behold a hideous wonder!
The rider's garments drop like mould
Of crumbling plasterwork asunder!
His scull, in bony nakedness,
Glares hairless, fleshless, featureless!
And now a SKELETON he stands,
With flashing Scythe and Glass of Sands!

High rears the barb—he snorts—he winks—

His nostrils flame—his eyeballs glow—
And, whirl! the maiden sinks and sinks
Down in the smothering clay below!

Then howls and shrieks in air were blended ;
And wailings from the graves ascended,
Until her heart, in mortal strife,
Wrestled with very Death for Life!

And now, as dimmer moonlight wanes,
Round Leonore in shadowy ring
The spectres dance their dance of chains,
And howlingly she hears them sing—
“Bear, bear, although thy heart be riven!
And tamper not with God in heaven.
Thy body’s knell they soon shall toll—
May God have mercy on thy soul!”



The Abduction of the Lady Gertrude von Hochburg.

A BALLAD.

“Boy!—Saddle quick my Danish steed!
I rest not, I, until I ride:
These walls unsoul me—I would speed
Into the Farness wide!”
So spake Sir Carl, he scarce wist why,
With hurried voice and restless eye.
There haunted him some omen,
As ’twere, of slaying foemen.

Aneath the hoofs of that swift barb
The pebbles flew, the sparklets played;
When, lo!—who nears him, sad of garb?
’Tis Gertrude’s weeping maid!

A thrill ran through the Ritter's frame—
It shrivelled up his flesh like flame,
And shook him like an illness,
With flushing heat and chillness.

“God shield you, Master! May you live
With health and gladness years on years!
My poor young lady—Oh, forgive
A helpless woman's tears!—
But lost to you is Trudkin's hand,
Through Freiherr Vorst from Pommerland²;
That drooping flower her father
Hath sworn that Vorst shall gather!

“By this bright battle-steed, if thou
But think on Carl,'—'twas thus he said—
'Down shalt thou to the dungeon low,
Where toads shall share thy bed!
Nor will I rest, morn, noon, or night,
Till I have borne him down in fight,
And torn out, soon or later,
The heart of the false traitor!’

“The bride is in her chamber now:
What can she do but weep and sigh?
Dark sorrow dims her beauteous brow;
She wishes but to die.
Ah, yes!—and she shall soon sleep well
Low in the sufferer's last sad cell—
Soon will the death-bell's knelling
A dolesome tale be telling!

¹ *Trudchen* (pronounced *Troodkin*) is the familiar German diminutive of *Gertrude*.

² *Pomerania*.

“‘Go—tell him I must surely die!’—
Said she to me amid her tears—
—‘Oh, tell him that my last Good-bye
Is that which now he hears!
Go—God will guard you—go, and bring
To him from me this jewelled ring,
In token that his true-love
Chose Death before a new love!’”

Like shock of sudden thunderpeal
These tidings cleave the Ritter's ear;
The hills around him rock and reel,
The dim stars disappear;
Thoughts wilder than the hurricane
Flash lightning through his frenzied brain,
And wake him to commotion,
As Tempest waketh Ocean.

—“God's recompense, thou faithful one!—
Thy words have strung my soul for war—
God's blessings on thee!—thou hast done
Thine errand well so far—
Now hie thee back, like mountain-deer,
And calm that trembling angel's fear—
This arm is strong to save her
From tyrant and enslaver!

“Speed, maiden, speed!—the moments now
Are worth imperial gems and gold—
Say that her knight has vowed a vow
That she shall ne'er be sold.

But, bid her watch the starry Seven,
For, when they shine, I stand, please Heaven,
 Before her casement-portal,
 Come weal or woe immortal!

“Speed, maiden!”—And—as chased by Death—
 Away, away, the damsel flies—
Sir Carl then paused a space for breath,
 And rubbed his brows and eyes,
Then rode he to, and fro, and to,
While sparklets gleamed and pebbles flew,
 Till Thought’s exasperation
 Found vent in agitation.

Anon he winds his foray horn,
 And, wakeful to the welcome sound,
Come dashing down through corn and thorn
 His vassals miles around :
To whom—each man apart—in ear
He whispers—“ When again you hear
 This horn wake wood and valley,
 Be ready for a sally !”

Night now lay dark, with dews and damps,
 On castled hill and liliated vale ;
In Hochburg’s lattices the lamps
 Were waning dim and pale,
And Gertrude, mindless of the gloom,
Sat pondering in her lonesome room,
 With many a saddening presage,
 Her lover’s bodeful message.

When, list!—what accents, low, yet clear,
Thrill to her heart with quick surprise?
“Ho, Trudkin, love!—thy knight is near—
Quick, up!—Awake!—Arise!—
'Tis I, thy Carl, who call to thee—
Come forth, come out, and fly with me!
The westerling moon gives warning
That Night is now nigh Morning.”—

—“Ah, no, my Carl!—it may not be—
Wrong not so far thy stainless fame!
Were I to fly by night with thee,
Disgrace would brand my name—
Yet give me, give me one dear kiss!
I ask, I seek no other bliss
Than such a last love-token
Before I die heart-broken.”

—“Nay, love, dread nothing!—Shame or blame
Shall never come where thou hast flown!
I swear, I hold thy name and fame
Far dearer than mine own!
Come!—thou shalt find a home anon
Where Wedlock's bands shall make us one—
Come, Sweet!—Needst fear no danger—
Thou trustest not a stranger!”

—“But,—Carl, my sire!—thou knowest him well,
The proud Rix-baron¹—Oh, return!—
I tremble even now to tell
How fierce his wrath would burn!

¹ *Reichsbaron*, a Baron of the Empire.

Oh, he would track thee day and night,
And, thirsting to revenge the flight
Of his degenerate daughter,
Doom thee and thine to slaughter!"

—"Hush, hush, dear love!—this knightly crest
Will not, I trow, be soon disgraced!
Come forth, and fear not!—East or West,
Where'er thou wilt—but haste!
And still those tell-tale sobs and tears;
The winds are out, the Night hath ears,
The very stars that glisten
Begin to watch and listen!"

Alas, poor soul! How could she stand
Long wavering there in fitful doubt?
Up sprang Sir Carl—he caught her hand,
And drew her gently out;
Yet, never on a purer pair
Than that bold knight and maiden fair
Did look the starry legions
Whose march is o'er Earth's regions!

Near, in the faint grey haze of morn
They saw the steed—the Ritter swung
His lovely burden up; his horn
Around his neck he slung;
Then lightly leaped, himself, behind,—
And swift sped both as Winter-wind,
Till Hochburg in the glimmer
Of dawn grew dim and dimmer.

But, ah!—even Ritter-love may fear
To breast the lion in his lair!
A menial in a chamber near
Had overheard the pair;
And, hungering for such golden gains
As might requite his treacherous pains,
He sent out through the darkness
A shout of thrilling starkness.

‘What ho, Herr Baron! Ho! Halloh!
Up, up from sleep! Out, out from bed!
Your child has fled to shame and woe
With one you hate and dread—
The Ritter Carl of Wolfenhain!
They speed asteed o’er dale and plain—
Up, if you would recover
The lady from her lover!’

Whop-hollow! Whoop!—Through saal and hall,
Through court and fort and donjon-keep,
Eftsoons rang loud the Baron’s call,
“What ho!—Rouse, all, from sleep!
Ho, Freiherr Vorst, up, up!—Must know
The bride has hied to shame and woe
With Carl the Wolfenhainer!
Up! Arm! We must regain her!”

Swift speed the pair through Morning’s damp,
When, hark!—what shouts teem down the wind?
Hark! hark!—the thunderstamp and tramp
Of horses’ hoofs behind!

And, like a tempest, o'er the plain
Dashed Freiherr Vorst with trailing rein,
 And curses deep and bitter
 Upon the flying Ritter!

“Halt, midnight robber! Halt, I say,
 Thou burglar-thief of bone-and-blood!
Halt, knave! Thy felon corpse ere day
 Shall serve the crow for food!
And thou, false woman!—by what right
Art here?—I tell thee that this flight
 Will henceforth, as a trumpet,
 Proclaim thee for a strumpet!”

“Thou liest, Vorst of Pommerain!
 Thou liest in thy leprous throat!
Pure as yon moon in heaven from stain
 Is she on whom I doat!—
—Sweet love!—I must dismount to teach
The slanderous wretch discreeter speech.
 Down, thou who durst belie her,
 Down from thy steed, vile Freiherr!”

Ah, then, I ween, did Gertrude feel
 Her sick heart sink with pain and dread—
Meanwhile the foemen's bare bright steel
 Flashed in the morning-red—
With clash and crash, with flout and shout,
Rang shrill the echoes round about,
 And clouds of dust rose thicker
 As clangorous blows fell quicker.

Like lightning's wrath came down at length
The Ritter's broadsteel on his foe,
And Vorst lay stripped of sword and strength;
When, oh—undreamt-of woe!
The Baron's wild moss-trooping train,
Who, roused at midnight's hour, had ta'en
Brief time to arm and follow,
Rode up with whoop and hollow!

Yet fear no ill to Ritter Carl!
Hark! *Trah-rah-rah!*—he winds his horn,
And ten score men in mailed apparel
Sweep down through corn and thorn—
“So, Baron!—there!—How sayest thou now?
Ay! frown again with darker brow,
But these be *my* retainers,
These iron Wolfenhainers!

“Pause, ere thou leave true lovers lorn!
Remorse may wring thy soul too late!
Thy child and I long since have sworn
To share each other's fate!—
But, wilt thou part us—wilt thou¹ brave
Thy daughter's curse when in her grave,
So be it! On!—I care not!
I, too, can slay and spare not!

“Yet hold!—one other course is thine,
A worthier course, a nobler choice—
Mayest blend thy daughter's weal with mine,
Mayest bid us both rejoice—

¹ Viz., *If thou wilt* (according to the German idiom).

Give, Baron, give me Trudkin's hand!
 Heaven's bounty gave me gold and land,
 And Calumny can touch on
 No blot in my escutcheon!"

Alas! poor Gertrude! Who can tell
 Her agony of hope and fear,
 As, like a knell, each full word fell
 Upon her anxious ear?
 She cast herself in tears to earth,
 She wrang her hands till blood gushed forth,¹ —
 She tried each fond entreaty
 To move her sire to pity.

"O, father, for the love of Heaven,
 Have mercy on your child! Forgive,
 Even as you look to be forgiven!—
 A guilty fugitive
 I am not!—If I fled from one
 Whom still I cannot chuse but shun
 As ruffian-like and hateful,
 Oh, call me not ungrateful!

"Think, think how in my childhood's days
 You used to take me on your knee,
 And sing me old romantic lays,
 Which yet are dear to me!

¹ "Sie rang die schönen Hände wund,"—She wrang the fair hands *wounded*, i. e., until they were wounded. So also they say in Germany,—“Er hat sich arm gebauet,”—He has built himself poor; i. e., He has impoverished himself by building. This I notice here merely as being a peculiarly condensed and forcible mode of expression.

You called me then your hope, your pride;
Oh, father, cast not now aside
Those hallowed recollections!
Crush not your child's affections!"

Oh, mighty Nature!—how at last
Thou conquerest all of Adam's race!—
The Baron turned away and passed
One hand across his face—
He felt his eyes grow moist and dim,
And tears were such a shame in him,
Whose glory lay in steeling
His bosom against Feeling!

But, all in vain!—a thousand spears
Pierce in each word his daughter speaks—
In vain!—the pent-up floods of years
Roll down the warrior's cheeks!
And now he raises up his child,
And kisses o'er and o'er her mild
Pale face of angel meekness!
With all a father's weakness!

"My child! I may have seemed severe—
Well, God forgive me—as I now
Forgive thee also freely here
All bypast faults!—And thou,
My son, come hither!"—And the Knight
Obeyed, all wonder and delight—
"Since love bears no repressing,
Mayest have her,—with my blessing!

“Why carry to a vain excess
 The enmities of Life’s short span?
 Forgiveness and Forgetfulness
 Are what Man owes to Man.
 What, though thy sire was long my foe,
 And wrought me Wrong—since he lies low
 Where lie the Best and Bravest,
 Peace to him in his clay-vest!

“Come!—all shall soon be well once more—
 For, with our feuds, our cares will cease;
 And Heaven has rich rewards in store
 For those who cherish Peace.
 Come, children!—this day ends our strife—
 Clasp hands!—There!—May your path of life
 Be henceforth strewn with roses!”
 And here the ballad closes.



The Demon-Hager.

UP rose the sun: the church-dome shone
 And burned aloft like burnished gold,
 And deep and far, with swelling tone,
 The Sabbath-bell for matins tolled.
 Those holy peals from tower and steeple
 Awoke to prayer the Christian people.

His horn the Wild-and-Rhinegrave sounded—
 “What ho! To horse! to horse away!”—

His fiery steed beneath him bounded ;
Forth sprang the hounds with yell and bay,
And, loosed from leash, they dashed pell-mell
Through corn and thorn, down dell and fell.

In curve and zig-zag sped their flight,
And "Ho! Hallóo!" how rang the air!
When, towards the Knight came left and right
A horseman here, a horseman there!
A snow-white steed the one bestrode:
Like lurid fire the other's glowed.

Who were the yagers left and right?
I darkly guess, but fear to say.
The countenance of one was bright
And lovely as a Summer's day ;
The other's eye-balls, fierce and proud,
Shot lightning, like a thunder-cloud.

"All hail, Sir Count! We come in time
To chase the stag with horse and hound:
Can lordlier sport or more sublime
Than this on Earth, in Heaven be found!"
So spake the left-hand stranger there,
And tossed his bonnet high in air.

"Ill sounds to-day thy boisterous horn,"
Thus did the other mildly say:
"Turn round to church this hallowed morn,
Mayest else hunt down a rueful prey!
Thy better angel is thy warner,
And bids thee flee the unholy scorner."

“Spur on, spur on, Sir Count, with me!”

Exclaimed the left-hand cavalier :

“What’s droning chant or chime to thee?

Hast got far nobler pastime here.

Come! learn in my distinguished school,

And laugh to scorn yon pious fool!”

“Ha! ha! Well said, my left-hand feere!

We tally bravely, I and thou:

Who shuns this day to drive the deer

Should count his beads in church, I trow.

Mayest go, priest-ridden oaf, and pray;

For me, I’ll hunt the livelong day.”

And, helter-skelter, forward flew

That headlong train o’er plain and height:

And still the yagers one and two

Preserved their places left and right;

And soon a milk-white stag they spied,

With mighty antlers branching wide.

Afresh the Wildgrave winds his horn,

And horse and hound sweep on amain;

When, hurled to earth, all gashed and torn,

A man lies trampled by the train.

“Ay, trample—to the devil trample!

Our princely sport must needs be ample!”

And now, as in a field of corn

The panting prey a shelter seeks,

A husbandman, with look forlorn,

Stands forth, uplifts his hands, and speaks;

“Oh! mercy, noble lord! and spare

The poor man’s sweat and hoary hair!”

The pitying right-hand cavalier
Then mildly warns and blandly pleads;
But, taunted by his horrid feere,
Who goads him on to devilish deeds,
The Wildgrave fiercely spurns his warner,
And hearkens to the left-hand scorner.

“Avaunt, vile dog!—else, by the devil,”
The Wildgrave shouted furiously,
“My blood-hounds on thy bones shall revel:
Halloo, companions! follow me!
And lash your whip-thongs in his ear,
Until the reptile quake for fear!”

Soon said, soon done—the Wildgrave springs
Across the fence with whoop and hollow,
And, bugle-filled, the welkin rings,
As hound, and horse, and hunter follow,
Who trample down the yellow grain,
Until the ruin reeks again.

The sounds once more the stag awaken;
Uproused, he flies o’er heights and plains,
Till, hotly chased, but uno’ertaken,
A pasture-ground at last he gains,
And crouches down among the heather,
Where flocks and cattle browse together.

But on, by grot, and wood, and hill,
And on, by hill, and wood, and grot
The yelling dogs pursue him still,
And scent his track, and reach the spot;
Whereon the herdsman, filled with trouble,
Falls face to earth before the Noble.

“O! mercy, lord! Let not thy hounds
On these defenceless creatures fall!
Bethink thee, noble Count, these grounds
Hold many a widow’s little all!
Sirs, as ye hope for mercy yet,
Spare, spare the poor man’s bitter sweat!”

And now the gentler cavalier
Renews his prayer, and sues and pleads—
But, taunted by his godless feere,
Who goads him on to hellish deeds,
The Wildgrave scowls upon his warner,
And hearkens to the left-hand scorner.

“Audacious clay-clod! hast thou done?
I would to Heaven thy herds and thou,
Calves, cows, and sheep, were bound in one!
By all that’s damnable I vow
That were ye thus, ’twould glad me well
To hunt ye to the gates of Hell!

“Halloo, companions! follow me—
Ho! tally-ho! hurrah! hurrah!”
So, on the hounds rush ragingly,
And grapple each his nearest prey:
Down sinks the herdsman, torn and mangled,
Down sinks his herd, all gashed and strangled.

Grown feebler now, the stag essays,
His coat besplashed with foam and blood,
To reach, by many winding ways,
The covert of a neighbouring wood,
And, plunging down a darksome dell,
Takes refuge in a hermit’s cell.

But hark! the horn! the clangorous horn,
The harsh hurrah and stunning cheer,
Along the blast afresh are borne,
And horse and huntsman follow here,
Till, startled by the barbarous rout,
The old recluse himself comes out

“Back, impious man! What! wilt profane
God’s venerated sanctuary?
Behold! His creatures’ groans of pain
Even now call down his wrath on thee:
Be warned, I charge thee, for the last time,
Or swift perdition waits thy pastime!”

Again the right-hand cavalier
In earnest mood entreats and pleads;
But, taunted by his grisly feere,
Who goads him still to hellish deeds,
The Count shakes off his faithful warner,
And hearkens to the left-hand scorner.

“Perdition here, perdition there,
I reckon not, I,” the Wildgrave cried;
“Ay, even through Heaven itself I swear
I’d count it noble sport to ride.
What care I, dolt! for thee or God?
I’ll have my will and way, unawed.”

He sounds his whip, he winds his horn—
“Halloo, companions! Forward! On!”
But, scattered like the mists of morn,
Lo! horse and hound and man are gone!
And echoing horns and yagers’ hollows
The stillness of the grave-porch swallows.

The Wildgrave glances round, amazed ;
 In vain the bugle meets his lip :
 In vain his toneless voice is raised ;
 In vain he tries to wield his whip ;
 He spurs his horse on either side,
 But neither to nor fro can ride.

All round the air shows clogged with gloom,
 And through its blackness dense and dread
 Sweep sounds as when the surges boom.
 Anon above the Wildgrave's head
 Red lightning cleaves the cloud asunder,
 And then these words burst forth in thunder :—

“O! foe of Heaven and Human-kind!
 Accursèd wretch, less man than fiend,
 Whom neither love nor law can bind!
 Even now thy victims' cries ascend
 Before the judgment-seat of God,
 Where Justice grasps the avenging rod!

“Fly, monster, fly! and henceforth be
 Chased night and day by demon-hordes,
 The sport of Hell eternally,
 For warning to those ruthless lords
 Who, sooner than forego their mirth,
 Would desolate both Heaven and Earth!”

A lurid twilight, sulphur-pale,
 Forthwith envelopes wild and wood :
 What horrors now his heart assail!
 What frenzy fires his brain and blood,
 While that pale sulphur-lightning flashes,
 And ice-winds hiss and thunder crashes!

Then thunder groans, the ice-winds blow,
The woods are clad in sulphur-sheen ;
When, rising from the earth below,
A black, gigantic hand is seen,
Which grasps the Wildgrave by the hair,
And whirls him round and round in air.

The flaming billows round him sweep
With green, and blue, and orange glow ;
And, wandering through that burning deep,
Move shapeless monsters to and fro,
Till from its gulf, with howl and yell,
Up rush the ghastly hounds of Hell.

Thus first began that Yager's chase—
And, chorussing his shrieks and cries,
Still after him throughout all space
His bellowing escort onward flies ;
All day through Earth's deep dens and hollows,
All night through upper air it follows.

And ever thus, by night and day,
Through shifting moons and wheeling years,
He sees that phantom crew alway ;
And night and day he ever hears
Their hellish yells and hideous laughter
Borne on the winds that follow after.

This is the Demon-Yager's Chase,
Which, till the years of Time be told,
At midnight oft through airy space
The shuddering Landmann must behold ;
And many a huntsman knows full well
The tale which yet he dreads to tell.

Hope.

ON! maiden of heavenly birth,
 Than rubies and gold more precious,
 Who camest of old upon Earth,
 To solace the human species!
 As fair as the morn that uncloses
 Her gates in a region sunny,
 Thou openest lips of roses
 And utterest words of honey.

When Innocence forth at the portals
 Of Sorrow and Sin was driven,
 For sake of afflicted mortals
 Thou leftest thy home in Heaven,
 To mitigate Anguish and Trouble,
 The monstrous brood of Crime,
 And restore us the prospects noble
 That were lost in the olden time.

Tranquillity never-ending
 And Happiness move in thy train:
 Where Might is with Might contending,
 And labor and tumult reign,
 Thou succourest those that are toiling,
 Ere yet all their force hath departed;
 And pourest thy balsam of oil in
 The wounds of the Broken-hearted.

Thou lendest new strength to the warrior
 When battle is round him and peril;

Thou formest the husbandman's barrier
 'Gainst Grief, when his fields are sterile;
From the sun and the bright Spring showers,
 From the winds and the gentle dew,
Thou gatherest sweets for the flowers
 And growth for the meads anew.

When armies of sorrows come swooping,
 And Reason is captive to Sadness,
Thou raisest the soul that was drooping,
 And givest it spirit and gladness;
The powers Despair had degraded
 Thou snatchest from dreary decay,
And all that was shrunken and faded
 Reblosses in the light of thy ray.

When the Sick on his couch lies faintest
 Thou deadenest half of his dolours,
For still as he suffers thou paintest
 The Future in rainbow colours:
By thee are his visions vermillioned;
 Thou thronest his soul in a palace,
In which, under purple pavilioned,
 He quaffs Immortality's chalice.

Down into the mine's black hollows,
 Where the slave is dreeing his doom,
A ray from thy lamp ever follows
 His footsteps throughout the gloom.
And the wretch condemned in the galleys
 To swink at the ponderous oar,
Revived by thy whisperings, rallies,
 And thinks on his labours no more.

O, goddess! the gales of whose breath
Are the heralds of Life when we languish,
And who dashest the potion of Death
From the lips of the martyr to Anguish :
No earthly event is so tragic
But thou winnest good from it still,
And the lightning-like might of thy magic
Is conqueror over all ill!

KARL SIMROCK.

© *Maria, Regina Misericordiae!*

THERE lived a Knight long years ago,
Proud, carnal, vain, devotionless.
Of GOD above, or HELL below,
He took no thought, but, undismayed,
Pursued his course of wickedness.
His heart was rock; he never prayed
To be forgiven for all his treasons;
He only said, at certain seasons,
“O MARY, Queen of Mercy!”

Years rolled, and found him still the same,
Still draining Pleasure's poison-bowl;
Yet felt he now and then some shame;
The torment of the Undying Worm
At whiles woke in his trembling soul;

And then, though powerless to reform,
Would he, in hope to appease that sternest
Avenger, cry, and more in earnest,
“O MARY, Queen of Mercy!”

At last Youth's riotous time was gone,
And loathing now came after Sin.
With locks yet brown he felt as one
Grown grey at heart; and oft, with tears,
He tried, but all in vain, to win
From the dark desert of his years
One flower of hope; yet, morn and e'ening,
He still cried, but with deeper meaning,
“O MARY, Queen of Mercy!”

A happier mind, a holier mood,
A purer spirit, ruled him now :
No more in thrall to flesh and blood,
He took a pilgrim-staff in hand,
And, under a religious vow,
Travailed his way to Pommerland,
There entered he an humble cloister,
Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister,
“O MARY, Queen of Mercy!”

Here, shorn and cowed, he laid his cares
Aside, and wrought for God alone.
Albeit he sang no choral prayers,
Nor matin hymn nor laud could learn,
He mortified his flesh to stone;
For him no penance was too stern;
And often prayed he on his lonely
Cell-couch at night, but still said only,
“O MARY, Queen of Mercy!”

And thus he lived long, long; and, when
God's angels called him, thus he died.

Confession made he none to men,

Yet, when they anointed him with oil,
He seemed already glorified.

His penances, his tears, his toil,
Were past; and now, with passionate sighing
Praise thus broke from his lips while dying,
"O MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

They buried him with mass and song
Aneath a little knoll so green;

But, lo! a wonder-sight!—Ere long

Rose, blooming, from that verdant mound,
The fairest lily ever seen;

And, on its petal-edges round,
Relieving their translucent whiteness,
Did shine these words in gold-hued brightness,
"O MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

And, would God's angels give thee power,
Thou, dearest reader, mightst behold

The fibres of this holy flower

Upspringing from the dead man's heart
In tremulous threads of light and gold;

Then wouldst thou choose the better part!¹

And thenceforth flee Sin's foul suggestions;

Thy sole response to mocking questions,

"O MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

¹ Luke x. 42.

EDUARD MOERIKE.

My River.

RIVER! my River in the young sun-shine!

O, clasp afresh in thine embrace
This longing, burning frame of mine,
And kiss my breast, and kiss my face!
So,—there!—Ha, ha!—already in thy arms!
I feel thy love—I shout—I shiver;

But thou outlaughest loud a flouting song, proud River,
And now again my bosom warms!

The droplets of the golden sunlight glide
Over and off me, sparkling, as I swim
Hither and thither down thy mellow tide,
Or loll amid its crypts with outstretched limb:
I fling abroad mine arms, and lo!
Thy wanton waves curl slily round me;
But ere their loose chains have well bound me
Again they burst away and let me go!

O sun-loved River! wherefore dost thou hum,
Hum, hum away, thy strange, deep, mystic song
Unto the rocks and strands?—for they are dumb,
And answer nothing as thou flowest along.

Why singest so all hours of night and day?

Ah, River! my best River! thou, I guess, art seeking
Some land where souls have still the gift of speaking
With Nature in her own old wondrous way!

Lo! highest Heaven looms far below me here;

I see it in thy waters, as they roll,
So beautiful, so blue, so clear,
'Twould seem, O River mine, to be thy very soul!
Oh, could I hence dive down to such a sky,
Might I but bathe my spirit in that glory,
So far outshining all in ancient fairy-story,
I would indeed have joy to die!

What on cold Earth is deep as thou! Is aught?

Love is as deep, Love only is as deep:
Love lavisheth All, yet loseth, lacketh Nought;
Like thee, too, Love can neither pause nor sleep.
Roll on, thou loving river, thou! Lift up
Thy waves, those eyes bright with a riotous laughing!
Thou makest me immortal! I am quaffing
The wine of rapture from no earthly cup!

At last thou bearest me, with soothing tone,

Back to thy bank of rosy flowers:
Thanks, then, and fare thee well!—Enjoy thy bliss alone!
And through the year's melodious hours
Echo for ever from thy bosom broad
All glorious tales that sun and moon be telling;
And woo down to their soundless fountain-dwelling
The holy stars of God!

JOHANN ELIAS SCHLEGEL.

Lobe-Ditty.

My love, my wingèd love, is like the swallow,
Which in Autumn flies from home,
But, when balmy Spring agen is come,
And soft airs and sunshine follow,
Returneth newly,
And gladdens her old haunts till after bowery July.

My slumberous love is like the winter-smitten
Tree, whereon Decay doth feed,
Till the drooping dells and forests read
What the hand of May hath written
Against their sadness;
And then, behold! it wakens up to life and gladness!

My love, my flitting love, is like the shadow
All day long on path or wall :
Let but Evening's dim-grey curtains fall,
And the sunlight leave the meadow,
And, self-invited,
It wanders through all bowers where Beauty's lamps
are lighted.

EMANUEL GEIBLER.

Charlemagne and the Bridge of Moonbeams.

[“Many traditions are extant of the fondness of Charlemagne for the neighbourhood of Langewinkel. Nay, it is firmly believed that his affection survived his death; and that even now, at certain seasons of the year, his spirit loves to wake from its slumber of ages, and revisit it still.”—SNOWE’S *Legends of the Rhine*, vol. ii.]

BEAUTEOUS is it in the Summer-night, and calm along the
Rhine,
And like molten silver shines the light that sleeps on
wave and vine.
But a stately Figure standeth on the Silent Hill alone,
Like the phantom of a Monarch looking vainly for his
throne!

Yes!—’tis he—the unforgotten Lord of this belovèd land!
’Tis the glorious Car’lus Magnus, with his gleamy sword
in hand,
And his crown enwreathed with myrtle, and his golden
sceptre bright,
And his rich imperial purple vesture floating on the night!

Since he dwelled among his people stormy centuries have
rolled,
Thrones and kingdoms have departed, and the world is
waxing old:

Why leaveth he his house of rest? Why cometh he once
more
From his marble tomb to wander here by Langawinkel's
shore?

O, fear ye not the Emperor!—he doth not leave his tomb
As the herald of disaster to our land of blight and bloom;
He cometh not with blight or ban on castle, field, or
shrine,
But with overflowing blessings for the Vineyards of the
Rhine!

As a bridge across the river lie the moonbeams all the
time,
They shine from Langawinkel unto ancient Ingelheim;
And along this Bridge of Moonbeams is the Monarch seen
to go,
And from thence he pours his blessings on the royal flood
below.

He blesses all the vineyards, he blesses vale and plain,
The lakes and glades and orchards, and fields of golden
grain,
The lofty castle-turrets and the lowly cottage-hearth;
He blesses all, for over all he reigned of yore on earth;

Then to each and all so lovingly he waves a mute Fare-
well,
And returns to slumber softly in his tomb at La Chapelle,
Till the Summertime be come again, with sun, and rain,
and dew,
And the vineyards and the gardens woo him back to them
anew.

JOHANN PAUL RICHTER.

The New-Year's Night of a Miserable Man.

IN the lone stillness of the New-year's Night
 An old man at his window stood, and turned
 His dim eyes to the firmament, where, bright
 And pure, a million rolling planets burned,
 And then down on the earth all cold and white,
 And felt that moment that of all who mourned
 And groaned upon its bosom, none there were
 With his deep wretchedness and great despair.

For, near him lay his grave—hidden from view
 Not by the flowers of Youth, but by the snows
 Of Age alone. In torturing thought he flew
 Over the Past, and on his memory rose
 That picture of his life which Conscience drew,
 With all its fruits—Diseases, Sins, and Woes;
 A ruined frame, a blighted soul, dark years
 Of Agony, Remorse, and withering Fears.

Like spectres now his bright Youth-days came back,
 And that cross-road of Life where, when a boy,
 His father placed him first: its right-hand track
 Leads to a land of Glory, Peace, and Joy,

Its left to wildernesses waste and black,
Where snakes and plagues and poison-winds destroy.
Which had he trod? Alas! the serpents hung
Coiled round his heart, their venom on his tongue.

Sunk in unutterable grief, he cried,
"Restore my youth to me! Oh, God! restore
My morn of Life! Oh, father! be my guide,
And let me, let me chuse my path once more!"
But on the wide waste air his ravings died
Away, and all was silent as before.
His youth had glided by, fleet as the wave,
His father came not; he was in his grave.

Strange lights flashed flickering by: a star was falling;
Down to the miry marsh he saw it rush—
Like me! he thought, and oh! that thought was galling,
And hot and heartwrung tears began to gush.
Sleepwalkers crossed his eyes in shapes appalling;
Gaunt windmills lifted up their arms to crush;
And skeleton monsters rose up from the dim
Pits of the charnelhouse, and glared on him!

Amid these overboiling bursts of feeling,
Rich music, heralding the young year's birth,
Rolled from a distant steeple, like the pealing
Of some celestial organ o'er the earth:
Milder emotions over him came stealing;
He felt the soul's unpurchasable worth.
"Return!" again he cried, imploringly;
"Oh, my lost Youth! return, return to me!

AND YOUTH RETURNED, and Age withdrew its terrors.

Still was he young, for he had dreamed the whole;
But faithful is the image Conscience mirrors

When whirlwind passions darken not the soul.

Alas! too real were his sins and errors,

Too truly had he made the earth his goal;
He wept, and thanked his God that, with the will,
He had the power, to choose the right path still.

Here, youthful reader, ponder! and if thou,

Like him, art reeling over the Abyss,
And shakest off Sin's iron bondage now,

This ghastly dream may prove thy guide to bliss;
But, should Age once be written on thy brow

Its wrinkles will not be a dream, like this.
Mayest vainly pour thy tears above the Urn
Of thy departed Youth—it never will return!

ANONYMOUS.

Where are they?

SWABIAN POPULAR SONG.

WHERE are they, the Belovèd,

The Gladsome, all?

Where are they, the Belovèd,

The Gladsome, all?

They left the festal hearth and hall.

They pine afar from us in alien climes.

Oh, who shall bring them back to us once more?

Who shall restore

Life's fairy floral times?

Restore

Life's fairy floral times?

Where are they, the Belovèd,

The Gallant, all?

Where are they, the Belovèd,

The Gallant, all?

At Freedom's thrilling clarion-call

They went forth in the pride of Youthhood's powers.

Oh, who shall give them back to us once more?

Who shall restore

Long-buried hearts and hours?

Restore

Long-buried hearts and hours?

Where are they, the Belovèd,

The Gifted, all?

Where are they, the Belovèd,

The Gifted, all?

They would not yield their souls the thrall

Of gold, or sell the glory of their lays.

Oh, who shall give them back to us once more?

Who shall restore

The bright young songful days?

Restore

The bright young songful days?

God only can restore us

The lost ones all.

But GOD He will restore us
The lost ones all!
What, though the Future's shadows fall
Dark o'er their fate, seen darker through our tears,
Our GOD will give them back to us once more—
HE can restore
The vanished golden years;
Restore
The vanished golden years!

KARL THEODORE KOERNER.

The Minstrel's Motherland.

WHERE lies the minstrel's Motherland?
Where Love is faith and Friendship duty,
Where Valour wins its meed from Beauty,
Where Man makes Truth, not Gold, his booty,
And Freedom bids the soul expand—
There *lay* my Motherland!
Where Man makes Truth, not Gold, his booty,
There *was* my Motherland!

How fares the minstrel's Motherland?
The land of oaks and sunlit waters
Is dark with woe, is red with slaughters;
Her bravest sons, her fairest daughters,

Are dead—or live proscribed and banned—
So fares my Motherland !

 The land of oaks and sunlit waters—
My cherished Motherland !

Why weeps the minstrel's Motherland ?
 To see her sons, while tyrants trample
 Her yellow fields and vineyards ample,
 So coldly view the bright example
Long shown them by a faithful band—
For this weeps Motherland !

 Because they slight that high example
Weeps thus my Motherland !

What wants the minstrel's Motherland ?
 To fire the Cold and rouse the Dreaming,
 And see *their* German broadswords gleaming,
 And spy *their* German standard streaming,
Who spurn the Despot's haught command—
This wants my Motherland !

 To fire the Cold and rouse the Dreaming,
This wants my Motherland !

Whom calls the minstrel's Motherland ?
 Her saints and gods of ancient ages,
 Her Great and Bold, her bards and sages,
 To bless the war fair Freedom wages,
And speed her torch from hand to hand—
These calls my Motherland !

 Her Great and Bold, her bards and sages,
These calls my Motherland !

And hopes then still the minstrel's Land?

Yes! Prostrate in her deep dejection,

She still dares hope swift resurrection!

She hopes in Heaven and His protection

Who can redeem from Slavery's brand—

This hopes my Motherland!

She hopes in God and God's protection,

My suffering Motherland!

The Glaive Song.

“GLAIVE, that lightenest by my side,

What may mean, thy bright sheen?

Glaive, that lightenest by my side,

Wouldst thou woo me, as a bride,

To the red battle-ground,

Hurrah!

Where the thunders of the cannon resound?

Hurrah!

Where the thunders of the cannon resound?”

—“Gallant master! Valiant knight!

I rejoice in thy voice!

Gallant master! Valiant knight!

I so shine, so lighten bright,

I, thy bride and thy glaive,

Hurrah!

Because wedded to a hero so brave,

Hurrah!

Because wedded to a hero so brave!”

- “True! my joyous brilliant steel,
I am brave, am no slave!
True! my joyous brilliant steel!
And to-day, for woe or weal,
Here I plight thee my troth,
Hurrah!
It is, Victory or Death for us both!
Hurrah!
It is, Victory or Death for us both!”
- “O! thy bride delights to hear
That glad shout thus rung out!
O! thy bride delights to hear
That proud peal, so clarion-clear!
When, O, when, dawns the day,
Hurrah!
When thou bearest thy Belovèd away,
Hurrah!
When thou bearest thy Belovèd away?”
- “When the drums beat loud to arms
Then is born that bright morn!
When the drums beat loud to arms,
When the thrilling bugle warms
The quick blood in all veins,
Hurrah!
Then I bear thee to the red battle-plains,
Hurrah!
Then I bear thee to the red battle-plains!”
- “O! that glorious day of days,
May its noon shine out soon,

Shine out soon with blood-red rays!

O! that glorious day of days!

May it dawn and expire,

Hurrah!

Amid trumpet-blasts and thunder and fire,

Hurrah!

Amid trumpet-blasts and thunder and fire!"

—"Why so restless, bride of mine?

Why just now startedst thou?

Why so restless, bride of mine,

In that iron room of thine?

Thou art restless and wild,

Hurrah!

Thou art wild in thy delight as a child,

Hurrah!

Thou art wild in thy delight as a child!"

—"Wild I am in my delight—

Wild and glad, wild and mad!

Wild I am in my delight—

Thirsting, burning for the fight,

When the glaive and the gun,

Hurrah!

Blend the lightning and the earthquake in one,

Hurrah!

Blend the lightning and the earthquake in one!"

—"Quiet thee, my hope, my heart!

Bear the gloom of thy room!

Quiet thee, my hope, my heart!

Bide a season where thou art,

Thou shalt soon be released,
Hurrah!
And shalt banquet at the great battle-feast,
Hurrah!
And shalt banquet at the great battle-feast!"

—"I must forth! O! let us rove,
Hand in hand, o'er the land!
I must forth! I burn to rove
Through the gardens of my love,
Where the roses, blood-red,
Hurrah!
Bloom in brilliantest array o'er the Dead,
Hurrah!
Bloom in brilliantest array o'er the Dead!"

—"As thou wilt, then, Faithful One!
South or north, we'll go forth!
As thou wilt, then, Faithful One!
Let us follow Fortune on,
Over hill, dell, and heath,
Hurrah!
Till I deck thee with my first laurel-wreath,
Hurrah!
Till I deck thee with my first laurel-wreath!"

—"O, joy! joy! Lead on! O, lead!
Now are we truly free!
O, joy! joy! Lead on! O, lead!
Onward, forward, will we speed
To the broad nuptial-plain,
Hurrah!

Where we'll wed amid the tempest and red rain,
Hurrah!
Where we'll wed amid the tempest and red rain!"—

So spake out, in joy and pride,
On their way to the fray,
So spake out, in joy and pride
One young bridegroom and his bride—
Up, then, youth of the land!
Hurrah!
Up and proffer *your* Belovèd the hand!
Hurrah!
Up, and proffer your Belovèd the hand!

Let her not hang down her head,
Her, your bride, by your side!
Let her not hang down her head
By your side, as one half-dead—
Let her feel your embrace,
Hurrah!
Let her glory shed its rays on your face,
Hurrah!
Let her glory shed its rays on your face!

Press her bright mouth¹ unto yours!
Cold it seems, but its beams
Are the brave man's warmest lures!
Press her bright mouth unto yours!
She should not be denied,

¹ The hilt of the sword.

Hurrah!

Curst is he who basely turns from the bride,

Hurrah!

Curst is he who basely turns from the bride!

Brothers, look! The morning breaks—

Up! Arise! for time flies—

Brothers, look! The morning breaks,

The sky reddens, the earth shakes,

Are you true men and good?

Hurrah!

Then be foremost at the Bridal of Blood!

Hurrah!

Stand up foremost at the Bridal of Blood!

OTTO RUNGE.

Holiness to the Lord.

THERE blooms a beautiful Flower; it blooms in a far-off
land;

Its life has a mystic meaning for few to understand.

Its leaves illumine the valley, its odour scents the wood;

And if evil men come near it they grow for the moment
good.

When the winds are tranced in slumber the rays of this
luminous Flower

Shed glory more than earthly o'er lake and hill and bower;
The hut, the hall, the palace, yea, Earth's forsakenest sod,
Shine out in the wondrous lustre that fills the Heaven of
God.

Three kings came once to a hostel, wherein lay the Flower
so rare:

A star shone over its roof, and they knelt adoring there.
Whenever thou seest a damsel whose young eyes dazzle
and win,

O, pray that her heart may cherish this Flower of Flowers
within!



S. A. MAHLMANN.



The Grave, the Grave.

BLEST are the Dormant

In Death! They repose

From Bondage and Torment,

From Passions and Woes,

From the yoke of the world and the snares of the traitor,

The Grave, the Grave, is the true Liberator!

Griefs chase one another
Around the Earth's dome :
In the arms of the Mother¹
Alone is our home.
Woo Pleasure, ye triflers ! The Thoughtful are wiser ;
The Grave, the Grave, is their one Tranquilliser !

Is the Good man unfriended
On Life's ocean-path,
Where storms have expended
Their turbulent wrath ?
Are his labours requited by Slander and Rancor ?
The Grave, the Grave is his sure bower-anchor !

To gaze on the faces
Of Lost ones anew,—
To lock in embraces
The Loved and the True,
Were a rapture to make even Paradise brighter ;
The Grave, the Grave is the great Rëuniter !

Crown the corpse then with laurels,
The conqueror's wreath,
Make joyous with carols
The Chamber of Death,
And welcome the Victor with cymbal and psalter ;
The Grave, the Grave is the only Exalter !

¹ Mother Earth.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

The Lay of the Captive Count.

THE COUNT.

I KNOW a Flower of beauty rare,
And long with sweetest anguish
To go and cull this Flower so fair;
But here in thrall I languish.
All day I murmur, "Woe is me!"
For, while as yet my steps were free
This lovely flower was in my power.

From these blank walls I gaze in vain
To find my cherished Flower;
The dell is lost, and dim the plain,
So lofty is this tower!
But, be he knave, or be he knight,
Who brings me here my heart's delight,
I'll call him nearest friend and dearest.

THE ROSE.

Behold! a Flower divinely bright
Below thy trellis bloweth;
Thou surely meanest me, Sir Knight,
The Rose that richly gloweth:

A princely mind is thine, I ween,
The flower of flowers, the garden-queen,
Methinks must blossom on thy bosom.

THE COUNT.

O Rose! we prize thy damask dyes
Through leafy darkness peering:
As precious thou in maiden's eyes
As pearl, or gold, or ear-ring.
Thou deckest well her braided hair;
Yet art not thou the wonder fair
Whereon I ponder, ever fonder.

THE LILY.

The flaunting Rose is proud of port,
And proud are they who seek her,
But modest minds will fainer court
A coyer flower and meeker.
The soft in soul, the pure in heart,
Methinks will chuse the better part,
And love with stilly love the Lily.

THE COUNT.

I hold myself unstained and chaste,
And free from darker failings;
Yet here, a captive wretch, I waste
My heart in bitter wailings!
Meet emblem of the Undefined
Art thou, a spotless flower and mild,
But mine is rarer, dearer, fairer.

THE PINK.

That rarer, fairer flower am I,
I bud and bloom so gaily
Here in mine arbour, tended by
The heedful warden daily ;
With clustering petals breathing out
Voluptuous perfume round about,
And thousand glowing colours shewing.

THE COUNT.

The brilliant Pink let no man slight,—
The gardener's minion-floweret,
Now must it bask in garish light,
Now shadow must embower it ;
But such will never heal my woe ;
Mine is a meek-eyed flower, and, though
Serene and tender, hath no splendour.

THE VIOLET.

Uneyed and hidden here I bloom,
Wrapped in communings lonely ;
Yet will I now, Sir Knight, presume
To speak, though this time only.
If I, the Violet, be thy flower,
It grieves me that I want the power
To lightly clamber tow'rds thy chamber.

THE COUNT.

I love the vestal Violet,
Her odour and her colour,
But even for her can ne'er forget
My lonely doom of dolour.

Hear, friends, my mournful riddle right :
In vain all round this rocky height
I cast mine eye for what I sigh for.

But far beneath, by streams and groves,
Her bosom overladen
With sorrow for my thralldom, roves
Earth's truest-hearted maiden.
And when she weeps my dreary lot,
And plucks the blue Forget-Me-Not,
It wakes Affection's recollections.

For love like her's hath mystic might,
Which breathes through sundering distance ;
And feeds, even in my dungeon's night
My lamp of pale existence.
And, when my heart would break, this thought
Steals over it, Forget-Me-Not !
And I inherit Strength and Spirit.



Hassan Aga.

WHAT white form is shimmering on yon lea ?
Is it snow, or is it swans we see ?
Snow ? It would have melted in the ray.
Swans ? Long since they must have flown away.
Snow it is not ; swans it cannot be ;
'Tis the tent of Hassan Aga shining :
There the wounded warrior lieth pining.

Mother, sisters, all to tend him come ;
But his wife, too shamefaced, weeps at home.

Wherefore, when his wounds were looking better,
Sent he to the faithful one this letter—
“Go! Depart thee from my bed and door ;
Bear my name and eat my bread no more.”

When the wife this bitter word received
Oh! her loving heart was pierced and grieved.
Hark! a courser's tramping nears the house ;
Is it Hassan comes, her lord and spouse?
So she deems, and, frenzied by her woe,
Mounts the tower to cast herself below.
Two dear daughters follow her anon,
Tear-drops trickling down their faces wan.
“This is not our father, mother dear!
'Tis our uncle Suleiman is here.”

Then the wife of Hassan Aga, turning,
Clasps her brother's neck with tears and mourning.
“Oh, my brother! how shall I survive
This disgrace? Oh, miserable me!
Such a black, black day as this to see!
Me, the mother of these helpless five!”

But the brother, without word or pause,
Stern of soul and countenance,—his course
Fixed and changeless,—from his bosom draws
Forth the fateful writing of divorce,
Bound in silk and edged with damask border ;
And aloud he reads the rigid order
Which again consigns her to her mother,
Free to win and free to wed another.

When the mother saw herself dismissed,
For her choking grief she could not speak;
Both her girls she kissed upon the cheek,
Both her boys upon the brow she kissed,
But she could not tear herself away
From the babe that in the cradle lay;
So the brother dragged her out by force,
And he placed her on his Arab horse,
And away with her, like wind, from thence
Galloped to his mother's residence.

Now, ere seven days and nights were over,
Many a stately lord and titled lover,
Many a capitan, and bey, and noble,
Came to woo the widow in her trouble.

And of all these great and gallant men
Fair Imoski's Cadi was the chief.

Spake the mourner to her brother then,
While she struggled with her tears and grief,
"I adjure thee by these tears, my brother,
Give me not in marriage to another,
Lest, when once again my babes I see,
This poor heart should break with agony."

But the brother laughed her tears to scorn,
"Plighted shalt thou be to-morrow morn,
And the noon shall see the nuptial feast."—
"Then, oh, brother! hear me now at least,
Send this message to Imoski's Cadi—
'Health and greetings from the widow lady.

‘Might the humblest of thy slaves demand
‘One slight favour from thine honoured hand ?
‘When again thou visitest this place
‘Bring a veil to hide her form and face,
‘Lest, when passing Hassan Aga’s door,
‘She behold her little ones once more.’ ”

Thought the Cadi, “ What she asks is meet.”

With the morn he summons all his suite,
And the cavalcade, a glittering throng,
Moves with music tow’rds the house along,
He whom all as lord and master hail
Bearing on his arm the silken veil.

Safely have they now achieved their route,
Safely have they led the veiled one out,
Jewelled as becomes the Cadi’s spouse ;
But, alas ! they near the dreaded house.
And the mother hears her children cry,
“ Mother ! mother ! dost thou pass us by ?
Wilt thou sit in stranger-halls ? Ah ! rather
Come and eat thy bread with us and father ! ”

This the mother heard with fond distress—
Heavy was her heart, like heavy lead ;
“ May my lord live long ! ” she sadly said—
“ May his reverend shadow ne’er be less !
Bid, I pray thee, the procession wait
One short moment at the Aga’s gate,
While I go and leave some keepsakes here,
Robes and playthings for my children dear.”

Then once more within the well-known gate
Doth she enter in her dress of state—
Sees once more her little girls and boys,
Gives them shining robes and gives them toys—
Gives her daughters costly silks and suits,
Gives her sons rich vests and gold-laced boots,
Nor forgets the babe, but leaves it some
Little socks and caps for years to come.

Now the father saw all this aside,
Saw she did not weep and did not speak;
And, with hollow voice and hollow cheek,
Turning to his little ones, he cried—
“Come to me, my children! come to me!
For your mother’s heart is turned to steel,
Is as cold as stone, and cannot feel,
Cannot feel for either me or ye.”

But when Hassan’s widow heard *him* speak,
And beheld her offspring leaving her,
On the floor she fell without a shriek,
On the floor she lay without a stir,
And her cruel grief no more had power,
For the soul went out of her that hour.



The Minstrel.

“WHAT voice, what harp, are those we hear
Beyond the gate in chorus?
Go, page!—the lay delights our ear,
We’ll have it sung before us!”

So speaks the king: the stripling flies—
He soon returns; his master cries—
“Bring in the hoary minstrel!”

“Hail, princes mine! Hail, noble knights!
All hail, enchanting dames!
What starry heaven! What blinding lights!
Whose tongue may tell their names?
In this bright hall, amid this blaze,
Close, close, mine eyes! Ye may not gaze
On such stupendous glories!”

The Minnesinger closed his eyes;
He struck his mighty lyre:
Then beauteous bosoms heaved with sighs,
And warriors felt on fire;
The king, enraptured by the strain,
Commanded that a golden chain
Be given the bard in guerdon.

“Not so! Reserve thy chain, thy gold,
For those brave knights whose glances,
Fierce flashing through the battle bold,
Might shiver sharpest lances!
Bestow it on thy Treasurer there—
The golden burden let him bear
With other glittering burdens.

“I sing as in the greenwood bush
The cageless wild-bird carols—
The tones that from the full heart gush
Themselves are gold and laurels!

Yet, might I ask, then thus I ask,
Let one bright cup of wine in flask
Of glowing gold be brought me!"

They set it down: he quaffs it all—
"O! draught of richest flavour!
O! thrice divinely happy hall,
Where that is scarce a favour!
If Heaven shall bless ye, think on me,
And thank your God as I thank ye
For this delicious wine-cup!"



Mignon's Song.

O! dost thou know the clime where citron fruits are
blooming fair?
The gold-hued orange burns amid the dusky greenery
there;
From skies of speckless blue are wafted airlets warm and
soft;
There sleepy myrtles grow; there trees of laurel stand
aloft.
That bright land dost thou know?
Thither with thee, my love, I long to go.

And dost thou know the Pile, with roof on colonnades
reclining?
The broad saloon is bright; the chambers there are darkly
shining,

And alabaster forms look down upon me pityingly—
“Alas, unhappy child! what ill the world has done to
thee!”

That dwelling dost thou know?

Thither, protector mine, with thee I'll go.

Knowest thou the mountain's brow? Its pathway clouds
and shadows cover:

Amid the darkling mist the mule pursues his blind way
over.

The dragon and his brood lurk in its thousand cavern-
hollows;

The rent rock topples down; the headlong sweep of
waters follows.

That mountain dost thou know?

Thither our way lies. Father! let us go.



The Violet.

A VIOLET in a valley dwelled;

It bloomed alone and unbelied;

Ah! 'twas a delicate vi'let!

A shepherd-maiden, blithe and young,

With tripping foot and spirits gay,

That way, that way,

Came down the vale and sung.

Ah! wished the violet, would I were

Let be some flower of beauty rare!

Ah! but one little while let!

Then, might I, culled by one so fair,
Be softly in her bosom put,
Ah! but, ah! but
One little moment there!

But ah! the damsel heeded not
Its plaint, and as she passed the spot
 She crushed the helpless vi'let.
It sank, and died with smothered sigh,
"And though I die my death is sweet:
I die, I die,
By her and at her feet."



The Treasure-seeker.

SICK at heart and lank in purse,
I dragged my snake-like days along;
 Want is Man's reproach and curse,
And Gold is Bliss—thus ran my song.
 So, to end my woes and pains,
A treasure-crock I went to roll up;
 Struck the sharp steel in my veins,
And signed the bond that gave my soul up.

 Magic circles then I drew,
And flaming hieroglyphics there;
 Herbs and bones together threw,
And spake the incantation prayer.

Storms were blackening Midnight's face,
But I fulfilled each godless duty ;
 Standing by the marked-out place,
I sank my spade to dig the booty.

Twelve o'clock ! Lo ! from afar
Advancing swiftly through the darkling
 Midnight mist I marked a star
Most luminously rare and sparkling.

Wonder overpowered my soul :
Then brightlier flashed the heavenly flood,
 And, in his hand a glittering bowl,
A beauteous boy before me stood.

Mildly gleamed his eyes of light ;
With richest wreaths his brows were crowned ;
 Haloed by the liquid bright
He stepped within the circle's bound.

Friendlily he bade me taste ;
And then I thought, This child so fair,
 Light-begirt and mildness-graced,
Hath surely scarce a dæmon's air !

“Drink at LIFE's upgushing wells !
Thus dost thou learn the manlier Science,
 Scorn those paltry spectre-spells,
And bid thy nightmare cares defiance.

Spend no more thy spirits here ;
But, noonday tasks and evening pleasures,
 Weekdays labour, Sundays cheer,
Be these thy charm to conjure treasures !”

The Rose.

ONCE a boy beheld a bright
 Rose in dingle growing;
Far, far off it pleased his sight;
Near he viewed it with delight:
 Soft it seemed and glowing.
Lo! the rose, the rose so bright,
 Rose so brightly blowing!

Spake the boy, "I'll pluck thee, grand
 Rose all wildly blowing."
Spake the rose, "I'll wound thy hand,
Thus the scheme thy wit hath planned
 Deftly overthrowing."
O! the rose, the rose so grand,
 Rose so grandly glowing.

But the stripling plucked the red
 Rose in glory growing,
And the thorn his flesh hath bled,
And the rose's pride is fled,
 And her beauty's going.
Woe! the rose, the rose once red
 Rose once redly glowing.

The Fisherman.

THE waters rush, the waters roll ; a fisherman sits angling
by ;
He gazes o'er their glancing floor with sleepy brow and
listless eye ;
And while he looks, and while he lolls, the flood is moved
as by a storm,
And slowly from its heaving depths ascends a humid
woman's form.

She sings, she speaks,—“ Why lure, why wile, with human
craft and human snare,
My little ones, my helpless brood, to perish in this fiery
air ?
Ah ! couldst thou guess the dreamy bliss we feel below
the purple sea,
Thou wouldst forsake the earth and all, to dwell beneath
with them and me.

“ The moon, the sun, their travel done, come down to
sleep in Ocean's caves ;
They reascend their glorious thrones, with doubled beauty
from the waves.
Ah ! sure the blue ethereal dew, the shining heaven these
waters shew,
Nay, even thine own reflected face must draw thee, win
thee down below.”

The waters rush, the waters roll; about his naked feet
they move;
An aching longing fills his soul, as when we look on her
we love.
She sings to him, she speaks to him: alas! he feels that
all is o'er,
She drags him down; his senses swim; the fisherman is
seen no more!

The King of Thule.

OH! true was his heart while he breathèd,
That King over Thulé of old,
So she that adored him bequeathèd
Him, dying, a beaker of gold.

At banquet and supper for years has
He brimmingly filled it up,
His eyes overflowing with tears as
He drank from that beaker-cup.

When Death came to wither his pleasures
He parcelled his cities wide,
His castles, his lands, and his treasures,
But the beaker he laid aside.

They drank the red wine from the chalice,
His barons and marshals brave;
The monarch sat in his rock-palace
Above the white foam of the wave.

And now, growing weaker and weaker
He quaffed his last Welcome to Death,
And hurled the golden beaker
Down into the flood beneath.

He saw it winking and sinking,
And drinking the foam so hoar ;
The light from his eyes was shrinking,
Nor drop did he ever drink more.



A Voice from the Invisible World.

HIGH o'er his mouldering castle walls
The warrior's phantom glides,
And loudly to the skiff it calls
That on the billow rides—

“Behold! these arms once vaunted might,
This heart beat wild and bold—
Behold! these ducal veins ran bright
With wine-red blood of old.

“The noon in storm, the eve in rest,
So sped my life's brief day.
What then? *Young bark on Ocean's breast,
Cleave thou thy destined way!*”

The Alder-King.

Who is it rides across the dun
And desolate wolds?
It is the father—and his son
In his arms he holds:
He rides through Night, he rides through storm,
And from wild to wild,
But in his mantle, wrapped up warm,
He carries the child.

THE FATHER.

“My son, my son, why dost thou bow
Thy head, as in fear?”

THE SON.

“O, father! father! seest not thou
The Alder-King near?
The Alder-King!—he glares on me
With his crown and trail!”

THE FATHER.

“Hush! hush! my child—I only see
The mist from the vale.”

THE SPECTRE.

“O, come with me, dear little boy!
Come with me, O, come!
I’ve many a pretty play and toy
For thee at my home:

Pied flowers are springing on the strand;
My mother, she, too,
Shall weave thee dresses gay and grand
Of a goldbright hue."

THE SON.

"List! father, list!—the Alder-King's
Words creep on mine ear—
He whispers me such wileful things!
O! dost thou not hear?"

THE FATHER.

"Peace, peace, my darling child!—be still!
Thy hearing deceives.
The wind at midnight whistles shrill
Through the shrunken leaves."

THE SPECTRE.

"My charming babe! dost hear me call?
Come hither to me!
Come, and my pretty daughters all
Shall wait upon thee;
And they and thou so merrily
Shall dance and shall leap;
They'll play with thee and sing for thee,
And rock thee asleep."

THE SON.

"O, father, look!—O, father mine!
Descriest thou not
His daughters? Look!—their garments shine
From yon gloomy spot!"

THE FATHER.

“My son! my son! thou dost but rave;
All night in that way
One sees the long-armed willows wave
So ancient and grey.”

THE SPECTRE.

“Sweet child! I love thy comely shape,
So come! come away!
Nay! nay! thou shalt not thus escape;
I’ll make thee obey.”

THE SON.

“Ha, father! ha!—the Alder-King—
He grasps me so tight!
Father! I’ve suffered some bad thing
From his hand to-night.”

The father, shuddering, swiftly rides
O’er the lightless wild,
And closelier in his mantle hides
The terrified child.
With toil and pain he nears the gate,
And reins in his horse—
Unhappy father!—’tis too late!
In thine arms is a corse!

A Song from the Coptic.

QUARRELS have long been in vogue among sages ;
Still, though in many things wranglers and rancorous,
All the philosopher-scribes of all ages
Join, *uná voce*, on one point to anchor us.
Here is the gist of their mystified pages,
Here is the wisdom we purchase with gold—
Children of Light, leave the world to its mulishness,
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness ;
Berries were bitter in forests of old.

Hoary old Merlin, that great necromancer,
Made me, a student, a similar answer,
When I besought him for light and for lore :
Toiler in vain ! leave the world to its mulishness,
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness ;
Granite was hard in the quarries of yore.

And on the ice-crested heights of Armenia,
And in the vallies of broad Abyssinia,
Still spake the Oracle just as before :
Wouldst thou have peace, leave the world to its mulishness,
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness ;
Beetles were blind in the ages of yore.

Another Coptic Song.

Go!—but heed and understand
 This my last and best command :
 Turn thine Youth to such advantage
 As that no reverse shall daunt Age.
 Learn the serpent's wisdom early ;
 And contemn what Time destroys ;
 Also, wouldst thou creep or climb,
 Chuse thy rôle, and chuse in time,
 Since the scales of Fortune rarely
 Shew a liberal equipoise.

*Thou must either soar or stoop,
 Fall or triumph, stand or droop ;
 Thou must either serve or govern,
 Must be slave, or must be sovereign ;
 Must, in fine, be block or wedge,
 Must be anvil or be sledge.*

An Irish Lamentation.

O! RAISE the woeful *Pillalu*,
 And let your tears in streams be shed ;
Och, orro, orro, ollalu !
 The Master's eldest hope is dead !

Ere broke the morning dim and pale
 The owlet flapped his heavy wing :

We heard the winds at evening wail,
And now our dirge of death we sing,
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

Why wouldst thou go? How couldst thou die?
Why hast thou left thy parents dear?
Thy friends, thy kindred far and nigh,
Whose cries, *mo trone!* thou dost not hear?
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

Thy mother, too!—how could she part
From thee, her darling fair and sweet,
The heart that throbbed within her heart,
The pulse, the blood that bade it beat?
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

Oh! lost to her and all thy race,
Thou sleepest in the House of Death;
She sees no more thy cherub face,
She drinks no more thy violet breath;
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

By strand and road, by field and fen,
The sorrowing clans come thronging all;
From camp and dun, from hill and glen,
They crowd around the castle wall.
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

From East and West, from South and North,
To join the funeral train they hie;
And now the mourners issue forth,
And far they spread the keening cry,
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

Then raise the woeful *Pillalu*,
 And let your tears in streams be shed,
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!
 The Chieftain's pride, his heir, is dead.

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.

[One night, in 1748, KLOPSTOCK, was seated alone in his room in the University at Leipsic. He was deeply immersed in meditation on the Past and the Future. Suddenly a thought, isolated and dreary in its character, appears to have taken possession of his mind. He fancied that some unknown individual had been reft by death of his nearest and dearest, of all his friends and his beloved, and so stood alone in the world. Involuntarily his imagination called up and marshalled before him the Appearances of the Departed. They came, a shrouded and shadowy groupe, and surrounded the Living Man; and then it was that the poet, as he earnestly contemplated them, found that he had suffered a forfeiture of his proper identity; for he himself was now that other Man, and the Appearances he gazed on wore the forms and lineaments of his own literary friends. The vision lasted but a brief while, and when the spell was broken, KLOPSTOCK started as from a dream; but so vivid was the impression that remained with him, that he ever afterwards regarded what he had seen as a kind of pictorial revelation, a prophetic figure-history of his own destiny. We are now to fancy him over a flask of wine with his fellow-student Johann Arnold Ebert. With every glass their gaiety grows wilder and wilder. Suddenly KLOPSTOCK covers his face with his hands: the recollection of his vision has intervened, and brings with it gloom and anguish.]

To Ebert.

EBERT, Ebert, my friend! Here over the darkbright
 wine
 A horrible phantasy masters me!
 In vain thou shewest me where the chaliceglasses shine,
 In vain thy words ring cheerily:

I must aside and weep—if haply my weeping may
Assuage this agony of distress.
O, tears! in pity Nature blent you with human clay,
To mitigate human wretchedness;
For, were your fountain unlocked, and you forbidden to
flow,
Could Man sustain his sorrows an hour?
Then let me aside and weep: this thought of dolour and
woe
Struggles within me with giant power.

O, Ebert! if all have perished, and under shroud and pall
Lie still and voiceless in Death's abyss—
If thou and I be the lone and withered survivors of all?
Art not thou, also, speechless at this?
Glazes not horror thine eye? Glares it not blank with-
out soul?
So from mine, too, departed the light,
When first this harrowing phantom over the purple bowl
Struck my spirit with thundermight.
Sudden as when a wanderer, hastening home to the faces
That circle with smiles his joyous hearth,
To his blooming offspring and spouse, whom already in
thought he embraces,
By the tempest-bolt is felled to the earth,
Deathstricken, so that his bones are blasted to blackest
ashes,
The while in triumph is heard to roll
The booming thunder through Heaven, so suddenly
flashed, so flashes
This vision athwart my shuddering soul,

Deadening the might of mine arm, and darkening the
 light of mine eyes,
 And shrivelling the flesh of my heart with despair.

O! in the depth of the Night I saw the Death-Pageant
 arise!

And—Ebert!—the souls of our friends were there.

O! in the depths of the Night I saw the Graves laid
 bare!

Around me thronged the immortal Band!

When gentle GISEKE's eye no longer its lustre shall wear;
 When faithful CRAMER, lost to our land,
 Shall moulder in dust; when the words that GAERTNER
 and RABNER have spoken

Shall only be echoed through years in distance;

When every sweetlysounding chord shall be ruefully
 broken

In the noble GELLERT's harmonious existence;

When his early companions of pleasure young ROTHE, the
 social and bright,

Shall meet on the charnel chamber-floor,

And when from a longer exile¹ ingenious SCHLEGEL shall
 write

To the cherished friends of his youth no more;

When for SCHMIDT, the beloved and vanished, these
 weariful eyes shall weep

No longer their wonted affectionate rain;

¹ Schlegel, on quitting college, had gone to Strehla, and there established an academy, from whence he corresponded with his friends, the members of the Poetical Club at Leipzig. This residence of his at Strehla they were playfully wont to designate his *exile*. By a *longer exile*, Klopstock, of course, means Death.

When HAGEDORN at last in our Father's bosom shall
sleep;

Oh, Ebert! what then are We who remain?

What but Woe-consecrated, whom here a dreary doom

Has left to mourn for those that are gone?

If then one of us should die (Behold how my thought of
gloom

Further and darklier hurries me on!)

If then, of us, one should die, and ONE alone should
survive—

And oh, should that sad survivor be I—

If she, the unknown Beloved, with whom I am destined
to wive,

If she, too, under the mould should lie!

If I be the Only, the Lonely, the earth's companionless
One,

Oh, answer! Shalt thou, my undying soul,

For friendship created, shalt thou preserve thy feeling and
tone,

In the days that then may vacantly roll?

Or shalt thou, in slumberful stupor, imagine that Day-
light is passed,

And the reign of Night has begun for thee?

Haply! but shouldst thou upstart, oh, immortal spirit, at
last,

And feel all the weight of thy misery,

Wilt thou not, suffering spirit, in agony shriekingly call

To the sepulchres where thy Sleepers are—

“Oh! ye graves of my Dead! Ye tombs of my dearest
ones all!

Why are ye severed apart so far?

Why not rather ingrouped in the blossomy valleys
yonder,
Or clustered in groves, or flowercrowned?
Guide an expiring old man! With faltering feet will I
wander
And plant upon every hallowed mound
A cypresstree, beneath whose yet undarkening shade
May rest my happier daughters and sons,
And oft through its boughs at night shall stand before me
portrayed
The effigies of my immortal ones!
Till, worn with weeping, I too shall finally join those
immortals;
Then, oh! Grave, beside which I shall be!
Grave over which I shall die!—I call on thee—open thy
portals,
And hide for ever my tears and me!”

Horrible dream! from which, as in chains, I struggle to
waken,
Terrible as the Judgment-hour,
And as Eternity solemn! My spirit, appalled and shaken,
Can wrestle no longer against thy power.

To Gische, on his departure from College.

Go! I stifle my grief—Adieu to thee, friend! Though
tears
May without shame be shed by the manliest natures,
yet go!

Were I to weep for thee now, alas! to my latest years
 My tears as a drainless fountain for ever and ever
 should flow!

For so All shall sever from All in this hollow Valley of
 Mourning,

One away after another, departing and never returning.
*So doth imperial Death the bride and her bridegroom
 sunder.*

*Groaningly sinks the man into the tempestured wave,
 While snaws are drearily drifting above the woman, who,
 under*

*Carcases, wrecks, and sands, found on the beach her
 grave!*

*So sleep the ashes of Homer far, far from where Milton's
 bones*

*Lie whitening day after day in the stillness of sweltering
 noon:*

*Never, oh! never shall mingle the widely-divided tones
 Of the dirgewinds over their graves, where cypress-leaves
 are strewn.*

So wrote the Eternal I AM the doom of each and of all
 On walls of marble and brass, and hung the curtaining
 pall

Of fathomless mystery, and inviolate silence before it—
 Blest be the will of the Highest! Low in the dust I
 adore it.

Go, my beloved companion! The friends thou wilt leave
 so lonely

Tearlessly, even as I, perchance may behold thee go—
 Unless they silently weep the tears of the sick soul,
 only,

Tears that strangers to friendship and generous thought
 cannot know.

Tarry not longer, my friend! but hasten from hence to
renew

Thy friendship with HAGEDORN; and when thou enjoyest the bliss

Of meeting that excellent man—O! wilt thou assure
him of this—

That, warm as thy love for him is, mine own is as warm
for him too!



Early Graces.

I WELCOME thee, silvery Moon,
Lovely, lonely Queen of the Summer-night!
Friend of Thought, wilt thou flee? Ah, return to me
soon!

Lo, she abides!—the cloud alone passes from sight.

Than Night in the Summer-time
Nought is diviner, save the awaking of May,
When she comes o'er the hills from her own orient clime,
Dews begemming, like Light, her locks all the bright
way.

Alas, on your graves, ye True,
Already tall weeds and wild flowers intertwine!
Oh, how blest felt I once, while as yet I with you
Saw the Day redden at dawn, saw the starry Night
shine!

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER.

The Fair and Faithless One of Grailov.

UNTO Grailov's town Moostafa-Shem
Māhmud Pasha, the redoubted warrior,
Marched in thunder. He threw down the barrier
Of its brazen gates, and trampled them
Into dust. And, at the sunset hour,
Forty of his Agas ate white bread
In the Hospodár of Grailov's tower;
And, when they had eaten much, they said,
"Allah akbar!—let us have some water
Brought in crystal vases!" But none other
Understood their Scytho-Turkish words
Save the Hospodár's majestic daughter;—
And the Hospodár's majestic daughter,
Turning to her mother, called out, "Mother!
Water, quickly, for these Moslem lords!"

And the water came in crystal vases;
And all drank except the young Abássiz.
He drank not; but turning tow'ards the mother,
Said, "May Allah bless thee, courteous dame!
Would I were thy lovely daughter's brother!
Will she greet me by a fonder name,
That of husband?" And the mother spake,

“ If thou jest not, princely Kapitaun,
I feel sorry for thy noble sake,
But my daughter has been plighted long
Unto Carlodzniep of Orlovaun,
Whose hot blood would burn beneath a wrong.

Three new suits of scarlet silk he gave her,
Three deep coffers full of yellow gold,
Three rare diamonds glorious to behold,
Gems whose lustre lends our night-saloon
Radiance brighter than the sun’s at noon ;

All these gifts her generous lover gave her,
Wherefore, Aga, spare thy flattering speech,
For this fruit hangs high beyond thy reach ;
Maiden once betrothèd may not waver.”

Sorrow sank like lead into the core
Of Abássiz’ heart. He said no more,
Said no more, and closed no eye that night,
But, with Morning’s palest blush of light,
Up he rose, and sighing deeply, went
Straightway to the Pasha Mähmud’s tent ;
And his words were, “ Mighty Lord and Master,
May your highness reign a thousand years!

Lo! a maiden, whose bright eyes are spears,
Paulinell, the fair-as-alabaster
Daughter of Smolensk, the Hospodár,
Who transcendeth every damsel here,
As the moon outshines each paler star,
Speaks our language with a silver tongue,
Yet hath been affianced many a year
Unto Carlodzniep of Orlovaun!
Will Your Highness tolerate such wrong,
While one Moslem sword remains undrawn?”

Thus he spake, made mad by Love's disease ;
So the Pasha, on the self-same day,
Bade be called Smolensk, the Hospodár,
And the Pasha's words to him were these,
"Allah kérím! What is this they say?
So thou hast a daughter, Hospodár,
Who transcendeth every maid beside,
As the moon outshines each paler star?—
It is well! Thy child shall be my bride!"

Spake the noble father in reply,
"Beautiful my daughter is, in truth,
Beautiful and gentle as the fawn ;
But her hand is not for thee to buy :
Promised is she to the gallant youth,
Carlodzniep, the Lord of Orlovaun.
Three new suits of scarlet silk he gave her,
Three deep coffers full of yellow gold,
Three rare diamonds glorious to behold,
Gems whose lustre lends our night-saloon
Radiance brighter than the sun's at noon ;
All these gifts her generous lover gave her,
Wherefore, Pasha, spare thy flattering speech,
For this fruit hangs high beyond thy reach ;
Maiden once betrothèd must not waver."

Silently the Pasha heard the father,
Silently he heard him to the end ;
Museful then, as one who seeks to gather
In his wandering thoughts, he stood, but soon
Looking up, spake thus, "Well, then, my friend,
Hearken calmly : I must ask a boon.

As thy daughter's heart may still be free,
Fetch her hither with her lordly lover.
So shall thou and I anon discover
Which the maiden chooseth, him or me."

There he stopped. The father, sad in soul,
Went his way. The gloomiest bodings crept
O'er his upright mind; and, ere he slept
Sent he off to Carlodzniep a scroll—
"Health and Honour! Be alert, my son,
Else the Pasha robs thee of the bride
Thou hast fondly wooed and fairly won!
Rise with Morning's dawn and come to me;
Thou and I and Paulinell must ride
Over to the Pasha's tent, and there
Shall the maiden's own true lips declare
Which her heart preferreth, him or thee."

He to whom this warning word was written,
Carlodzniep, the Lord of Orlovaun,
Slept not all that night, but, with the dawn,
Fiercely bounding, like a frenzy-smitten
Man, upon his deathblack barb, he rode
Till he reached the Hospodár's abode,
And, before the noontide hour went by,
Stood beside the maiden and her sire
In the Pasha's tent,—a strange dusk fire
Flashing at each moment from his eye.

Brief the Pasha's words were, frank and brief:
"Fairest maiden in this northern land,
Lo! two suitors for thy heart and hand,
One a Servian, one an Othman, Chief,

Carlodzniep and I. Thy will is free.

Choose, then, maiden, either one or other :
Choose whiche'er thou willest, him or me."

And the maiden (her manœuvring mother
Having schooled her overnight) at once
In unfaltering accents made response—

"Rather this green grass with thee, my lord,
Rather thee with only wheat and milk,
Than red wines and beds of damask silk
With a husband of my heart abhorred!"

Here was perfidy! The lightning blood

Froze within the young man's breast and brain
As he listened. For a space he stood

Marble-motionless. But, soon again
All the warrior's pride re-nerved his heart,
And he spake, "False girl! Thus, then, we part!
For this base betrayal was I born!

Be it so!—thy meed is henceforth Scorn.
Were thine hand mine trebly I would spurn it
As a foul, polluted, leprous thing.

Give me back my presents!—that gold ring
On thy finger once was mine: return it!
I would leave thee fetterless and free
In thy bargain—and thine infamy!"

And the maiden, without word or look,

Yielding, slavelike, to the stern command,
Without love, or hate, or anger, took
Off the ring and held it out,—when, lo!
Carlodzniep, with one swift sabre-blow,
Severed from her arm that guilty hand!

And then spake, with calm, but hollow tone—
“Pasha! *I* have taken what is mine—
Now take *thou* the remnant—it is thine—
Justice metes to every one his own.”

Wrathful was the Pasha. “What!” he cried,
“Wretch!—thou sheddest blood at my Deewaun?
Mount thy charger! Thou and I must ride
Forth to instant combat!” So they rode,
Māhmud and the Lord of Orlovaun,
Out upon the upland. Nor abode
Long in doubt the issue of the strife,
For the Moslem, in his prime of life,
Perished by the arm of Carlodzniep,
Whose avenging sabre then and there
Clave both man and saddle. But the slayer
Never more was known to smile,—or weep.



The Brother and the Sister.

IN a winding dell, thick-sown with flowers,
Often played together through the hours
Of the live-long sunny Summer's day,
Two most lovely children, one a boy,
One a girl, a sister and a brother;
And along with them did ever play
Innocence, and Gracefulness, and Joy.

Here there stood an image of the Mother
Of our Blessèd Saviour, with her Child
In her arms, who always looked and smiled

On the playmates: And their own dear mother
One day told them, after they had played,

Who the smiling little Infant was;
How He was the mighty God, who made

Sun, and Moon, and Earth, and the green grass,
And themselves; and, when she saw them moved

With deep reverence, and their childish mirth
Hushed, she told them how this God had loved

Little children when He dwelled on Earth,
And that now in Heaven he loved them still.

And the little girl said, "I and brother

Both love God: will he love us, too, mother?"
And the mother said, "If you be good, He will."

So, upon another time, a bland,

Bright, soft, Summer-evening, as the fair
Children sat together hand-in-hand,
One said to the other, ('twas the boy

To the girl,) "Oh, if the dear God there
Would come down to us! There's not a toy
In our house but I would give to him."

And the girl said, "I would cull him all
Pretty flowers." "And I would climb the tall
Trees," the boy said, "till the day grew dim,
And would gather fruits for him." And thus
Each sweet child did prattle to the other,

Till the sun sank low behind the hill,
And both, running, then sought out their mother,
And cried out together, "Mother!—will
God come down some day and play with us?"

Gently spake the mother in rebuke
Of their babble ; but it bore a deep
Meaning in the eternal Minutebook ;
For, one night, soon after, in her sleep,
She beheld the Infant-Saviour playing
With her children, and she heard Him saying,
“ How shall I requite you for the flowers
And the fruits you would have given me ? Thee,
Brother, will I take along with me,
To my Father’s many-mansioned Home,
And will guide thee to luxuriant bowers,
Where bloom fruits unknown on Earth beneath ;
And to thee, my sister, will I come
On thy bridal-day, and with a wreath
Of celestial flowers adorn thy brow,
And will bless thy nuptials, so that thou
Shalt have children good and innocent even
As my Father’s angels are in Heaven.”

And the mother woke, and prayed with tears,
“ Oh, my God ! my Saviour ! spare my son !
Spare him to console my waning years,
If thou canst ! If not, Thy will be done ! ”

And the will of God was done. The boy
Sickened soon and died. But, ere he died
Those about him saw his countenance
Lighted up with gloriousness and joy
Inexpressible ; for, by his side
He beheld (rapt all the while in trance,
As his mother noticed,) a young Child
Brighter than the sun and beauteous as
God Himself !

Year after year did pass,
And at length her twentieth Summer smiled
On the maiden with her wedding-day ;
But, behold !—as she knelt down to pray
At the altar, heavenly radiance beamed
Round her, and she saw, as though she dreamed,
HIM, her childhood's Infant-Saviour, reaching
Her a wreath of brilliant flowers, with some
Dark ones intermixed : a symbol, teaching
Her what hue the years that were to come
Should assume for her. And truly, she
Spent a life of peace and blessedness,
Mingled with such mild adversity
That she rather wished it more than less.



The Erl-King's Daughter.

A DANISH BALLAD.

SIR OLF rode fast towards Thurlston's walls,
To meet his bride in his father's halls.

He saw blue lights flit over the graves ;
The Elves came forth from their forest-caves.

They danced anear on the glossy strand,
And the Erl-King's Daughter held out her hand.

“ O, welcome, Sir Olf, to our jubilee !
Step into the circle and dance with me.”

"I dare not dance, I dare not stay ;
To-morrow will be my nuptial-day."

"Two golden spurs will I give unto thee,
And I pray thee, Sir Olf, to tarry with me."

"I dare not tarry, I dare not delay,
To-morrow is fixed for my nuptial-day."

"Will give thee a shirt so white and fine,
Was bleached yestreen in the new moonshine."

"I dare not hearken to Elf or Fay ;
To-morrow is fixed for my nuptial-day."

"A measure of gold will I give unto thee,
And I pray thee, Sir Olf, to dance with me."

"The measure of gold I will carry away,
But I dare not dance, and I dare not stay."

"Then, since thou wilt go, even go with a blight !
A true-lover's token I leave thee, Sir Knight."

She lightly struck with her wand on his heart,
And he swooned and swooned from the deadly smart.

She lifted him up on his coal-black steed ;
"Now hie thee away with a fatal speed !"

Then shone the moon, and howled the wolf,
And the sheen and the howl awoke Sir Olf.

He rode over mead, he rode over moor,
He rode till he rode to his own house-door.

Within sate, white as the marble, his bride,
But his greyhaired mother stood watching outside.

“My son, my son, thou art haggard and wan;
Thy brow is the brow of a dying man.”

“And haggard and wan I well may be,
For the Erl-King’s Daughter hath wounded me.”

“I pray thee, my son, dismount and bide:
There is mist on the eyes of thy pining bride.”

“O, mother, I should but drop dead from my steed;
I will wander abroad for the strength I need.”

“And what shall I tell thy bride, my son,
When the morning dawns and the tiring is done?”

“O, tell my bride that I rode to the wood,
With my hound in leash and my hawk in hood.”

When morning dawned with crimson and grey,
The bride came forth in her wedding array.

They poured out mead, they poured out wine:
“Now, where is thy son, O, goldmother mine?”

“My son, golddaughter, rode into the wood,
With his hounds in leash and his hawk in hood.”

Then the bride grew sick with an ominous dread—
“O, woe is me, Sir Olf is dead.”

She drooped like a lily that feels the blast,
She drooped, and drooped, till she died at last.

They rest in the charnel side by side,
The stricken Sir Olf and his faithful bride.

But the Erl-King's Daughter dances still,
When the moonlight sleeps on the frosted hill.



CHRISTOPH AUGUST TIEDGE.



Forget Me Not.

TO MARIANNE.

FORGET me not, Beloved! when, far and far away,
I float, a leaf, along the world's wide sea:
When flowers bestrew thy path and zephyrs round thee
play
Let that fond heart of thine remember me.
The roses nigh thy window-cells will blow;
The morning sun will shine, the evening stars will glow;
The moon's blue beams will tremble on the grot,
And I afar. Forget me not!

Forget me not when in the gorgeous hall
Thy light steps move where Youth and Beauty bloom;
Forget me never when the curtain-pall
Of Eve shall robe thy lonesome bower in gloom.
When, Heaven's dim veil uprolled, the starry kingdom
gleams,
And when thy spirit soars and mingles with its beams,

I too shall glance above, and this shall be my thought—
Loved Marianne, Forget me not!

Forget me not when Spring is newly flowering,
When Nature, garland-crowned, speaks with divinest
voice,
And strikes thine eye with loveliness o'erpowering,
And bids thy gentle spirit in its depths rejoice.
Forget me not when Summer-days draw nigh,
When, like so many fragments of the mild blue sky,
Young violets shall whisper from each bowery spot,
“Forget me not! Forget me not!”

Forget me not when Memory sweetly lingers
On that loved haunt, by both remembered well,
The spot where first I touched thy fairy fingers—
Remember, Marianne, the darkling pine-tree dell!
What happiness was mine when first I pressed
Thy hand, and dared to raise it to a breast
Wherein that warm pulse beats which now dictates this
thought—
“Oh, Marianne, Forget me not!”

Forget me not when sauntering by that lone
Gate which the tall wild weeds encircle wreathingly,
Where oft I hung upon thine every tone
As on the chalice-flowrets hangs the amorous bee:
The echo of thy words then died away in distance,
Not so the soul they breathed—*that* lives in green existence.
Deep in a heart with thy dear image fraught—
Then, Marianne, Forget me not!

Where droops the cypress, there my spirit hovers,

Beside that grave which once we loitered nigh.

The pale day sank, too drearily for lovers,

But Holiness and Peace were in thy soul and eye.

The spirit of thy mother blessed thee then, oh, maiden!

Thy heart felt tranquillized, while mine, alas! was
laden

With many a dark foreshadowing of my future lot—

Yet, Marianne, Forget me not!

Rememberest thou the evening? Thoughts that speech
expresses

So vaguely and so ill were swelling in thy bosom;

The stirless Autumn airs forebore to woo thy tresses;

There was no moaning voice that night on flower or
blossom.

The holy cypresses with tear-like dew were wet:

Canst thou, my Marianne, that thrilling hour forget?

Ah! then these burning words, too, from thy memory
blot—

“My Marianne, Forget me not!”

What there absorbed my mind and all my mind-born
powers

Shews clear and pure and placid as the enamelled
Night,

Which then shone down upon those consecrated hours,

Hours garnered in my memory as her best delight,

That strong and calm devotion which ennobled Love,

And saved from wronging stain the sacred garland of

Honour I proffered then to Virtue, Truth, and thee—

Then, Marianne, Remember me!

That strong and calm devotion sanctifies me now :

Oh! ne'er in saintly bosom burned a holier glow
Than mine, when, whitely veiling thy too radiant brow,
Thou camest, as from Heaven, to illume dark Earth
below.

Thus hover o'er me still through my long night of years,
And, like a dazzling vision born of loftier spheres,
Hallow the hour in which my last, last sigh shall be,
"O, Marianne, Remember me!"

Not in the smile—not in the favouring glance—

Not in the enthralling magic of thy greeting—
Not in that queenly form transcending all romance,
Which rose where slim young boughs and blossom
gauze were meeting—

Not in the fascinating graces of thy mien
The enchantment lay ;—the Mind, that melodist unseen,
First woke the chord of Love which now breathes whis-
peringly—

"My Marianne, Remember me."

This high existence—this ethereal essence—

This wonder-sphere of harmonies Elysian,
Whose rays encircle thee with fadeless presence,
This, only this shall live unwaning in my vision.
There blow those airs of peace whose breath is Paradise,
There virtues, flower-like, breathe rich incense to the skies,
Those skies from whence a voice shall shortly sigh to
thee—

"Ah, Marianne, Remember me!"

Peace round thee be! But tenfold woe to those
Who waken anguish in a heart like thine,

A heart like thine, whose every feeling glows
With goodness and benevolence divine:
Who shall debar me from the throne I claim
In that exalted Heaven? Ah! might my noteless name
Be with this lay of love before thy memory brought!
My Marianne, Forget me not!

Here, underneath the greenery of the vine,
My hand and heart have reared a monument to thee!
Here oft I sweetly dream, oft sadly pine,
But all my thoughts are born for Immortality,
For they are all of thee; and Lethe shall not sweep
Such treasure to her caves, and least of all that deep
And everburning wish wherewith my soul is fraught—
Oh, Marianne, Forget me not!

Still fair, still fragrant live the white flowers wreathed
Around my temples by thy whiter hand,
What time thou sawest from this fond bosom breathed
The emotion I no longer could command,
And sawest it in the cheek that redly glowed,
And sawest it in the tears that hotly flowed,
Blest tears! which more than Speech and more than lyre
have taught;
Then, Marianne, Forget me not!

By all those things, the dell, the glorious hill,
The brilliant flowers we gathered on its peak,
The winds that played among thy locks at will,
And wantoned with the roses on thy cheek,
By the decaying sunset's latest look of love,
Which lifted thy pure heart in voiceless prayer above,

And by my last Farewell, if in its tones lay aught,
I call on thee—Forget me not!

By the faint echoes borne from that sweet time
When every glowing day slept in a lair of flowers,
By all those reminiscences sublime
That float like bright-haired shadows from Elysian
bowers,
By all thou art and wert, by all thy faith and feeling,
By that deep humbleness which, studiously concealing
Its own imperial worth, twines wreaths for others ever,
I call on thee—Forget me never!

And when, at eve, thou wanderest down the glen,
What time the boding night-bird chants his lay of
death,
Ah! then, perchance, and for the last time then,
These lips shall bless thy name with faltering breath;
Then, when the winds shall waft the tidings on their
wings,
And the dark pine-trees round thee groan, like living
things,
Then wilt thou feel my heart hath broken with this
thought—
“Loved Marianne, Forget me not!”

The Field of Kunnersdorf.¹

DAY is exiled from the Land of Twilight ;
 Leaf and flower are drooping in the wood,
And the stars, as on a dark-stained skylight,
 Glass their ancient glory in the flood.
Let me here, where night-winds through the yew sing,
 Where the moon is chary of her beams,
Consecrate an hour to mournful musing
 Over Man and Man's delirious dreams.
Pines and yews ! envelope me in deeper,
 Dunner shadow, sombre as the grave,
While with moans, as of a troubled sleeper,
 Gloomily above my head ye wave ;
Let mine eye look down from hence on yonder
 Battle-plain, which Night in pity dulls ;
Let my sad imagination ponder
 Over Kunnersdorf, that Place of Skulls !

Dost thou reillumine those wastes, O, Summer ?
 Hast thou raised anew thy trampled bowers ?
Will the wild bee come again a hummer
 Here, within the houses of thy flowers ?
Can thy sunbeams light, thy mild rains water
 This Aceldema, this *human* soil,

¹ *Kunnersdorf*, a village near Frankfort on the Oder, where Frederick was defeated by the Russians, on the 12th of August, 1759, in one of the bloodiest battles of modern times.

Since that dark day of redundant slaughter
When the blood of men flowed here like oil?
Ah, yes!—Nature, and thou, God of Nature,
Ye are ever bounteous! Man alone,
Man it is whose frenzies desolate your
World, and make it in sad truth his own.

Here saw Frederick fall his bravest warriors—
Master of *thy* World, thou wert too great!
Heaven had need to establish curbing-barriers
'Gainst thine inroads on the World of Fate.
Oh, could all thy coronals of splendor
Dupe thy memory of that ghastly day?
Could the Graces, could the Muses¹ render
Smooth and bright a corse-o'ercovered way?
No! the accusing blood-beads ever trickle
Down each red leaf of thy chaplet-crown:—
Men fell here as corn before the sickle,
Fell to aggrandise thy false renown!
Here the veteran dropped beside the springald;
Here sank Strength and Symmetry in line:
Here crushed Hope and gasping Valor mingled;
And, Destroyer, the wild work was thine!
Whence is then this destiny funereal?
What this tide of Being's flow and ebb?
Why rends Death at will the fine material
Of Existence's divinest web?
Vainly ask we! Dim age calls to dim age;
Answer, save an echo, cometh none:
Here stands Man, of Life-in-Death an image,
There, invisibly, the LIVING ONE!

¹ An allusion to Frederick's literary pursuits.

Storm-clouds lour and muster in the Distance ;
 Girt with wrecks by sea and wrecks by land,
 Time, upon the far Shore of Existence,
 Counts each wave-drop swallowed by the sand.
 Generation chases generation,
 Down-bowed by the all-worn, *unworn* yoke:¹
 No cessation and no explication !—
 Birth—*Life*—Death !—the Silence, *Flash*, and
 Smoke.

Here, then, Frederick, formidable sovereign !
 Here, in presence of these whitened bones,
 Swear at length to cherish Peace, and govern
 So that men may learn to reverence thrones !
 O, repudiate blood-bought fame, and hearken
 To the myriad witness-voicèd Dead,
 Ere the Sternness shall lay down, to darken
 In the Silentness, thy crownless head !²
 Shudder at the dire phantasmagory
 Of the slain, who perished here through thee ;
 And abhor all future wreaths of glory
 Gathered from the baleful cypress-tree !

Lofty souls disdain or dread the laurel :
Hero is a mad exchange for *Man* :

¹ The yoke which all wear, but none wear out.

² Vor dem *Ernste*, der dein Haupt, entfürstet,
 In die *Stille* niederlegen wird.

Before to the *Solemn* who thy head, unprincèd, in the *Stilly* beneath lay shall ;
viz., Before the [coming of the] solemn [hour] which shall lay thy head, stripped of
 its royalty, in the still [ness of the grave.] I have adhered to the metonymy, save
 that I have chosen to make *der Ernste* represent Death himself rather than the
 time of death ; the Sternness, therefore, is Death, and the Silentness the grave.

Adders lurk in green spots: such the moral
 Taught by History since her schools began.
 Cæsar slain, the victim of his trophies,
 Bajazet expiring in his cage,
 All the Cæsars, all the sabre-Sophies,¹
 Preach the self-same homily each age.
 One drugged wine-cup dealt with Alexander;
 And his satraps scarce had shared afresh
 Half the empires of the World-commander
 Ere the charnel-worms had shared his flesh!

Though the rill roll down from Life's green Mountain,
 Bright through festal dells of youthful days,
 Soon the water of that glancing fountain
 In the vale of years must moult its rays.
 There the pilgrim on the bridge that, bounding
 Life's domain, frontiers the wold of Death,
 Startled, for the first time hears resounding
 From Eternity, a voice that saith,—
 ALL WHICH IS NOT PURE SHALL MELT AND WITHER.
 LO! THE DESOLATOR'S ARM IS BARE,
 AND WHERE MAN IS, TRUTH SHALL TRACE HIM THITHER,
 BE HE CURTAINED ROUND WITH GLOOM OR GLARE.²

¹ *Sophi*, a title of the Khan of Persia.

By this scymitar
 That slew the *Sophy* and a Persian prince,
 And won three fields of Sultan Solymán.

Merch. of Ven. Act II. sc. 1.

² WAS NICHT REIN IST, WIRD IN NACHT VERSCHWINDEN;
 DES VERUESTERS HAND IST AUSGESTRECKT;
 UND DIE WAHRHEIT WIRD DEN MENSCHEN FINDEN,
 OB IHN DUNKEL ODER GLANZ VERSTECKT!

LUDWIG HEINRICH CHRISTOPH HOELTY.

The Aged Landman's Advice to his Son.

O! CHERISH Faith and Truth, till Death
Shall claim thy forfeit clay,
And wander not one finger's breadth
From God's appointed way ;
So shall thy pilgrim pathway be
O'er flowers that brightly bloom ;
So shalt thou, rich in hope and free
From terror face the tomb ;
Then wilt thou handle spade and scythe,
With joyous heart and soul ;
Thy water-jug shall make thee blithe
As brimming purple bowl.

All things but work the sinner woe,
For, do his worst or best,
The devil drives him to and fro,
And never lets him rest.
Him glads no Spring, no sky outrolled,
No mellow, yellow field ;
His one sole good and god is gold ;
His heart is warped and steeled ;
The winds that blow, the streams that flow,
Affright the craven slave ;

Peace flies him, and he does not know
Rest even in his grave!

For he, when spectral midnight reigns,
Must burst each coffin-band,
And as a pitch-black dog in chains
Before his house-door stand.
The spinners, who with wheel on arm
Belated home repair,
Will quake, and cross themselves from harm
To see the monster there;
And every spinning crone of this
Terrific sight will tell,
And wish the villain in the abyss
And fire of hottest hell.

Old Grimes was all his life a hound,
A genuine devil's brand;
He counter-ploughed his neighbours' ground;
And robbed them of their land:
Now, fire-clad, see him plough with toil
The same land everywhere,
Upturning all night long the soil,
With white-hot burning share:
Himself like blazing straw-sheaf burns
Behind the glowing plough;
And so he burns and so upturns,
Till Morning bares her brow.

The baillie who, without remorse,
Shot stags and fleeced the poor,
With one grim dog, on fiery horse,
Hunts nightly o'er the moor;

Oft, as a rugged-coated bear,
He climbs a gnarlèd pole;
Oft, as a goat, must leave his lair,
And through the hamlet stroll.

The riot-loving priest who crammed
His chests with ill-got gold,
Still haunts the chancel, black and damned,
Each night when twelve has tolled;
He howls aloud with dismal yells,
That startle aisle and fanes,
Or in the vestry darkly tells
His church-accursèd gains.

The squire who drank and gamed pell-mell
The helpless widow's all,
Now driven along by blasts from Hell,
Goes coached to Satan's ball;
His blue frock, dipped in Hell's foul font,
With sulphur-flames is lined;
One devil holds the reins in front,
Two devils ride behind.

Then, Son! be just and true till Death
Shall claim thy forfeit clay;
And wander not one finger's breadth
From God's revealèd way.
So shall warm tears bedew in showers
The grass above thy head,
And lilies and all odorous flowers,
O'erarch thy last low bed.

Song exciting to Gladness.

O! who to fretful thoughts and wasting cares would
hearken

So long as Youth's bright blossoms bloom?
Who in the fairy halls of Youth and Hope would darken
A sunny brow by folds of gloom?
Joy stands, and smiles, and beckons with alluring finger,
On all the pathways Life discloses;
And ever where a crossroad bids the Pilgrim linger,
She crowns him with her wreath of roses.

The stream, the meadowstream, still bubbles fresh and
sprightly,
Still blushes all the dell with flowers
The moon, the vestal moon, is beaming now as brightly
As when she silvered Adam's bowers.
The wine, the chalice wine, still sheds its purple splendour
On souls that droop in Grief's eclipse;
And in the rosy glen is still as fond and tender
The kiss from pure Affection's lips.

And still, as twilight dies, the heart of Youth rejoices,
Forgetting Pain and even Despair,
When trilling through the grove the neverweary voices
Of nightingales enchant the air.
O Earth! how fair thou art while Youth is yet in blossom!
How bright, how lovely is thy brow!
I wish this bounding heart may wither in my bosom,
When I shall love thee less than now!

The Grave-digger's Chant.

DIG, dig, my spade !
Whate'er these hands have made,
 Good spade, I owe to thee !
Rich folk and poor
Throng in at my dark door,
 Come late or soon to me.

Yon yellow scull
Shewed once a beautiful
 But haughty brow and lip ;
Yon thing of bones
Left kings and courts and thrones
 For reptile fellowship !

This head with hair
Was that of one too fair
 To linger long on Earth :
Love, Beauty, Grace,
Beamed from her angel face,
 And smiles and sunny mirth.

Ah, gone, and gone !
We wither one by one,
 As Autumn-leaves decay,
Old, Young, and all ;
Yet, whensoever we fall,
 Life seemeth but a day !

Dig, then, my spade!
Whate'er these hands have made,
 Good spade, I owe to thee!
Rich folk and poor
Must knock at my dark door,
 Must one day come to me,



Strew the Way with Flowers.

OH, strew the way with rosy flowers,
 And dupe with smiles thy grief and gloom,
For tarnished leaves and songless hours
 Await thee in the tomb.
Lo! in the brilliant festal hall
 How lightly Youth and Beauty tread!
Yet, gaze again—the grass is tall
 Above their charnel bed!

In blaze of noon the jewelled bride
 Before the altar plights her faith:
Ere weep the skies of eventide
 Her eyes are dulled in death!
Then sigh no more—if Life is brief
 So are its woes; and why repine?
Pavilioned by the linden leaf
 We'll quaff the chaliced wine.

Wild music from the nightingale
 Comes floating on the loaded breeze,

To mingle in the bowery vale
With hum of summer bees :
Then taste the joys that God bestows—
The beaded wine, the faithful kiss,
For while the tide of Pleasure flows,
Death bares his black abyss.

In vain the zephyr's breath perfumes
The House of Death—in vain its tones
Shall mourn at midnight round the tombs
Where sleep our blackening bones.
The starbright bowl is broken there,
The witchery of the lute is o'er,
And—wreck of wrecks!—there lie the Fair,
Whose beauty wins no more!

FRIEDRICH RUECKERT.

The Ride round the Parapet.

SHE said, "I was not born to mope at home in loneliness,"—

The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

She said, "I was not born to mope at home in loneliness,
When the heart is throbbing sorest there is balsam in the
forest,

There is balsam in the forest for its pain,"
Said the Lady Eleanora,
Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

She doffed her silks and pearls, and donned instead her
hunting-gear,
The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.
She doffed her silks and pearls, and donned instead her
hunting-gear,
And, till Summertime was over, as a huntress and a rover
Did she couch upon the mountain and the plain,
She, the Lady Eleanora,
Noble Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Returning home agen, she viewed with scorn the tourna-
ments—
The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.
Returning home agen, she viewed with scorn the tourna-
ments;
She saw the morions cloven and the crowning chaplets
woven,
And the sight awakened only the disdain
Of the Lady Eleanora,
Of the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

"My feeling towards Man is one of utter scornfulness,"
Said Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.
"My feeling towards Man is one of utter scornfulness,
And he that would o'ercome it, let him ride around the
summit
Of my battlemented Castle by the Maine,"
Said the Lady Eleanora,
Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

So came a knight anon to ride around the parapet,
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

So came a knight anon to ride around the parapet,
Man and horse were hurled together o'er the crags that
beetled nether.

Said the Lady, "There, I fancy, they'll remain!"

Said the Lady Eleanora,

Queenly Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

Then came another knight to ride around the parapet,
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then came another knight to ride around the parapet,
Man and horse fell down, asunder, o'er the crags that
beetled under.

Said the Lady, "They'll not leap the leap again!"

Said the Lady Eleanora,

Lovely Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

Came other knights anon to ride around the parapet,
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Came other knights anon to ride around the parapet,
Till six and thirty corsees of both mangled men and horses
Had been sacrificed as victims at the fane

Of the Lady Eleanora,

Stately Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

That woeful year was by, and Ritter none came after-
wards

To Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

That woeful year was by, and Ritter none came after-
wards;

The Castle's lonely basscourt looked a wild o'ergrown-
with-grasscourt;

'Twas abandoned by the Ritters and their train
To the Lady Eleanora,
Haughty Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

She clomb the silent wall, she gazed around her sovran-
like,

The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

She clomb the silent wall, she gazed around her sovran-
like;

"And wherefore have departed all the Brave, the Lion-
hearted,

Who have left me here to play the Castellain?"

Said the Lady Eleanora,

Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

"And is it fled for aye, the palmy time of Chivalry?"

Cried Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

"And is it fled for aye, the palmy time of Chivalry?"

Shame light upon the cravens! May their corpses gorge
the ravens,

Since they tremble thus to wear a woman's chain!"

Said the Lady Eleanora,

Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

The story reached at Gratz the gallant Margrave Gondi-
bert

Of Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

The story reached at Gratz the gallant Margrave Gondi-
bert.

Quoth he, "I trow the woman must be more or less than
human;

She is worth a little peaceable campaign,

Is the Lady Eleanora,

Is the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!"

He trained a horse to pace round narrow stones laid merlonwise,

For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

He trained a horse to pace round narrow stones laid merlonwise,

“Good Grey! do thou thy duty, and this rocky-bosomed beauty

Shall be taught that all the vauntings are in vain

Of the Lady Eleanora,

Of the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne?”

He left his castle-halls, he came to Lady Eleanor’s,

The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

He left his castle-halls, he came to Lady Eleanor’s.

“O, lady, best and fairest, here am I,—and, if thou carest,

I will gallop round the parapet amain,

Noble Lady Eleanora,

Noble Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!”

She saw him spring to horse, that gallant Margrave Gondibert,

The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

She saw him spring to horse, that gallant Margrave Gondibert.

“O, bitter, bitter sorrow! I shall weep for this to-morrow!

It were better that in battle he were slain,”

Said the Lady Eleanora,

Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,

For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then rode he round and round the battlemented parapet;

The Lady wept and trembled, and her paly face resembled,

As she looked away, a lily wet with rain ;

Hapless Lady Eleanora !

Hapless Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

So rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,

For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

So rode he round and round the battlemented parapet ;

“Accurst be my ambition ! He but rideth to perdition,

He but rideth to perdition without rein !”

Wept the Lady Eleanora,

Wept the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Yet rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,

For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Yet rode he round and round the battlemented parapet.

Meanwhile her terror shook her—yea, her breath well nigh forsook her.

Fire was burning in the bosom and the brain

Of the Lady Eleanora,

Of the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

Then rode he round and off the battlemented parapet

To Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then rode he round and off the battlemented parapet.

“Now blest be God for ever ! This is marvellous ! I never

Cherished hope of laying eyes on thee agayne,”

Cried the Lady Eleanora,

Joyous Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

"The Man of Men thou art, for thou hast fairly conquered
me,

The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

The Man of Men thou art, for thou hast fairly conquered
me.

I greet thee as my lover, and, ere many days be over,
Thou shalt wed me and be Lord of my domain,"
Said the Lady Eleanora,
Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then bowed the graceful knight, the gallant Margrave
Gondibert,

To Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then bowed that graceful knight, the gallant Margrave
Gondibert,

And thus he answered coldly, "There be many who as
boldly

Will adventure an achievement they disdain,
For the Lady Eleanora,
For the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

"Mayest bide until they come, O stately Lady Eleanor!

O, Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

Mayest bide until they come, O stately Lady Eleanor!

And thou and they may marry, but, for me, I must not
tarry,

I have won a wife already out of Spain,
Virgin Lady Eleanora,
Virgin Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!"

Thereon he rode away, the gallant Margrave Gondibert,
From Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Thereon he rode away, the gallant Margrave Gondibert,

And long in shame and anguish did that haughty Lady
languish,

Did she languish without pity for her pain,

She the Lady Eleanora,

She the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

And year went after year, and still in barren maiden-
hood

Lived Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

And wrinkled Eld crept on, and still her lot was maiden-
hood,

And, woe! her end was tragic; she was changed, at
length, by magic,

To an ugly wooden image, they maintain;

She, the Lady Eleanora,

She, the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

And now, before the gate, in sight of all, transmogrified,

Stands Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Before her castle-gate, in sight of all, transmogrified,

And he that won't salute her must be fined in foaming
pewter,

If a boor—but, if a burgher, in champagne,

For the Lady Eleanora,

Wooden Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

The Dying Flower.

BEING A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PASSENGER AND A FADING VIOLET.

PASSENGER.

“DROOP not, poor flower!—there’s hope for thee:
The Spring again will breathe and burn,
And glory robe the kingly tree,
Whose life is in the sun’s return;
And once again its buds will chime
Their peal of joy from viewless bells,
Though all the long dark Winter-time
They mourned within their dreary cells.”

FLOWER.

“Alas! no kingly tree am I,
No marvel of a thousand years:
I cannot dream a Winter by,
And wake with song when Spring appears.
At best my life is kin to Death;
My little all of Being flows
From Summer’s kiss, from Summer’s breath,
And sleeps in Summer’s grave of snows.”

PASSENGER.

“Yet, grieve not! Summer may depart,
And Beauty seek a brighter home,
But, thou, thou bearest in thy heart
The germ of many a life to come.

Mayest lightly reck of Autumn-storms;
Whate'er thy individual doom,
Thine essence, blent with other forms,
Will still shine out in radiant bloom!"

FLOWER.

"Yes!—moons will wane, and bluer skies
Breathe blessing forth for flower and tree;
I know that while the Unit dies,
The Myriad live immortally:
But shall my soul survive in them?
Shall I be all I was before?
Vain dream! I wither, soul and stem,
I die, and know my place no more!

"The sun may lavish life on them;
His light, in Summer morns and eves,
May colour every dewy gem
That sparkles on their tender leaves;
But this will not avail the Dead:
The glory of his wondrous face
Who now rains lustre on my head,
Can only mock my burial place!

"And woe, to me, fond foolish one,
To tempt an all-consuming ray!
To think a flower could love a Sun,
Nor feel her soul dissolve away!
Oh, could I be what once I was,
How should I shun his fatal beam!
Wrapt in myself, my life should pass
But as a still, dark, painless dream!

“But, vainly in my bitterness
I speak the language of despair:
In life, in death, I still must bless
The sun, the light, the cradling air!
Mine early love to them I gave.
And, now that yon bright orb on high
Illumines but a wider grave,
For them I breathe my final sigh!

“How often soared my soul aloft
In balmy bliss too deep to speak,
When Zephyr came and kissed with soft,
Sweet incense-breath my blushing cheek!
When beauteous bees and butterflies
Flew round me in the summer beam,
Or when some virgin’s glorious eyes
Bent o’er me like a dazzling dream!

“Ah, yes! I know myself a birth
Of that All-wise, All-mighty Love
Which made the flower to bloom on earth,
And sun and stars to burn above;
And if, like them, I fade and fail,
If I but share the common doom,
Let no lament of mine bewail
My dark descent to Hades’ gloom!

“Farewell, thou Lamp of this green globe!
Thy light is on—my dying face,
Thy glory tints—my faded robe,
And clasps me in—a death-embrace!

Farewell, thou balsam-dropping Spring!
Farewell, ye skies that beam and weep!
Unhoping and unmurmuring,
I bow my head and sink to sleep!"

Nature more than Science.

I HAVE a thousand thousand lays,
Compact of myriad myriad words,
And so can sing a million ways,
Can play at pleasure on the chords
Of tuned harp or heart;
Yet is there one sweet song
For which in vain I pine and long;
I cannot reach that song, with all my minstrel-art.

A shepherd sits within a dell,
O'er-canopied from rain and heat:
A shallow but pellucid well
Doth ever bubble at his feet.
His pipe is but a leaf,
Yet there, above that stream,
He plays and plays, as in a dream,
One air that steals away the senses like a thief.

A simple air it seems in truth,
And who begins will end it soon;
Yet, when that hidden shepherd-youth
So pours it in the ear of Noon,

Tears flow from those anear.
All songs of yours and mine
Condensed in one were less divine
Than that sweet air to sing, that sweet, sweet air
to hear!

'Twas yesternoon he played it last;
The hummings of a hundred bees
Were in mine ears, yet, as I passed,
I heard him through the myrtle trees.
Stretched all along he lay,
'Mid foliage half-decayed,
His lambs were feeding while he played,
And sleepily wore on the stilly Summer-day.



Gone in the Wind.

SOLOMON! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the
Blind,
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

Man! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy
mind?
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind;
Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and
enshrined,
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

Say, what is Pleasure? A phantom, a mask undefined;
Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the
rind;
Honour and Affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath
signed
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Who is the Fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!
He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind!

Mortal! be careful with what thy best hopes are en-
twined;
Woe to the miners for Truth—where the Lampless have
mined!
Woe to the seekers on earth for—what none ever find!
They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the
wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Happy in death are they only whose hearts have con-
signed
All Earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

Pity, thou, reader! the madness of poor Humankind,
Raving of Knowledge,—and Satan so busy to blind!

Raving of Glory,—like me,—for the garlands I bind
 (Garlands of song) are but gathered, and—strewn in the
 wind!

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
 Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
 I, Abul-Namez, must rest; for my fire hath declined,
 And I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind!



And Then No More.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
 'Twas Eden's light on Earth awhile, and then no more.
 Amid the throng she passed along the meadow-floor:
 Spring seemed to smile on Earth awhile, and then no more,
 But whence she came, which way she went, what garb
 she wore,
 I noted not; I gazed awhile, and then no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
 'Twas Paradise on Earth awhile, and then no more:
 Ah! what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore?
 She shone before mine eyes awhile, and then no more.
 The shallop of my peace is wrecked on Beauty's shore;
 Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and then no more!

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
 Earth looked like Heaven a little while, and then no more.
 Her presence thrilled and lighted to its inner core

My desert breast a little while, and then no more.
So may, perchance, a meteor glance at midnight o'er
Some ruined pile a little while, and then no more!

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more,
The earth was Peri-land awhile, and then no more.
Oh, might I see but once again, as once before,
Through chance or wile, that shape awhile, and then no
more!

Death soon would heal my griefs! This heart, now sad
and sore,

Would beat anew a little while, and then no more!



The Cathedral of Cologne.

THE Dome, the Dome of Cologne!

Antique, unique, sublime—

Rare monument from the elder time,

Begun so long ago,

Yet never finished, though wrought at oft—

Yonder it soars alone,

Alone, aloft,

Blending the weird, and stern, and soft,

The Cathedral-dome of Cologne!

The Dome, the Dome of Cologne!

Whence came its Meister's plan?

Before or since to the eye of man

Was never aught like it shown!

Alas! the matchless Meister died!

Alas! he died!—and none
 Thereafter tried
 To fathom the mystery typified
By the marvellous Dome of Cologne!

The Dome, the Dome of Cologne!
 In the troublesome times of old
 The soldier alone won fame and gold—
The artist passed for a drone!
 War's hurricanes rocked and wasted earth;
Men battled for shrine or throne;
 None sat by his hearth
 To ponder the means of a second birth
For the holy Dome of Cologne!

The Dome, the Dome of Cologne!
 To God be immortal praise
 That now at length, in our own bright days,
THE MEISTER'S PLAN IS KNOWN!
 Research hath brought the relic to light
From its mausoleum of stone—
 We hail with delight
 A treasure so long concealed from sight,
THE ORIGINAL DOME OF COLOGNE!

The Dome, the Dome of Cologne!
 Its hour of glory is nigh!
 Build ye it high as the sapphire sky!
As moonlight never hath shone
 On Temple of such a magnificent
Ideal from zone to zone,
 So, aid its ascent
 To the sapphire blue of the firmament,
The Cathedral-dome of Cologne!

AUGUST SCHNEZLER.

The Deserted Mill.

It stands in the lonely Winterthal,
At the base of Ilsberg hill ;
It stands as though it fain would fall,
The dark Deserted Mill,
Its engines, coated with moss and mould,
Bide silent all the day ;
Its mildewed walls and windows old
Are crumbling into decay.

So through the Daylight's lingering hours
It mourns in weary rest ;
But, soon as the sunset's gorgeous bowers
Begin to fade in the west,
The long-dead millers leave their lairs,
And open its creaking doors,
And their feet glide up and down its stairs,
And over its dusty floors.

And the millers' men, they too awake,
And the night's weird work begins :
The wheels turn round, the hoppers shake,
The flour falls into the binns.
The mill-bell tolls agen and agen,
And the cry is, " Grist here, ho !"

And the dead old millers and their men
Move busily to and fro.

And ever as the night wears more and more
New groups throng into the Mill,
And the clangor, deafening enough before,
Grows louder and wilder still.
Huge sacks are barrowed from floor to floor ;
The wheels redouble their din ;
The hoppers clatter, the engines roar ;
And the flour o'erflows the binn.

But with the Morning's pearly sheen
This ghastly hubbub wanes ;
And the moon-dim face of a woman is seen
Through the meal-dulled window panes.
She opens the sash, and her words resound
In tones of unearthly power—
“Come hither, good folks, the corn is ground ;
Come hither, and take your flour !”

Thereon strange hazy lights appear
A-flitting all through the pile.
And a deep, melodious, choral cheer
Ascends through the roof the while.
But, a moment more, and you gaze and hark
And wonder and wait in vain ;
For suddenly all again is dark,
And all is hushed again.

It stands in the desolate Winterthal,
At the base of Ilsberg hill ;

It stands as though it would rather fall,
The Long-deserted Mill.
Its engines, coated with moss and mould,
Bide silent all the day ;
And its mildewed walls and windows old
Are crumbling fast away.

The Lily-Maidens.

A POPULAR LEGEND OF THE BLACK FOREST.

ANIGH the gloomy Mummel-Zee¹
Do live the palest lilies many :
All day they droop so drowsily,
In azure air and rainy ;
But when the dreamful noon of Night
Rains down on earth its yellow light,
Up spring they, full of lightness,
In Woman's form and brightness.

The sad reeds moan like spirits bound
Along the troubled water's border,
As, hand-with-hand, linked wreathwise round,
The virgins dance in order,
Moonwhite in features as in dress,
Till o'er their phantom huelessness
A warmer colour gushes,
And tints their cheeks with blushes.

¹ A lake in the Black Forest, near Baden.

Then pipe the reeds a sadder tune ;
The wind raves through the tannen-forest ;
The wolves in chorus bay the moon,
Where glance her grey beams hoarest ;
And round and round the darkling grass
In mazy whirl the dancers pass,
And loudlier boom the billows
Among the reeds and willows.

But see!—the Giant-Elf¹ anon
Half rises from the water's bosom,
With streaming beard, and head whereon
Dank weeds for garlands blossom ;
And, fiercely lifting towards the strand
A naked arm and clenched hand,
He shouts in tones of thunder
That wake the abysses under !

Then lake and winds and dancers rest :
And, as the water ceases booming,
The Elf cries, “ Hence, ye Shapes unblest,
And leave my lilies blooming ! ”
And lo ! the streaky Morn is up,
Dew-diamonds brim each flowret's cup,
And Mummel's lily-daughters
Once more bend o'er his waters.

¹ The Tutelary Genius of the Lake.

WILHELM MUELLER.

The Sunken City.

HARK! the faint bells of the Sunken City
Peal once more their wonted evening-chime;
From the Deep's abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean-grave,
Undescried, save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who hath seen them glisten,
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
Though Death lurks behind each dark rock round.

So the bells of Memory's Wonder-city
Peal for me their old melodious chime:
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Sad and pleasant, from the by-gone time.

Domes, and towers, and castles, fancy-built,
There lie lost to Daylight's garish beams,
There lie hidden, till unveiled and gilded,
Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams!

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
From a many a well-known phantom-band,
And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
Far off in the Spirit's luminous Land!



The Bride of the Dead.

MOTHER dear, thy happy heart is weetless of my dolour.
Why a wedding robe for me, and why its purple colour?
This proud purple shall show paler in the daydawn early,
All night long my tears thereon shall fall so fast and
pearly!

But if Morning's golden sun arise and find me sleeping,
If the robe remain unblanched, for all my weary weeping,
Carl shall come to aid me from his bed below the billow,
And his locks shall steep afresh my purple and my pillow.

For he lies where gentle waters watch as friends above him;
And when these shall whisper him that she who vowed
to love him
Trembles lest the jealous heart that in his youth he gave
her
Now forsake her bosom, he will rise and come to save her.

Mother dear, I go to church—but thence into a far land.
Give my bridegroom only this funereal cypress garland.
All that he shall find will be a maiden's corpse to-morrow
Stretched before the altar where the widows kneel in
sorrow.

Noon-day Dreaming.

THERE danceth adown the mountain
The Child of a lofty race,
A Streamlet fresh from its Fountain
Hies towards the valley apace.

Some fairy hath whispered "Follow!"
And I have obeyed her well:
I thread the Blossomy Hollow
With my pilgrim staff and shell.

On, on, behold me straying,
And ever beside the stream,
As I list its murmurous playing,
And mark how its wavelets gleam.

Can this be the path I intended?
O, Sorceress! what shall I say?
Thy dazzle and music blended
Have wiled my reason away!

No mortal sounds are winging
Their wonted way along;
Oh, no! some Naiad is singing
A flattering summer song!

And loudlier doth she flatter,
And loudlier, loudlier still,—
Hark! hark!—how merrily clatter
The wheels of the village-mill!

FRIEDRICH BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

Vale and Highway.

IN a shady dell a Shepherd sate,
And by his side was the fairest mate !
The hearts of both the youth and maiden
With love were laden and overladen.

And, as they spake with tongue and eye,
A weary wandering man rode by ;
A swarthy wayfarer, worn with travel,
Rode wearily over the burning gravel.

“Down hither, and rest thee, thou Weary One !
Why ride at noon in the scorching sun ?
Rest here in this dell, so cool and darkling
That even the rivulets run unsparkling.

“And I and the maiden thou seest with me
Will gather the palest flowers for thee,
And weave them into as pale a garland
As wreathes the brow of a fay from Star-land.”

So spake the Shepherd, all cool in the shade,
And thus the Wanderer answer made :
“Though the way be long and the noon be burning,
I ride unresting and unreturning :

“For I was false to my vows, and sold
The early love of my heart for gold;
So dare I seek Rest and Happiness never,
But only Gold for ever and ever!

“No flowers for me, until Pity’s tears
Bedew the few that in after-years
May droop where the winds shall be nightly telling
How low I lie in my last dark dwelling!”



Alexander the Great and the Tree.

THE sun is warm, the air is bland,
The heavens wear that stainless blue
Which only in an orient land
The eye of man may view;
And lo! around, and all abroad,
A glittering host, a mighty horde,
And at their head a demigod,
Who slays with lightning-sword.

The bright noon burns, but idly now
Those warriors rest by vale and hill,
And shadows on their Leader’s brow
Seem ominous of ill.
Spell-bound, he stands beside a Tree,
And well he may, for, through its leaves,
Unstirred by wind, come brokenly
Moans, as of one that grieves.

How strange! he thought:—Life is a boon
Given and resumed, but *how*, and *when*?
But now I asked myself how soon
I should go home agen,
How soon I might again behold
My mourning mother's tearful face—
How soon my kindred might enfold
Me in their dear embrace!

There was an Indian Magian there,
And, stepping forth, he bent his knee.
“Oh, King!” he said, “be wise!—beware
This too prophetic tree!”
“Ha!” cried the King, “thou knowest, then, Seer,
What yon strange oracle reveals?”
“Alas!” the Magian said, “I hear
Deep words like thunder-peals!

“I hear the groans of more than Man,
Hear tones that warn, denounce, beseech;
Hear—woe is me! how darkly ran
That strain of thrilling speech!
‘Oh, King,’ it spake, ‘all-trampling King,
Thou leadest legions from afar,
But, Battle droops his clotted wing,
Night menaces thy star!

“‘Fond visions of thy boyhood's years
Dawn like dim light upon thy soul;
Thou seest again thy mother's tears,
Which Love could not control.

Ah! thy career in sooth *is* run,
Ah! thou indeed returnest *home*;
The Mother waits to clasp her son
Low in her gloomful dome!

“‘Yet, go rejoicing! He who reigns
O’er Earth alone, leaves worlds unscanned.
Life binds the spirit as with chains;
Seek thou the Phantom-land!
Leave Conquest all it looks for here—
Leave willing slaves a bloody throne—
Thine henceforth is another sphere—
Death’s realm, the dark Unknown!’”

The Magian ceased:—the leaves were hushed,
But wailings broke from all around,
Until the Chief, whose red blood flushed
His cheek with hotter bound,
Spake in the tones of one with whom
Fear never yet had been a guest,
“And when doth Fate achieve my doom?
And where shall be my rest?”

“Oh, noble heart!” the Magian said,
And tears unbidden filled his eyes,
“We should not weep for thee;—the Dead
Change but their home and skies;
The moon shall beam, the myrtles bloom,
For thee no more; yet, sorrow not!
The immortal pomp of Hades’ gloom
Best consecrates thy lot!

“In June, in June, in laughing June,
And where the dells show deepest green,
Pavilioned overhead at noon
With gold and silver sheen,
These be for thee the place, the time :
Trust not thy heart, trust not thine eyes,
Beyond the Mount thy warm hopes climb
The Land of Darkness lies!”

Unblenching at the fateful words,
The hero turned around in haste—
“On!—on!” he cried, “ye million swords!
Your course, like mine, is traced.
Let me but close Life’s narrow span
Where weapons clash and banners wave;
I would not live to mourn that Man
But conquers for a grave!”



A Sigh.

FARE-THEE-SWEETLY, Youthhood’s time,
Golden time of Love and Singing!
Hope and Joy were in their prime
Only when thy flowers were springing.

All thy voiceful soul is mute,
Thou hast dreamed thy dream of glory :
Scarcely now can lyre or lute
Wake one echo of thy story!

Ah! the heart is but a grave,
Late or soon, for young Affection.
There the Love that Nature gave
Sleeps, to know no resurrection.

This our sons will echo long ;
This our sires have sung before us :
Join, then, we the shadowy throng!
Swell, then, we the spectral chorus!



FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.



The Spectre-Caravan.

'Twas at midnight, in the Desert, where we rested on the
ground ;
There my Beddaweens were sleeping, and their steeds
were stretched around ;
In the farness lay the moonlight on the Mountains of the
Nile,
And the camel-bones that strewed the sands for many an
arid mile.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,
And my kaftan-cloth unfolded o'er my limbs was lightly
spread,

While beside me, as the Kapitaun and watchman of my
band,
Lay my Bazra sword and pistols twain a-shimmering on
the sand.

And the stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a cry
From some stray belated vulture sailing blackly down the
sky,
Or the snortings of a sleeping steed at waters fancy-seen,
Or the hurried warlike mutterings of some dreaming
Beddaween.

When, behold!—a sudden sandquake—and atween the
earth and moon
Rose a mighty Host of Shadows, as from out some dim
lagoon:
Then our coursers gasped with terror, and a thrill shook
every man,
And the cry was, "*Allah Akbar!*—'tis the Spectre-
Caravan!"

On they came, their hueless faces toward Mecca ever-
more;
On they came, long files of camels, and of women whom
they bore,
Guides and merchants, youthful maidens, bearing pitchers
in their hands,
And behind them troops of horsemen following, sunless
as the sands!

More and more! the phantom-pageant overshadowed all
the plains,
Yea, the ghastly camel-bones arose, and grew to camel-
trains;

And the whirling column-clouds of sand to forms in dusky
garbs,
Here, afoot as Hadjee pilgrims—there, as warriors on
their barbs!

Whence we knew the Night was come when all whom
Death had sought and found
Long ago amid the sands whereon their bones yet bleach
around,
Rise by legions from the darkness of their prisons low
and lone,
And in dim procession march to kiss the Kaaba's Holy
Stone.

And yet more and more for ever!—still they swept in
pomp along,
Till I asked me, Can the Desert hold so vast a muster-
throng?
Lo! the Dead are here in myriads; the whole World of
Hades waits,
As with eager wish to press beyond the Babelmandel
Straits!

Then I spake, "Our steeds are frantic: To your saddles,
every one!
Never quail before these Shadows! You are children of
the Sun!
If their garments rustle past you, if their glances reach
you here,
Cry *Bismillah!*—and that mighty Name shall banish
every fear.

“Courage, comrades! Even now the moon is waning
far a-west,
Soon the welcome Dawn will mount the skies in gold and
crimson vest,
And in thinnest air wilt melt away those phantom shapes
forlorn,
When again upon your brows you feel the odour-winds
of Morn!”



The Lion's Hide.

WHAT!—wilt thou bind him fast with a chain?
Wilt bind the King of the Cloudy Sands?
Idiot fool!—he has burst from thy hands and bands,
And speeds like Storm through his far domain!
See!—he crouches down in the sedge
By the water's edge,
Making the startled sycamore-boughs to quiver.
Gazelle and Giraffe, I think, will shun that river!

Not so!—The curtain of Evening falls,
And the Kaffer, mooring his light canoe
To the shore, glides down through the hushed Karroo,
And the watchfires burn in the Hottentot-kraals,
And the Antelope seeks a bed in the bush
Till the Dawn shall blush,
And the Zebra stretches his limbs by the tinkling fountain,
And the changeful signals fade from the Table-Mountain:

Now look through the dusk!—what seest thou now?
Seest such a tall Giraffe! She stalks
All majesty through the Desert's walks—

In search of water to cool her tongue and brow;
From tract to tract of the limitless waste
Behold her haste!
Till, bowing her long neck down, she buries her face in
The reeds, and, kneeling, drinks from the river's basin.

But, look again!—look!—see once more
Those globe-eyes glare! The gigantic reeds
Lie cloven and trampled like puniest weeds—

The Lion leaps on the Drinker's neck with a roar!
O, what a Racer! Can any behold
'Mid the housings of gold
In the stables of kings dyes half so splendid
As those on the brindled hide of yon wild animal
blended?

Greedily fleshes the Lion his teeth
In the breast of his writhing prey:—around
Her neck his loose brown mane is wound—

Hark, that hollow cry! She springs up from beneath—
And in agony flies over plains and heights.
See how she unites,
Even under such monstrous and torturing trammel,
With the grace of the Leopard the speed of the Camel!

She reaches the central moonlighted plain,
That spreadeth around all bare and wide;
Meanwhile, adown her spotted side
The dusky blood-gouts gush like rain—

And her woeful eyeballs, how they stare
On the void of Air!

Yet, on she flies—on—on;—for her there is no retreat-
ing;

And the Desert can hear the heart of the Doomed One
beating!

And lo! a stupendous column of sand,
A sand-spout out of that Sandy Ocean, upheals
Behind the pair in eddies and whirls;

Most like some flaming colossal brand,
Or wandering spirit of wrath
On his blasted path,
Or the dreadful Pillar that lighted the warriors and
women

Of Israel's land through the wildernesses of Yemen.

And the Vulture, scenting a coming carouse,
Sails, hoarsely screaming, down the sky;
The bloody Hyæna, be sure, is nigh,

Fierce pillager, he, of the charnel-house!
The Panther, too, who strangles the Cape-town sheep
As they lie asleep,
Athirst for his share in the slaughter, follows,
While the gore of their victim spreads like a pool in the
sandy hollows!

She reels,—but the King of the Brutes bestrides
His tottering throne to the last:—with might
He plunges his terrible claws in the bright
And delicate cushions of her sides.

Yet hold!—fair play!—she rallies again!
In vain,—in vain!

Her struggles but help to drain her life-blood faster—
She staggers—gasps—and sinks at the feet of her Slayer
and Master!

She staggers—she falls—she shall struggle no more!
The death rattle slightly convulses her throat—
Mayest look thy last on that mangled coat,
Besprent with sand, and foam, and gore!
Adieu! The Orient glimmers afar,
And the morning-star
Anon will rise over Madagascar brightly.—
So rides the Lion in Afric's deserts nightly!



Iceland-Moss Tea.

OLD even in boyhood, faint and ill,
And sleepless on my couch of woe,
I sip this beverage, which I owe
To Geyser's depths and Hecla's hill,

In fields where ice lies layer on layer,
And lava hardens o'er the whole—
And the Circle of the Arctic Pole
Looks forth on snow-crag's ever bare—

Where fierce volcanic fires burn blue
Through many a meteor-lighted night,
'Mid springs that foam in boiling might,
These blandly-bitter lichens grew.

Where, from the mountain's furnace-lair,
From thousand smoke-enveloped cones,
Colossal blocks of red-hot stones
Are night by night uphurled in air—

(Like blood-red Saga-birds of yore)
While o'er the immeasurable snows
A sea of burning resin flows
Bubbling like molten metal ore—

Where from the Jokuls' to the strand
The dimmed eye turns from smoke and steam
Only to track some sulphur-stream
That seethes along the blasted land—

Where clouds lie black on cinder-piles,
And all night long the lone Seal moans,
As, one by one, the mighty stones
Fall echoing down on far-off isles—

Where, in a word, hills vomit flame,
And storms for ever lash the sea,
There sprang this bitter moss for me,
Thence this astringent potion came.

Yes, and my heart beats lightlier now,
My blood begins to dance along:
I now feel strong—Oh, more than strong!
I feel transformed I know not how!

The Meteor-lights are in my brain—
I see through smoke the Desolate Shore—

The raging Torrent sweeps once more
From Hecla's crater o'er the plain.

Deep in my breast the Boiling Springs
Beneath apparent ice are stirred—
My thoughts are each a Saga-bird,
With tongues of livid flame for wings!

Ha!—what if this green beverage be
The Chalice of my future Life—
If now, as in yon Isle, the strife
Of Snow and Fire be born in me!

Oh, be it thus! Oh, let me feel
The lava-flood in every vein!
Be mine the Will that conquers Pain—
The heart of rock—the nerves of steel!

Oh, let the flames that burn unfed
Within me wax until they glow,
Volcano-like, through even the snow
That in few years shall strew my head!

And, as the stones that Hecla sees
Flung up to heaven through fiery rain,
Descend like thunderbolts again
Upon the distant Faroëse,¹

So let the rude but burning rhymes
Cast from the cauldron of my breast
Again fall flashing down, and rest
On human hearts in farthest climes!

¹ A cluster of islands in the Northern Ocean, to the N. E. of Shetland.

The Sheik of Mount Sinai.

A NARRATIVE OF OCTOBER, 1830.

“How sayest thou? Came to-day the Caravân
From Africa? And is it here?—’Tis well!
Bear me beyond the tent, me and mine ottomân!
I would myself behold it. I feel eager
To learn the youngest news. As the Gazelle
Rushes to drink will I to hear, and gather thence
fresh vigour.”

So spake the Sheik. They bore him forth; and thus began the Moor—

“Old man! Upon Algeria’s towers the Tricouleur is flying!
Bright silks of Lyons rustle at each balcony and door;
In the streets the loud Reveil resounds at break of day:
Steeds prance to the Marseillaise o’er heaps of Dead and Dying.
The Franks came from Toulon, men say.

“Southwards their legions marched through burning lands;

The Barbary sun flashed on their arms—about
Their chargers’ manes were blown clouds of Tunisian sands.

Knowest where the Giant Atlas rises dim in
The hot sky? Thither, in disastrous rout,
The wild Kabyles fled with their herds and women.

“The Franks pursued. Hu Allah!—each defile
Grew a very hell-gulf then, with smoke, and fire, and
bomb!
The Lion left the Deer’s half-cranch’d remains the while;
He snuffed upon the winds a daintier prey!
Hark! the shout, *En avant!* To the topmost peak
upclomb
The conquerors in that bloody fray!

“Circles of glittering bayonets crowned the mountain’s
height.
The hundred Cities of the Plain, from Atlas to the sea
afar,
From Tunis forth to Fez, shone in the noonday-light.
The spear-men rested by their steeds, or slaked their
thirst at rivulets:
And round them through dark myrtles burned,—each
like a star,—
The slender golden minarets.

“But in the valley blooms the odorous Almond-tree,
And the Aloe blossoms on the rock, defying storms
and suns.
Here was their conquest sealed. Look!—yonder heaves
the sea,
And far to the left lies Franquistán. The banners
flouted the blue skies.
The artillerymen came up. Mashallah! how the guns
Did roar to sanctify their prize!”

“’Tis they!” the Sheik exclaimed: “I fought among
them, I,
At the Battle of the Pyramids! Red all the long day ran,

Red as thy turban-folds, the Nile's high billows by!

But, their Sultaun?—Speak!—He was once my
guest.

His lineaments,—gait,—garb? Sawest thou the
Man?"—

The Moor's hand slowly felt its way into his breast.

"No," he replied: "he bode in his warm palace-halls.

A Pasha led his warriors through the fire of hostile
ranks;

An Aga thundered for him before Atlas' iron walls!

His lineaments, thou sayest? On gold, at least, they
lack

The kingly stamp. See here! A Spahi¹ of the Franks
Gave me this coin in chaffering some days back."

The Kashef² took the gold: he gazed upon the head and
face.

Was this the great Sultaun he had known long years
ago?

It seemed not; for he sighed as all in vain he strove to
trace

The still-remembered features. "Ah, no!—this," he
said, "is

Not *his* broad brow and piercing eye: who *this* man is
I do not know.

How very like a Pear his head is!"

¹ Horse-soldier.

² Governor.

The King of Congo and his Hundred Wives.

FILL up with bright palm-wine, unto the rim fill up
The cloven Ostrich-eggshell-cup,

And don your shells and chowries, ye Sultaunas !
O chuse your gayest, gorgeousest array,
As on the brilliant Beiram holiday
That opes the doors of your Zenaunas !

Come ! never sit a trembling on your silk deewauns !
What fear ye ? To your feet, ye timid fawns !

See here your zones embossed with gems and amber !
See here the firebright beads of coral for your necks !
In such a festal time each young Sultauna decks
Herself as for the nuptial-chamber.

Rejoice !—your Lord, your King comes home again !
His enemies lie slaughtered on the desert-plain.

Rejoice !—It cost you tears of blood to sever
From one you loved so well—but now your griefs are
o'er :

Sing ! Dance ! He leaves his land, his house, no more—
Henceforward he is yours for ever !

Triumphant he returns : nought seeks he now ; his hand
No more need hurl the javelin : sea and sand and land

Are his, far as the Zaire's blue billows wander ;
Henceforth he bids farewell to spear and battle-horse,
And calls you to his couch,—a cold one, for—his corse
Lies on the copper buckler yonder !

Nay, fill not thus the Harem with your shrieks!
'Tis he! Behold his cloak, striped, Quagga-like, with
 bloody streaks!
'Tis he! albeit his eyes lie glazed for ever under
Their lids,—albeit his blood no more shall dance along
In rapture to the music of the Tomtom-gong,
 Or headlong war-steed's hoof of thunder!

Yes! the Great Buffalo¹ sleeps! His mightiest victory
 was his last.
His warriors howl in vain—his necromancers gaze aghast—
 Fetish, nor magic wand, nor amulet of darnel,
Can charm back life to the clay-cold heart and limb.
He sleeps, and you, his women, sleep with him!
 You share the dark poms of his charnel!

Even now the headsman whets his axe to slay you at the
 funeral-feast.
Courage!—a glorious fate is yours! Through Afric and
 the East
 Your fame shall be immortal! Kordofán and Yemen
With stories of your lord's exploits and your devotedness
 shall ring,
And future ages rear skull-obelisks to the King
 Of Congo and his Hundred Women!

¹ "A kind of hired encomiast stood on the Monarch's left hand crying out à *pleine gorge*, during the whole ceremony, "See the Buffalo!—the Offspring of a Buffalo!—a Bull of Bulls!—the Elephant of superior strength!—the powerful Sultan Abd-el-rachmân-el-rashid!"—BROWN'S *Travels in Africa*.

To a Skating Negro.

MAN of giant height and form,
Who, beside the Gambia river,
Oft amid the lightning-storm
Sawest the glittering Fetish quiver!

Who hast poured the Panther's hot
Life-blood out beneath the Equator,
And with poisoned arrow shot
Through red reeds the Alligator!

Wherefore art thou here? Why flies
Thy fleet foot o'er frozen places—
Thou, the child of tropic skies,
Cradled in the sun's embraces?

Thou that, reeking from the wave,
On thy war-horse often sprunkest,
And around the Foulah slave
Guinea's badge of bondage flungest?

Oh, at home, amid thy mates,
There, where skulls tattooed and gory
Whiten high o'er palace-gates,
Let me see thee in thy glory!

Where gold gum from bursten trees
Oozes like the slime of Lethe,
As in dreams my spirit sees,
Let mine eyes in daylight see thee!

See thee, far from our chill North,
Which thou in thy soul abhorrest,
Chase the Koomozeno¹ forth
Through the boundless banyan-forest!

See thee, in thine own rich land,
Decked with gems of barbarous beauty,
Keeping watch, with spear in hand,
O'er thy Manza's² piles of booty!

Whirling, gliding here along,
Ever shifting thy position,
Thou resemblest, in this throng,
Some strange African magician,

Who, within the enchanted Ring,
All the hosts of Hell defieth,
Or, upborne on Griffin-wing,
Through Zahara's desert flieth!

Oh! when sunny Spring once more
Melts the ice of western oceans,
Hie thee back to that loved shore³
Where were born thy first emotions!

There around thy jetblack head
Bright gold dust in garlands flashes—
Here hoar frost and snows instead
Strew it but with silver ashes!

¹ Rhinoceros.

² Sovereign's.

³ A blunder of the Poet.

The Alexandrine Metre.

BOUND! bound! my desert-barb from Alexandria!
 My wild one! Such a courser no Emeer nor Shah
 Bestrides—whoever else may in those Eastern lands
 Rock in magnificent saddles upon field or plain!
 Where thundereth such a hoof as thine along the sands?
 Where streameth such a tail? Where such a meteor-
 mane?

As it stands written, thus thou neighest loud, “Ha! ha!”
 Spurning both bit and reins. The winds of Africa
 Blow the loose hair about thy chaffron to and fro!
 Lightning is in thy glance, thy flanks are white with
 foam,
 Thou art not, sure, the animal snaffled by Boileau,
 And whom Gottschedian¹ turnpike-law forbade to
 roam!

He, bitted, bridled, reined, steps delicately along,
 Ambling for ever to the air of one small song,
 Till he reaches the *Cæsura*. That’s a highway ditch
 For him to cross! He stops—he stares—he snorts:—
 at last
 Sheer terror screwing up his pluck to a desperate pitch,
 He—jumps one little jump, and the ugly gulf is passed.

¹ The allusion here is to Dr. Gottsched, the German Aristarchus of the eighteenth century. He was Professor of Metaphysics, Philosophy, and Logic, in the University of Leipsic; and his error lay in endeavouring to make Poetry metaphysical, philosophical, and logical.

Thou, meanwhile, speedest far o'er deserts and by streams,
Like rushing flame! To thee the same Cæsura seems
A chasm in Mount Sinai. The rock is riven in two!

Still on! Thy fetlocks bleed. Now for an earthquake
shock!

Hurrah! thou boundest over, and thine iron shoe
Charms rattling thunder and red lightning from the
rock!

Now hither! Here we are! Knowest thou this yellow
sand?

So!—there!—that's well! Reel under my controlling
hand!

Tush! never heed the sweat:—Honour is born of Toil.

I'll see thee again at sunset, when the southern breeze
Blows cool. Then will I lead thee o'er a soft green soil,
And water thee till nightfall in the Middle¹ Seas.



Gräbe.

THERE stood I in the Camp. 'Twas when the setting sun
Was crimsoning the tents of the Hussars.

The booming of the Evening-gun

Broke on mine ear. A few stray stars
Shone out, like silverblank medallions

Paving a sapphire floor. Then flowed in unison the tones
Of many hautboys, bugles, drums, trombones,
And fifes, from twenty-two battalions.

¹ Mediterranean.

They played, "Give glory unto God our Lord!"

A solemn strain of music and sublime,
That bade Imagination hail a coming time,
When universal Mind shall break the slaying sword,
And Sin, and Wrong, and Suffering shall depart
An Earth which Christian love shall turn to Heaven.

A dream!—yet still I listened, and my heart
Grew tranquil as that Summer-even.

But soon uprose pale Hecate—she who trances
The skies with deathly light. Her beams fell wan, but
mild,

On the long lines of tents, on swords and lances,
And on the pyramids of musquets piled
Around. Then sped from rank to rank

The signal order, "*Tzako ab!*" The music ceased to
play.

The stillness of the grave ensued. I turned away.
Again my memory's tablets showed a saddening blank!

Meanwhile another sort of scene

Was acted at the Outposts. Carelessly I strolled,
In quest of certain faces, into the Canteen.

Here wine and brandy, hot or cold,
Passed round. At one long table Fredericks-d'or
Glittered *à qui mieux mieux* with epanettes,
And, heedless of the constant call, "*Who sets?*"
Harpwomen played and sang old ballads by the score.

I sought an inner chamber. Here sat some

Dragoons and Yagers, who conversed, or gambled,
Or drank. The dice-box rattled on a drum.

I chose a seat apart. My speculations rambled.

Scarce even a passive listener or beholder,

I mused: "Give glory——" "*Qui en veut?*"—the
sound

Came from the drum-head. I had half turned round
When some one touched me on the shoulder.

"Ha!—is it you?" "None other." "Well—what news?

How goes it in Mulhausen?" Queries without end
Succeed, and I reply as briefly as I chuse.

An hour flies by. "Now then, adieu, my friend!"—
"Stay!—tell me——" "Quick! I am off to *Rouge et*
Noir."—

"Well—one short word, and then Good Night!—
Grabbe?"—"Grabbe? He is dead. Wait: let me see.
Ay, right!

We buried him on Friday last. *Bon soir!*"

An icy thrill ran through my veins.

Dead! Buried! Friday last!—and here!—*His* grave
Profaned by vulgar feet! Oh, Noble, Gifted, Brave!
Bard of *The Hundred Days*!¹—was this to be thy fate
indeed?

I wept; yet not because Life's galling chains
No longer bound thy spirit to this barren earth;
I wept to think of thy transcendant worth
And genius—and of what had been their meed!

I wandered forth into the spacious Night,
Till the first feelings of my heart had spent
Their bitterness. Hours passed. There was an Uhlan
tent
At hand. I entered. By the moon's blue light

¹ A poem by Grabbe thus entitled.

I saw some arms and baggage and a heap
Of straw. Upon this last I threw
My weary limbs. In vain? The moanful night-winds
blew
About my head and face, and Memory banished Sleep.

All night *he* stood, as I had seen him last,
Beside my couch. Had he indeed forsaken
The tomb? Or, did I dream, and should I waken?
My thoughts flowed like a river, dark and fast.
Again I gazed on that columnar brow:
“Deserted House! of late so bright with vividest flashes
Of Intellect and Passion, can it be that thou
Art now a mass of sparkless ashes?”

“Those ashes once were watch-fires, by whose gleams
The glories of the Hohenstauffen race,¹
And Italy’s shrines,¹ and Greece’s hallowed streams¹
Stood variously revealed—now, softly, as the face
Of Night illumined by her silver Lamp—
Now, burning with a deep and living lustre,
Like the high beacon-lights that stud this Camp,
Here, far apart,—there, in a circular cluster.

“This Camp! Ah, yes! methinks it images well
What thou hast been, thou lonely Tower!—
Moonbeams and lamplight mingled—the deep choral swell
Of Music in her peals of proudest power,
And then—the tavern dice-box rattle!
The Grand and the Familiar fought
Within thee for the mastery; and thy depth of thought
And play of wit made every conflict a drawn battle!

¹ The allusions are to Grabbe’s historical and illustrative works.

“And, oh! that such a mind, so rich, so overflowing
 With ancient lore and modern phantasy,
 And prodigal of its treasures as a tree
 Of golden leaves when Autumn-winds are blowing,
 That such a mind, made to illume and glad
 All minds, all hearts, should have itself become
 Affliction’s chosen Sanctuary and Home!—
 This is in truth most marvellous and sad!

“Alone the Poet lives—alone he dies.
 Cain-like, he bears the isolating brand
 Upon his brow of sorrow. True, his hand
 Is pure from blood-guilt, but in human eyes
 His is a darker crime than that of Cain,—
 Rebellion against Social Wrong and Law!”
 Groaning, at length I slept, and in my dreams I saw
 The ruins of a Temple on a desolate plain.



My Themes.

“Most weary man!—why wreathest thou
 Again and yet again,” methinks I hear you ask,
 “The turban on thy sunburnt brow?
 Wilt never vary
 Thy tristful task,
 But sing, still sing, of sands and seas as now,
 Housed in thy willow zumbul¹ on the Dromedary?”

¹ Basket.

“Thy tent has now o’er many times
Been pitched in treeless places on old Ammon’s plains!
We long to greet in blander climes
The Love and Laughter
Thy soul disdains.
Why wanderest ever thus in prolix rhymes
Through snows and stony wastes, while we come toiling
after?

“Awake! Thou art as one who dreams;
Thy quiver overflows with melancholy sand!
Thou faintest in the noontide beams!
Thy crystal beaker
Of Song is banned!
Filled with the juice of poppies from dull streams
In sleepy Indian dells, it can but make thee weaker!

“O! cast away the deadly draught,
And glance around thee then with an awakened eye!
The waters healthier bards have quaffed
At Europe’s Fountains
Still babble by,
Bright now as when the Grecian Summer laughed
And Poesy’s first flowers bloomed on Apollo’s mountains.

“So many a voice thine era hath,
And thou art deaf to all! O, study Mankind! Probe
The heart. Lay bare its Love and Wrath,
Its Joy and Sorrow!
Not round the globe,
O’er flood and field and dreary desert-path,
But into thine own bosom look, and thence thy marvels
borrow.

“Weep! Let us hear thy tears resound
From the dark iron concave of Life’s Cup of Woe!
Weep for the souls of Mankind, bound
In chains of Error!
Our tears will flow
In sympathy with thine when thou hast wound
Our feelings up to the proper pitch of Grief or Terror!

“Unlock the life-gates of the flood
That rushes through thy veins! Like Vultures, we delight
To glut our appetites with blood!
Remorse, Fear, Torment,
The blackening blight
Love smites young hearts withal—these be the food
For us! Without such stimulants our dull souls lie dormant!

“But no long voyagings—oh, no more
Of the weary East or South—no more of the Simoom—
No apples from the Dead Sea shore—
No fierce volcanoes,
All fire and gloom!
Or else, at most, sing *basso*, we implore,
Of Orient sands, while Europe’s flowers monopolise thy
Sopranos!”

Thanks, friends, for this your kind advice!
Would I could follow it—could bide in balmy lands!
But those far arctic tracts of ice,
Those wildernesses
Of wavy sands,
Are the only home I have. They must suffice
For one whose lonely hearth no smiling Peri blesses.

Yet, count me not the more forlorn
For my barbarian tastes. Pity me not. Oh, no !
The heart laid waste by Grief or Scorn,
Which inly knoweth
Its own deep woe,
Is the only Desert. *There* no spring is born
Amid the sands—in *that* no shady Palm-tree groweth !

The White Lady.

ONCE more the Phantom Countess, attired in white, ap-
pears,
With mourning and with wailing, with tremors and with
tears,
Once more appears a-gliding forth from pictures and from
walls
In Prussia's gorgeous palaces and old baronial halls—
And the guards that pace the ramparts and the terrace-
walks by night
Are stricken with a speechlessness and swooning at the
sight.

O pray for Lady Agnes !
Pray for the soul of Lady Agnes !

What bodes this resurrection upon our illumined stage ?
Comes she perchance to warn and wake a ghostless, god-
less age ?
Announces she the death of Kings and Kaisers as of
yore—
A funeral and a crowning—a pageant, and no more ?

I know not—but men whisper through the land, from
south to north,
That a deeper grief, a wider woe, to-day has called her
forth.

O pray for Lady Agnes!

Pray for the hapless Lady Agnes!

She nightly weeps—they say so!—o'er the beds of Young
and Old,

O'er the infant's crimson cradle—o'er the couch of silk
and gold.

For hours she stands, with claspèd hands, lamenting by
the side

Of the sleeping Prince and Princess—of the Landgrave
and his bride;

And at whiles along the corridors is heard her thrilling
cry—

“Awake, awake, my kindred!—The Time of Times is
nigh!”

O pray for Lady Agnes!

Pray for the suffering Lady Agnes!

“Awake, awake, my kindred! O saw ye what I see,
Sleep never more would seal your eyes this side eternity!
Through the hundred-vaulted cavern-crypts where I and
mine abide,

Boom the thunders of the rising storm, the surgings of the
tide—

You note them not: you blindly face the hosts of Hate
and Fate!

Alas! your eyes will open soon—too soon, yet all too
late!”

O pray for Lady Agnes!

Pray for the soul of Lady Agnes!

“ Oh, God! Oh, God! the coming hour arouses even the
Dead :

Yet the Living thus can slumber on, like things of stone
or lead.

The dry bones rattle in their shrouds, but you, you make
no sign!

I dare not hope to pierce your souls by those weak words
of mine,

Else would I warn from night to morn, else cry, ‘ O
Kings, be just!

Be just, if bold! Loose where you may: bind only
where you must!’ ”

O pray for Lady Agnes!

Pray for the wretched Lady Agnes!

“ I, sinful one, in Orlamund I slew my children fair :

Thence evermore, till time be o’er, my dole and my de-
spair.

Of that one crime in olden time was born my endless
woe;

For that one crime I wander now in darkness to and fro.

Think *ye* of me, and what I dree, you whom no law con-
trols,

Who slay your people’s holiest hopes, their liberties, their
souls!”

O pray for Lady Agnes!

Pray for the hapless Lady Agnes!

“ Enough! I must not say *Good Night*, or bid the doomed
Farewell!

Down to mine own dark home I go—my Hades’ dungeon
cell.

Above my head lie brightly spread the flowers that Sum-
mer gives,

Free waters flow, fresh breezes blow, all nature laughs
and lives ;
But where *you* tread the flowers drop dead, the grass
grows pale and sere,
And round you floats in clotted waves Hell's lurid atmos-
phere!"

O pray for Lady Agnes!
Pray for the wandering Lady Agnes!

She lifts on high her pallid arms—she rises from the
floor,
Turns round and round without a sound, then passes
through the door.
But through the open trellises the warden often sees
Her moonpale drapery floating down the long dim gal-
leries ;
And the guards that pace the ramparts and the terrace-
walks by night
Are stricken with a speechlessness and swooning at the
sight.

O pray for Lady Agnes!
And myriads more with Lady Agnes!



Freedom and Right.

O! THINK not the Twain have gone down to their graves!
O! say not that Mankind should basely despair,
Because Earth is yet trodden by tyrants and slaves,
And the sighs of the Noble are spent on the air!

Oh, no! though the Pole, from the swamps of the North,
Sees trampled in shreds the bright banner he bore;
Though Italy's heroes in frenzy pour forth
The rich blood of their hearts on the dark dungeon-
floor,

Still live—
Ever live in their might
Both Freedom and Right!

Who fight in the van of the battle must fall—
All honor be theirs!—'tis for Us to press on!
They have struck the first links from the gyves that en-
thral

Men's minds; and the half of our triumph is won—
The swift-coming triumph of Freedom and Right!
Yes! tremble, ye Despots! the hour will have birth
When, as vampires and bats, by the arrows of Light,
Your nature, your names, will be blasted from Earth!
For still—

Still live in their might
Fair Freedom and Right!

Gone down to the grave? No! if ever their breath
Gave life to the paralysed nations, 'tis now,
When the serf at length wakes, as from torpor or death,
And the sunshine of Hope gleams anew on his brow!
They traverse the globe in a whirlwind of fire—

They sound their deep trumpet o'er Ocean and Land,
Enkindling in myriads the quenchless desire
To arm as one man for the Conflict at hand!

Oh! still—
Still live in their might
Both Freedom and Right!

They rouse even dastards to combat and dare,
 Till the last of oppression's bastiles be o'erthrown ;
 When they conquer not here, they are conquering else-
 where,
 And ere long they will conquer all Earth for their own.
 Then first will be born the Millennium of Peace—
 And, O God ! what a garland will bloom in the sun,
 When the oak-leaf of Deutschland, the olive of Greece,
 And the trefoil of Ireland are blended in one!¹
 As they will ;
 For still in their might
 Live Freedom and Right !

And what, though before that Millennium can dawn,
 The bones of our Bravest must bleach on the plain ?
 Thank Heaven ! they will feel that the swords they have
 drawn
 Will be sheathed by the victors, undimmed by a stain !
 And their names through all time will be shrined in each
 heart
 As the moral Columbuses—they who unfurled
 That sunbeamy standard that shone as a chart
 To illumine our way to the better New World !

1 O, Gott, welch ein Kranz wird sie glorreich dann Zieren !
 Die Olive des Griechen, *das Kleeblatt* des IREN,
 Und vor Allem germanisches Eichengeflecht,
 —Die Freiheit ! das Recht !

FRIEDRICH VON MATTHISSON.

An Evening Landscape.

SUNSET pale
Gilds the vale,
And the pall of Evening slowly falls
Over Waldburg's ruined castle walls.

Full and free
Sweeps the sea,
And, far twinkling through the liquid green
Many a fisher's swan-white bark is seen.

Silver sand
Strews the strand,
While the clouds, red, pale, and purple, show
Their gay glories in the wave below.

And, behold!
Hued as gold,
Wild flowers climb the promontory's rock,
Where the fluttering sea-fowl swarm and flock.

In the skies
Poplars rise,
And the broad oaks ever darklier frown,
And the mountain-streamlets ripple down.

While, above
Strand and grove,
Orchard, rivulet and dusky dell,
Stands the moss o'ershaded hermit's cell.

But, night soon
Brings the moon,
And no more the golden sunset falls
Over Waldburg's ruined castle-walls.

Moonlight pale
Paints the vale,
And, in Fancy's ear, sad spirit-lays
Chaunt the memory of old hero-days.



Lobe's Reminiscences.

I THINK on thee
When through the vale
Is thrilling the wail
Of the sweet and mateless nightingale,
Then, love, I think on thee:
When thinkest thou on me?

I think on thee
Where the ruin is grey,
Where the moon's faint ray
Over urns and mounds is wont to play—
There, love, I think on thee;
Where thinkest thou on me?

I think on thee
With tremblings and fears,
And fast-falling tears,
And sleepless emotions that pierce me like spears—
Ah! thus I think on thee:
How thinkest thou on me?

Oh! think on me
Till above yon star,
That burneth afar,
Where Virtue and Innocence only are,
One day I meet with thee;
Oh! think till then on me!

To the Beloved One.

THROUGH pine-grove and greenwood, o'er hills and by
hollows,
Thine image my footsteps incessantly follows,
And sweetly thou smilest, or veilest thine eye,
While floats the white moon up the wastes of the sky.

In the sheen of the fire and the purple of dawn
I see thy light figure in bower and on lawn.
By mountain and woodland it dazes my vision
Like some brilliant shadow from regions Elysian.

Oft has it, in dreamings, been mine to behold
Thee, fairy-like, seated on throne of red gold;

Oft have I, upborne through Olympus's portals,
Beheld thee as Hebe among the Immortals.

A tone from the valley, a voice from the height,
Reëchoes thy name like the Spirit of Night;
The zephyrs that woo the wild flowers on the heath
Are warm with the odorous life of thy breath.

And oft when in stillest midnight my soul
Is borne through the stars to its infinite goal,
I long to meet thee, my Beloved, on that shore
Where hearts reunite to be sundered no more.

Joy swiftly departeth; soon vanisheth Sorrow;
Time wheels in a circle of morrow and morrow;
The sun shall be ashes, the earth waste away,
But Love shall reign king in his glory for aye.



JOHANN GAUDENZ BARON V. SALIS SEEWIS.

Cheerfulness.

SEE how the day beameth brightly before us!
Blue is the firmament—green is the earth—
Grief hath no voice in the Universe-chorus—
Nature is ringing with music and mirth.

Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness—
Gaze! and if Beauty can capture thy soul,
Virtue herself will allure thee to gladness—
Gladness, Philosophy's guerdon and goal.

Enter the treasures Pleasure uncloses—
List! how she thrills in the nightingale's lay!
Breathe! she is wafting thee sweets from the roses;
Feel! she is cool in the rivulet's play;
Taste! from the grape and the nectarine gushing
Flows the red rill in the beams of the sun—
Green in the hills, in the flowergroves blushing,
Look! she is always and everywhere one.

Banish, then, mourner, the tears that are trickling
Over the cheeks that should rosily bloom;
Why should a man, like a girl or a sickling,
Suffer his lamp to be quenched in the tomb?
Still may we battle for Goodness and Beauty;
Still hath Philanthropy much to essay:
Glory rewards the fulfilment of Duty;
Rest will pavilion the end of our way.

What, though corroding and multiplied sorrows,
Legion-like, darken this planet of ours,
Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows
Ever when Anguish hath palsied its powers;
Wherefore, though Fate play the part of a traitor,
Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of Hope,
Fearlessly certain that sooner or later
Over the stars thy desires shall have scope.

Look round about on the face of Creation !
Still is God's Earth undistorted and bright ;
Comfort the captives to long tribulation,
Thus shalt thou reap the more perfect delight.
Love!—but if Love be a hallowed emotion,
Purity only its rapture should share ;
Love, then, with willing and deathless emotion,
All that is just and exalted and fair.

Act!—for in Action are Wisdom and Glory ;
Fame, Immortality—these are its crown :
Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of Story,
Build on ACHIEVEMENTS thy Dome of Renown.
Honour and Feeling were given thee to cherish,—
Cherish them, then, though all else should decay :
Landmarks be these that are never to perish,
Stars that will shine on thy duskiest day.

Courage!—Disaster and Peril, once over,
Freshen the spirit, as showers the grove :
O'er the dim graves that the cypresses cover
Soon the Forget-Me-Not rises in love.
Courage, then, friends! Though the universe crumble,
Innocence, dreadless of danger beneath,
Patient and trustful and joyous and humble,
Smiles through the ruin on Darkness and Death.

The Grave.

THE Grave, it is deep and soundless,
And canopied over with clouds;
And trackless and dim and boundless
Is the Unknown Land that it shrouds.

In vain may the nightingales warble
Their songs—the roses of Love
And Friendship grow white on the marble
The Living have reared above.

The virgin, bereft at her bridal
Of him she has loved, may weep;
The wail of the orphan is idle;
It breaks not the buried one's sleep.

Yet everywhere else shall mortals
For Peace unavailingly roam:
Except through the Shadowy Portals
Goeth none to his genuine home!

And the heart that Tempest and Sorrow
Have beaten against for years,
Must look for a sunnier morrow
Beyond this Temple of Tears.

AUGUST ADOLF LUDWIG FOLLEN.

Freedom.

RING, ring, blithe Freedom's Song!
Roll forth as water strong
Down rocks in sheets!
Pale stands the Gallic swarm—
Our hearts beat high and warm—
Youth nerves the Teuton's arm
For glorious feats!

GOD: Father! to thy praise
The spirit of old days
In Deutschland's Youth
Spreads as a burning brand!
We hail the fourfold band,
God, Freedom, Fatherland,
Old German Truth?

Puretongued and pious be,
Manful and chaste and free,
Great Hermann's race!
And, while God's judgments light
On Tyranny's brute might,
Build We the People's Right
On Freedom's base!

For now in German breasts
 Fair Freedom manifests
 Her power at length;
 Her worth is understood;
 We vow to her our blood;
 We feel that Brotherhood
 Alone is Strength!

Ring, then, glad Song of Zeal,
 Loud as the thunderpeal
 That rocks the sphere!
 Our hearts, hopes, objects, One,
 Stand we, One Starry Zone,
 And round One Sun, the Throne,
 Be our career!



FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD COUNT STOLBERG.



To a Mountain Cataract.

UNTAMEABLE Young One!
 How loudly, how proudly,
 Thou thunderest forth from the firecloven mountain!
 No mortal eye ever beheld
 Thy cradle, thou Strong One!
 On no ear ever knelled
 The first cry of the Babe, the Wild Babe of the Fountain!

How beauteous thou art,
With those long silver locks!
How dreadful thou art
In each volley that shocks the reverberant rocks!
Pines tremble before thee;
The roots of their oldest
Thou wrenchest, like Death!
Rocks vainly implore thee;
Thou graspest the boldest,
And hurlest them, laughing, like pebbles, beneath!

Long ago, for thy glory,
The sun of the hoary
Mists over thee made
An imperial pavilion!
Long ago he arrayed
The bright bows that o'erarch thee in gold and vermillion!

And sweepst thou forth
To the green Summer sea?
Is thy liberty, then, of no worth?
Bring the mutinous crags, the torn tannen, no glee,
The reverberant cliffs no delight unto thee?
What! speedest along
To the sleek Summer sea,
When as yet thou art free and art strong,
Yea, as a god strong,
And as a god free?

The waves, as they bask in the richness of Noon,
Seem full of luxuriant repose,
Nor look they less calm in the beams of the Moon,
Less bright when the Summer eve glows,

But, what profits the boon
Of luxuriant repose,
Oh! what are the smiles of the friendliest moon,
Or the lustre that glows
In the West at the close
Of a long Summer day,
If the heart, if the soul have been yielded away,
And are sleeping in Slavery's harness?
Beware!—there are mists atween thee
And the Farness,
And masked is the snare
Of the specious Betrayer!
Beware!
There is Death in the green of the meadowy Sea!

O! rush not along
To the smooth Summer Sea!
When as yet thou art free and art strong,
Yea, as a god strong,
And as a god free!

The Grave.

LIFE'S Day is darked with Storm and Ill;
The Night of Death is mild and still:
The consecrated Grave receives
Our frames as Earth doth withered leaves.

There sunbeams shine, there dewy showers
Fall bright as on the garden-bowers;

And Friendship's tear-drops, in the ray
Of Hope, are brighter still than they.

The Mother¹ from her lampless dome
Calls out to all, "Come home! Come home!"
O! could we once behold her face,
We ne'er would shun her dark embrace.

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

The German's Fatherland.

WHERE is the German's Fatherland?
Is't Prussia? Swabia? Is't the strand
Where grows the vine, where flows the Rhine?
Is't where the gull skims Baltic's brine?
—No!—yet more great and far more grand
Must be the German's Fatherland!

How call they then the German's land?
Bavaria? Brunswick? Hast thou scanned
It where the Zuyder Zee extends?
Where Styrian toil the iron bends?
—No, brother, no!—thou hast not spanned
The German's genuine Fatherland!

¹ Earth.

Is then the German's Fatherland
Westphalia? Pomerania? Stand
Where Zurich's waveless water sleeps;
Where Weser winds, where Danube sweeps:
Hast found it now?—Not yet! Demand
Elsewhere the German's Fatherland!

Then say, Where lies the German's land?
How call they that unconquered land?
Is't where Tyról's green mountains rise?
The Switzer's land I dearly prize,
By Freedom's purest breezes fanned—
But no! 'tis not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
'Tis surely Austria, proud and bold,
In wealth unmatched, in glory old?
O! none shall write her name on sand;
But she is not the German's land!

Say then, Where lies the German's land!
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
Is't Alsace? Or Lorraine—that gem
Wrenched from the Imperial Diadem
By wiles which princely treachery planned?
No! these are not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Name now at last that mighty land!
Where'er resounds the German tongue—
Where German hymns to God are sung—
There, gallant brother, take thy stand!
That is the German's Fatherland!

That is his land, the land of lands,
Where vows bind less than clasped hands,
Where Valour lights the flashing eye,
Where Love and Truth in deep hearts lie,
And Zeal enkindles Freedom's brand,—
That is the German's Fatherland!

That is the German's Fatherland
Where Hate pursues each foreign band—
Where German is the name for friend,
Where Frenchman is the name for fiend,
And France's yoke is spurned and banned—
That is the German's Fatherland!

That is the German's Fatherland!
Great God! look down and bless that land!
And give her noble children souls
To cherish while Existence rolls,
And love with heart, and aid with hand,
Their Universal Fatherland!



AUGUST VON KOTZEBUE.



Be Merry and Wise.

No beauty, no glory, remaineth
Below the unbribable skies:
All Beauty but winneth and waneth—
All Glory but dazzles and dies.

Since multitudes cast in a gay mould
Before us have lived and have laughed,
To the slumberers under the claymould
Let goblet on goblet be quaffed!

For millions in centuries after
Decay shall have crumbled our bones
As lightly with revel and laughter
Will fill their progenitors' thrones.

Here banded together in union
Our bosoms are joyous and gay.
How blest, could our festive communion
Remain to enchant us for aye!

But Change is omnipotent ever;
Thus knitted we cannot remain;
Wide waves and high hills will soon sever
The links of our brotherly chain.

Yet, even though far disunited,
Our hearts are in fellowship still,
And all, if but one be delighted,
Will hear it with Sympathy's thrill.

And if, after years have gone o'er us,
Fate bring us together once more,
Who knows but the mirth of our chorus
May yet be as loud as before!

KARL EGON EBERT.

The Rebenge of Duke Swerting.

[“Swerting, Duke of the Saxons, was conquered in 435 by Frotho IV., King of the Danes, who imposed upon the Saxons a heavy yearly poll-tax. The Saxons in vain attempted to recover their independence; and Frotho humbled them still more by making them pay a tax for every one of their limbs that was two feet long. To keep the Saxons better in subjection, Frotho had thought it prudent to make his son Ingel marry the daughter of Swerting, in the hope of binding the latter to his interests by this alliance. But Swerting did not desert his own nation—he planned the destruction of the conqueror and oppressor of his country, and accomplished it nearly in the manner related in Ebert’s ballad.”—M. KLAUER-KLATTOWSKI, *German Ballads and Romances*, p. 303.]

O, A WARRIOR’S feast was Swerting’s in his Burg beside
the Rhine;
There from gloomy iron bell-cups they drank the Saxon
wine,
And the viands were served in iron up, in coldest iron all,
And the sullen clash of iron arms resounded through the
hall.

Uneasily sat Frotho there, the Tyrant of the Danes;
With louring brow he quaffed his cup, then eyed the iron
chains
That hung and clanked like manacles at Swerting’s arms
and breast,
And the iron studs and linkèd rings that bossed his ducal
vest.

“What may this bode, this chilling gloom, Sir Duke and
Brother Knights?

Why meet I here such wintry cheer, such sorry sounds
and sights?

Out on your shirts of iron! Will ye bear to have it told
That I found ye thus when Danish knights go clad in silks
and gold?”—

“King! Gold befits the freeman, the Iron marks the
slave;

So thought and spake our fathers, and their sons are just
and brave:

Thyself hast bound the iron round thy proud but con-
quered foe;

If thy chains had been but golden we had burst them
long ago.

“But I came not here to hold a parle, or tell a tristful
tale,

But to bid the dastard tremble and to make the tyrant
quail.

O, strong, Sir King, is iron, but the heart is stronger still,
Nor Earth nor Hell can cast in thrall a People’s mighty
Will!”

While his words yet rang like cymbals, there strode into
the hall

Twelve swarthy Saxon Rittersmen, with flaming torches
tall;

They stood to catch a signal-glance from Swerting’s eagle
eye,

Then again they rushed out, waving their pitchy brands
on high.

The Danish King grows paler, yet he brims his goblet
higher;

But the sultry hall is dark with smoke; he hears the hiss
of fire!

Yes! the Red Avenger marches on his fierce and swift
career,

And from man to man goes round the whisper, "Brother,
it is near!"

Up starts the King; he turns to fly; Duke Swerting
holds him fast.

"Nay, Golden King, the dice are down, and thou must
bide the cast.

If thy chains can fetter this fell foe, the glory be thine
own,

Thine be the Saxon Land for aye, and thine the Saxon
throne!"

But hotter, hotter burns the air all through that lurid
hall,

And louder groan the blackened beams; the crackling
rafters fall,

And ampler waxes momentarily the glare, the volumed flash,
Till at last the roof-tree topples down with stunning
thundercrash.

Then in solemn prayer that gallant band of Self-devoted
kneel—

"Just God! assail our souls, thus driven to Freedom's
last appeal!"

And Frotho writhes and rages, fire stifling his quick gasp,
But, strong and terrible as Death, his foe maintains his
grasp.

“Behold, thou haughty tyrant, behold what MEN can dare!

So triumph such,—so perish, too, enslavers everywhere!”
And the billowy flames, while yet he speaks, come roaring down the hall,

And the Fatherland is loosed for aye from Denmark’s iron thrall!

KARL IMMERMANN.

The Student of Prague.¹

WHAT riotous din is ringing?

What wassailers throng the house?

The Student of Prague is singing

The praise of his wild carouse.

¹ This ballad is founded on fact. In a note at the end of M. Klauer’s volume we have the genuine history of the hero, given in a narrative transcribed from Feszler and Fischer’s *Eunomia*, for July, 1805. The student was the son of a Pomeranian country clergyman, and was sent to Prague for the completion of his education. There his youth, temperament, and freedom from restraint soon led him into excesses, which increased until he became a confirmed libertine. He ceased to correspond with his kindred; and his father, preyed on by anxiety and grief, at length fell mortally ill. His mother now wrote to him, adjuring him to return and receive the dying benediction of the parent who had reared him in the love and fear of God; but in vain; the student, considering her story an invention to wile him home, refused to attach credit to it, and pursued his career of dissipation at Prague. Time wheeled on; at last, one night, as the student lay in bed, he was startled by a rustling sound nigh him, and in the same moment a gentle current of air passed over his face. Turning round with an involuntary shudder, he beheld a phantom

With bloodshot eyes and glowing,
 He shouts like one possessed,
 His goblet overflowing,
 His head on his leman's breast.

As pallid as alabaster,
 The servant ventures in :
 "'Tis midnight, O, my master !
 Cease now, at least, from sin !"—
 "Avaunt, thou croaking booby !
 I brook no babble from thee ;
 As long as the wine looks ruby
 Right jovial I swear to be !"

He drinks from his goblet faster ;
 Within lies a coiled worm :

leaning over the bed-side, and contemplating him with looks of the tenderest pity. It was the apparition of his dying father ! Terror mastered him at the sight ; he seized a sword that hung against the wall, and made a thrust at the spectre, which immediately disappeared. The student was now seriously alarmed, as all his dependence was upon his father, and next day he set out for Pomerania. But before he had accomplished more than half his journey homeward, a black letter met him, and, opening it, he found that it announced the death of his father. After a number of preliminary details, the following account was given of the last moments of the deceased.—"The desire of the sick man to see his child once more, the father's anguish at the thought of his son's depravity and obduracy augmented hourly. On the last evening of his life never a minute elapsed that he did not enquire, on the occasion of the slightest noise or movement near him, 'Has he come yet ? Is he there ?'—and when answered, 'Alas, no !' he would break forth into piteous lamentations over the wretched state of his lost son. Midnight came, passed ; he grew fainter and fainter. At one o'clock he had sunk into a state of strange calmness. It was thought that he slept. His family surrounded his bed. On a sudden a trembling came over him ; he turned himself round, and lifting his eyes to his daughter, who was affectionately watching by him, he exclaimed in a hollow voice, 'All is over ! My reprobate son has just struck at me with his sword !' Speech and consciousness then deserted him. Towards the dawning of day he gave up the ghost." M. Klauer's narrative, of which this is an abstract, closes here : the ballad, it will be perceived, carries the story further, but whether according to the strict truth or not, we cannot pretend to say.

"God gives thee a sign, my master!
It saith, Repent! Reform!"—
"Truce, dolt, to thy coffin-faces!
Go, preach to the fools that will hear;
Thus locked in my leman's embraces,
What accident have I to fear?"

He plays with her night-black tresses;
She breaks from his arms by force;
Her hand on her heart she presses;
She shrieks, and drops down a corse!
Then steps the servant past her,
And falls upon his knee:
"God shews thee a sign, O, master,
A fearful sign to thee!"—

"Away, thou hound, to the devil!
Red gold have I still in store
To win me wherewith to revel,
And fairer lemans a score.
So long as my dotard father
Takes care of this purse of mine,
So long, by hell, will I gather
The roses of Love and wine."

The servant, shuddering, fetches
Away the accusing Dead:
And the wild young Student stretches
His wasted limbs in bed.
The lurid lamp is shooting
A bluer glare anon;
The owls without are hooting;
The hollow bell tolls "One!"

When lo! a charnel vapour
Pervades the Student's room:
Then dies the darkening taper;
And, shimmering through the gloom,
A Shadow with look of sorrow
Bends over the reckless boy,
Who dreams of new pleasures to-morrow,
And laughs his libertine joy.

The Pitying Phantom raises
Its warning hand on high;
The Student starts; he gazes;
He grasps his bed-sword nigh;
He strikes at what resembles
His father's features pale;
And the stricken Phantom trembles,
And vanishes with a wail.

The wintry morn is dawning
In ashy-grey and red;
The servant undraws the awning
That screens his master's bed;
And a black-edged letter, weeping,
He gives the startled youth;¹
And the Student's flesh is creeping,
For he fears the dreadful truth.

“From thy mother, broken-hearted,
And widowed now by thee—
Thy father has departed
This life in agony.

¹ The rapid conveyance of this letter is of course a poetical license.

Whole nights I saw him languish ;
And still he called in wild
And ceaseless tones of anguish
For thee, his ruined child.

“At last he lay as trancèd ;
His struggles appeared to cease,
And I fondly hoped and fancied
His spirit was now at peace ;
But soon I heard him crying,
‘He strikes me with his sword !’
And his bitter curse in dying
On his hardened son was poured.”

The parricide Student ponders,
But word he utters not ;
He leaves the house and wanders
To a lone and desolate spot.
With scissors he there divests his
Proud head of its clustering hair,
And low on his hands he rests his
Shorn skull and temples bare.¹

And now what chant funereal,
What feasters fill the house ?
Their chant is a dirge of burial,
Their feast a death-carouse.
They drain the funeral-bowl off,
And chorus in accents vague
A hymn to the rest of the soul of
The penitent Student of Prague.

¹ Und nimmt in beide Hände
Den kahlgeschornen Kopf,

“and takes the bald-shorn head in both hands.” This passage appears to us *inconsequent*.

ALOYS SCHREIBER.

A Drinking-Song.

Look—look—this wine is German !
Therefore streams it full and flowing,
Therefore beams it bold and glowing,
Therefore, like a thirsty merman,
Quaff the brilliant cup divine ;
Brother, this is German wine !

Fill—fill—a bumper goblet !
Fill it high, and toast our olden
Fatherland, and them, the golden
Maids and men who aye ennoble it !
Fill the purple cup divine ;
Brother, this is German wine !

Drink—drink—to Ancient Usage ;
May their memory greenly flourish
Who of yore were first to nourish
Flesh and soul with this, and grew sage,
Quaffing such immortal wine.
Drink the Fathers of the Vine !

Toast—toast—the resurrection
Of our country from her torpor !
We have spurned the French Usurper ;

Freedom binds us and Affection,
 Me with thee, and mine with thine:
 Toast our triumph here in wine!

German worth and German wine,
 German speech and German manners,
 Be the motto on our banners!
 None can tremble, none can pine,
 While he drinks of German wine!



FERDINAND GOTTFRIED MAX V. SHEN- KENDORF.

Andreas Hofer.

“VICTORY! Victory! Inspruck’s taken
 By the Vintner of Passayer!”¹
 What wild joy the sounds awaken?
 Hearts grow bolder, faces gayer;
 Maidens, leaving duller labours,
 Weave the wreaths they mean to proffer;
 All the students, all the neighbours,
 March with music out to Hofer.

¹ Hofer kept an inn at Passeier, his birth-place; and even after he had taken up arms, he always went among the peasantry by the title of *der Sandwirth*, the Publican.

Till the Chief, commanding silence,
 Speaks, with tone and aspect sternest—
 “Men! lay down your trumpery vi’lins!
 Death and God are both in earnest!
Not for Music, not for Glory,
Leave I wives and orphans weeping;
 Perish Hofer’s name in story!
 He but seeks *one* goal unsleeping.

“Kneel in prayer, and chant your ros’ries!
 Theirs is music meet to cheer ye.
 When your hearts in speech that glows rise,
 God the LORD may deign to hear ye.
 Pray for me a sinner, lowly,
 Pray for our great Kaiser loudly;¹
 God keep Prince and People holy!
 May both guard the sceptre proudly!

Me, my time is short for suing;
 Shew God what and how the case is;
 Count him up what Dead are strewing
 Level plains and lofty places;
 State what hosts yet shield the Wronger;²
 And what clans of Austrian bowmen
 Speed the shout and shaft no longer:—
 God alone can crush our foemen.”

¹ Betet *leise* für mich Armen,
 Betet *laut* für unsern Kaiser.

Viz :—Pray *softly* for me [a] poor [sinner]
 Pray *aloud* for our Emperor.

I quote these lines because, upon casting my eye over the translation, “a sinner lowly” strikes me as somewhat of an ambiguity.

² Buonaparte.

JULIUS MOSEN.

The Death of Hofer.

AT Mantua long had lain in chains
The gallant Hofer bound ;
But now his day of doom was come—
At morn the deep roll of the drum
Resounded o'er the soldiered plains.
O Heaven! with what a deed of dole
The hundred thousand wrongs were crowned
Of trodden-down Tyról!¹

With iron-fettered arms and hands
The hero moved along.
His heart was calm, his eye was clear—
Death was for traitor slaves to fear!
He oft amid his mountain bands,
Where Inn's dark wintry waters roll,
Had faced it with his battle-song,
The Sandwirth of Tyról.

Anon he passed the fortress-wall,
And heard the wail that broke
From many a brother thrall within.
“Farewell!” he cried. “Soon may you win

¹ I suppose I need scarcely remark that this word is properly accented on the second syllable.

Your liberty! God shield you all!
Lament not me! I see my goal.
Lament the land that wears the yoke,
Your land and mine, Tyról!"

So through the files of musqueteers
Undauntedly he passed,
And stood within the hollow square.
Well might he glance around him there,
And proudly think on by-gone years!
Amid such serfs *his* bannerol,
Thank God! had never braved the blast
On thy green hills, Tyról!

They bade him kneel; but he with all
A patriot's truth replied—
"I kneel alone to God on high—
As thus I stand so dare I die,
As oft I fought so let me fall!
Farewell"—his breast a moment swoll
With agony he strove to hide—
"My Kaiser and Tyról!"

No more emotion he betrayed.
Again he bade farewell
To Francis and the faithful men
Who girt his throne. His hands were then
Unbound for prayer, and thus he prayed:—
"God of the Free, receive my soul!
And you, slaves, Fire!" So bravely fell
Thy foremost man, Tyról!

AUGUST LAMEY.

*Funus.*¹

I AM one of some half thousand from the millions of a
reign

Departed with the years before the flood—

A reign of Anarchy and Grandeur, Intellect and Crime,

Which witnessed all of Ill or Good

The lifewhile of a world can show—phenomena such
as Time

Shall never, never see again!

Then spread far forth, like billowy fire, the feelings that
of old

Had smouldered in the bosoms of the Few;

Immortal Freedom then was born, and dwelt with
mortal men;

And France, the Thundress, rose and threw

Her giant shadow o'er the quaking earth! Since then

Hath half a stormy century rolled!

You, Germans, you are dead in soul! Your luxury is
Repose;

We hated that! The price of Liberty

¹ The reader will please to remark that the author of this poem is a native of Strasburg, and, as such, considers himself a Frenchman.

We knew to be our hearts' best blood, and *that* we
freely gave;
We poured it forth in oceans, we!
Even till we saw the Night again close o'er us like a
grave,
Where first our sun of glory rose!

We have learned all terrible truths that Revolution came
to teach—
We have known all marvellous changes Time could
show—
We have seen the Phoenix of a world whose ashes on
the winds
Were scattered long and long ago!
Therefore, pale Youth of Germany, we think not with
your minds,
Nor can you understand our speech!



FRIEDRICH AUGUST V. HEYDEN.



The Last Words of Al-Hassan.

FAREWELL for ever to all I love!
To river and rock, farewell!
To Zoumlah's gloomful cypress-grove,
And Shaarmal's tulipy dell!

To Deenween-Kúllaha's light blue bay,
And Oreb's lonely strand!

My race is run—I am called away—
I go to the Lampless Land.

'Llah Hu!

I am called away from the light of day
To my tent in the Dark Dark Land;

I have seen the standard of Ali stained
With the blood of the Brave and Free,
And the Kaaba's Venerable Stone profaned
By the truculent Wahabee.

O Allah, for the light of another sun,
With my Bazra sword in hand!

But I rave in vain—my course is run—
I go to the Lampless Land.

'Llah Hu!

My course is run—my goal is won—
I go to the Dark Dark Land!

Yet, why should I live a day—an hour?
The friends I valued lie low;

My sisters dance in the halls of the Giaour;
My brethren fight for the foe.

None stood by the banner this arm unfurled
Save Khàrada's mountain band.

'Tis well that I leave so base a world,
Though to dwell in the Lampless Land—

'Llah Hu!

'Tis well that I leave so false a world,
Though to dwell in the Dark Dark Land!

Even she, my loved and lost Ameen,
The moon-white pearl of my soul,

Could pawn her peace for the show and sheen
Of silken Istambòl!

How little did I bode what a year would see

When we parted at Samarkhànd—

My bride in the harem of the Osmânlee,

Myself in the Lampless Land!

'Llah Hu!

My bride in the harem of the Osmânlee,

Myself in the Dark Dark Land!

We weep for the Noble who perish young,

Like flowers before their bloom—

The great-souled Few, who, unseen and unsung,

Go down to the charnel's gloom;

But, written on the brow of each, if Man

Could read it and understand,

Is the changeless decree of Heaven's Deewàn—

We are born for the Lampless Land!

'Llah Hu!

By the dread firmàn of Heaven's Deewàn,

All are born for the Dark Dark Land!

The wasted moon has a marvellous look

Amiddle of the starry hordes—

The heavens, too, shine like a mystic book,

All bright with burning words.

The mists of the dawn begin to dislimn

Zahàra's castles of sand.

Farewell!—farewell! Mine eyes feel dim—

They turn to the Lampless Land.

'Llah Hu!

My heart is weary—mine eyes are dim—

I would rest in the Dark Dark Land!

JOHANN WILHELM LUDWIG GLEIM.

The Little Hut.

ONE little hut is all my wealth terrene ;
It stands upon a grass-rich green :
Anigh it runs one happy little stream,
As bright and silent as a dream.

In front of it one fatherly old tree
O'ershades this little hut for me,
And shelters it from Winter's rain and storm,
And Summer-suns, when over-warm.

And from the tree one darling nightingale
Pours forth so soft and sweet a wail,
That most who pass and all who linger by
Feel moved with love, they wiss not why.

Dear little maiden with the flaxen hair !
Thou knowest me fond as thou art fair ;
I go : rude winds are whistling through the tree ;
Wilt let me share my hut with thee ?

JOHANN MARTIN MILLER.

The Sentimental Gardener.

ONCE there was a Gardener,
Who sang all day a dirge to his poor flowers :
He often stooped and kissed 'em
After thunder-showers :
His nerves were delicate, though fresh air is deemed a
hardener
Of the human system !

Many a moon went over,
And still his death-bell tale was told and tolled,
His tears, like rain in Winter,
Dribbling slow and cold,
Voici the song itself; I send it under cover
To my Leipsic printer.

“Weary! I am weary!
No rest from raking till I reach my goal!
Here, like a tulip trampled,
Lose I heart and soul;
Sure such a Death-in-Life as mine,—so dark, so dreary,
Must be unexampled !

Hence, when drougthy weather
Has dulled the spirits of my violets,
Medreams I feel as though I
Should have slight regrets
Were they and I just then to droop and die together,
Watched and wept by *no* eye.

O, gazelle-eyed Princess!
Grand daughter of the Sultan of Cathay!
The Knave of Spades beseeches
Thee by night and day:
He dies to lay before thee samples of his quinces,
Apricots and peaches!

Questionless Thy Highness
Must wonder why I play the Absent Man;
Yet, if I pitch my lonely
Tent in Frankistan,
Attribute, O, Full Moon! the blame, not to my shyness,
But my planet only.

But, enough! I'll smother
My groanings—and myself. Were I a Free
Rix-Baron or a Markgrave,
I would fly to thee,
But since—alas, my stars!—I am neither one nor t'other,
Here I'll dig my dark grave!"

AUGUST KUHN.

The Bereaved One.

THERE comes a Wanderer, worn and weary,
To a cottage on the wold—
“Mother dear!—the night is dreary,
And I am wet and cold,
For I have been through rain and mire;
Mother dear, it blows a storm!
Let me in, I pray, to warm
My fingers by the fire!”

The door is opened—not by *her*—
A little boy, wellnigh a child,
Looks up into the Wanderer's face
With a look so soft and mild!—
He was like a messenger
Sent from some pure sphere above,
Unto Man's unhappy race,
On an embassy of love!

“Come in, good man,” he said;—“what dost
Thou out on such a night as this?
O, I was dreaming wondrous things!
Medreamt that I had left and lost

My happy home and all my bliss ;
 So I wept and could not rest,—
 Then came one with golden wings,
 And took me to my father's breast."

The Wanderer's tears are flowing fast ;
 He doth not speak, he clasps his hands,
 But grief breaks forth in speech at last—
 "And, dearest child, where is thy father?"—
 —"Amid a shadowy group he stands,
 And a moony light reposes
 On his face, but I would rather
 Be with him than pulling roses!"

"And thy mother,—what of her?"—
 "O! often when the night is falling,
 When the wind moans through the fir,
 I can hear her dear voice calling
 From her far-off home to me :
 I think this cottage was too small
 For father, sister, her and all,
 And so they left it, all the three."

—"Ha, what!—thy sister also?—Speak!"—
 —"Good man, I see thou knewest her, then.
 The bloom soon faded from her cheek,
 But now she dwells beyond the moon ;
 She could not stay, she told me, when
 Our mother and our father went ;
 Down in the vale, to-morrow noon,
 They'll point thee out her monument."

—“And, tell me, darling child!—who sleeps
Within the grave beside the stream,
Where the sun can seldom beam,
And the willow ever weeps?

The burial-stone rose blank and bare.”—
Here wept the child, and then he said,
“They say my brother’s wife is dead,
Because she slumbers there.

“My brother Walter went abroad,
And never more came back,
And then his wife grew pale and wan,
She said her heart was on the rack,
And Life was now a weary load ;
And so she lingered, lingered on,
Until a year or two ago,
When Death released her from her woe.”

Thus far will Walter hear—no more:
He presses once his brother’s hand,
Then, wandering forth amid the roar
Of wind and rain he seeks the river,
And, having one brief minute scanned,
Silently, and calm of eye,
The broad black mass of cloud on high,
He plunges in the waves for ever!

CONRAD WETZEL.

Song.

WHEN the roses blow
Man looks out for brighter hours;
When the roses glow
Hope relights her lampless bowers.
Much that seemed in Winter's gloom
Dark with heavy woe,
Wears a gladsome hue and bloom
When the roses blow—
When the roses blow—
Wears a gladsome hue and bloom
When the roses blow.

When the roses blow
Love, that slept, shall wake anew:
Merrier blood shall flow
Through the springald's veins of blue;
And if Sorrow wrang the heart
Even that shall go;—
Pain and Mourning must depart
When the roses blow—
When the roses blow—
Pain and Mourning must depart
When the roses blow.

When the roses blow
Look to heaven, my fainting soul!
There, in stainless show,
Spreads the veil that hides thy goal.
Not while Winter breathes his blight
Burst thy bonds below!
Let the Earth look proud and bright,
Let the roses blow!
Let the roses blow!
O, let Earth look proud and bright!
Let the roses blow!

O, My Heart.

YE have heard of the Dweller in Rudesheim Cellar!
The Gnome of the Quartz (bottle) Mine!
An imp from the Mountains!—in fine,
A spirit!—the fiery Spirit of Wine!

Whom hoops of iron round glass environ,
Imprisoning and pressing him tight;
For he burns to burst forth in his might,
And drink his fill of the upper light!

Ah!—how he resembles the rebel that trembles
To break through this dungeoning breast,
Strange struggler! Art master, or guest?
Wilt rest thyself, or let *me* have rest?

Thou too art prisoned, nor better seasoned
To brook Life's *iron-hoop* rule—
Grow, grow so, refractory fool!
Slack thy fire! Still thy throbs! Thou art yet but
at school!

Are forty Winters such faint imprinters
Of age on a thing of thy mould?
O shame that thou waxest not old!
Why, saucy one, *worlds* are Time-controlled!

But the worm is Man's brother—and one way or
t'other
Thy sport will be finally spoiled:—
Though the lock on Life's Gate may be oiled,
Death strikes but the surer where *Time* is foiled.

Good Night.

Good Night, Good Night, my Lyre!
A long, a last Good Night!
In ashes lies the fire
That lent me Warmth and Light.

With Love, Life too is fled;
My bosom's blood is cold;
My mind is all but dead;
My heart is growing old.

Soon will my sad eyes close,
O, Lyre, on Earth and Thee!
I go to woo Repose
In God's Eternity!

COUNT EICHENDORFF.

The Miller's Daughter.

THE Lieven mill-wheel ever
Keeps turning round and round.
Each morn
I hear its ditty, and never
Was born,
Methinks, a sadder sound!
For *she* is gone from Lieven,
The light-haired milleress, Jane
Marie;
And the ring she gave one even
To me,
Sprang yesternoon in twain!
From morrow unto morrow
The mill-wheel turns all day,
And I
Turn too—away, in sorrow,
And sigh,
As I pen some plaintive lay.

Farewell, ye gay and bright hopes!
For me must years of dole
Yet wheel.
The vault of a long dark Night opes,
I feel,
To prison my mourning soul!

I hear the mill-wheel going,
The water flowing down
So cool:
My tears are also flowing.
Oh, fool,
To trust those ringlets brown!

GEORG HERWEGH.

The Song of Hatred.

Yes! Freedom's war!—though the deadly strife
Make earth one charnel bone-yard!
The last kiss now to the child and wife,
And the first firm grasp of the poniard!
Blood soon shall run in rivers above
The bright flowers we to-day tread;
We have all had more than enough of love,
So now for a spell of Hatred!
We have all had more than enough of love,
So now for a spell of Hatred!

How long shall the hideous ogre, Power,
Rear column of skulls on column?
Oh, Justice! hasten thy judgment-hour,
And open thy doomsday volume!
No more oiled speech!—it is time the drove
Of despots should hear their fate read—
We have all had quite enough of love—
Be our watchword henceforth Hatred!
We have all had quite enough of love—
Be our watchword henceforth Hatred!

Cold steel! To that it must come at length—
Nor quake to hear it spoken!
By the blows alone *we* strike in our strength
Can the chains of the world be broken!
Up, then! No more in city or grove
Let Slavery and Dismay tread!—
We have all had more than enough of love,
Let us now fall back upon Hatred!
We have all had more than enough of love,
Let us now fall back upon Hatred!

My friends! the tremendous time at hand
Will show itself truly in earnest!
Do you the like!—and take your stand
Where its aspect frowns the sternest!
Strive now as Tell and Körner strove!
Be your sharp swords early and late red!
You have all had more than enough of love—
Test now the talisman, Hatred!
You have all had more than enough of love,
Test now the talisman, Hatred!

BARON VON ZEDLITZ.

The Midnight Reveil.

I.

WHEN midnight hour is come,
The drummer forsakes his tomb,
And marches, beating his phantom-drum
To and fro through the ghastly gloom.

He plies the drumsticks twain,
With fleshless fingers pale,
And beats, and beats again and again,
A long and dreary reveil!

Like the voice of abysmal waves
Resounds its unearthly tone,
Till the dead old soldiers, long in their graves,
Awaken through every zone.

And the slain in the land of the Hun,
And the frozen in the icy north,
And those who under the burning sun
Of Italy sleep, come forth.

And they whose bones longwhile
Lie bleaching in Syrian sands,

And the slumberers under the reeds of the Nile,
Arise, with arms in their hands.

II.

And at midnight, in his shroud,
The trumpeter leaves his tomb,
And blows a blast long, deep, and loud,
As he rides through the ghastly gloom.

And the yellow moonlight shines
On the old Imperial Dragoons;
And the Cuirassiers they form in lines,
And the Carabineers in platoons.

At a signal the ranks unsheathe
Their weapons in rear and van;
But they scarcely appear to speak or breathe,
And their features are sad and wan.

III.

And when midnight robes the sky,
The Emperor leaves his tomb,
And rides along, surrounded by
His shadowy staff, through the gloom.

A silver star so bright
Is glittering on his breast;
In an uniform of blue and white
And a grey camp-frock he is dressed.

The moonbeams shine afar
On the various marshalled groups,

As the Man with the glittering silver star
Proceeds to review his troops.

And the dead battalions all
Go again through their exercise,
Till the moon withdraws, and a gloomier pall
Of blackness wraps the skies.

Then around their chief once more
The Generals and Marshals throng;
And he whispers a word oft heard before
In the ear of his aide-de-camp.

In files the troops advance,
And then are no longer seen.
The challenging watchword given is "France!"
The answer is "St. Helene!"

And this is the Grand Review,
Which at midnight on the wolds,
If popular tales may pass for true,
The buried Emperor holds.

IRISH ANTHOLOGY.

Dark Rosaleen.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.)

[This impassioned song, entitled, in the original, *Roisin Duh*, or The Black Little Rose, was written in the reign of Elizabeth by one of the poets of the celebrated Tirconnellian chieftain, Hugh the Red O'Donnell. It purports to be an allegorical address from Hugh to Ireland on the subject of his love and struggles for her, and his resolve to raise her again to the glorious position she held as a nation before the irruption of the Saxon and Norman spoilers. The true character and meaning of the figurative allusions with which it abounds, and to two only of which I need refer here—*viz.*, the “Roman wine” and “Spanish ale” mentioned in the first stanza—the intelligent reader will, of course, find no difficulty in understanding.]

O, MY Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the Deep.
There's wine . . . from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills, and through dales,
Have I roamed for your sake ;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, . . . at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
Oh ! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen !

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro, do I move.
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love !
The heart . . . in my bosom faints
To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet . . . will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen ;

✓ 'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly, for your weal:
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through Daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
 With redundance of blood,
 The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
 And flames wrap hill and wood,
 And gun-peal, and slogan cry,
 Wake many a glen serene.
 Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
 My Dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
 Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
 My Dark Rosaleen!



Shane Bwee; or, the Captivity of the Gaels.

A Translation of the Jacobite Song, called "Geibloinn na-n-Gaoideil," written by OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN, a Kerry poet, who flourished about the middle of the last century.

"Ag taisdiol na sléibte dam sealad am aonar."

'Twas by sunset...I walked and wandered
 Over hill-sides...and over moors,
 With a many sighs and tears.
 Sunk in sadness...I darkly pondered
 All the wrongs our...lost land endures
 In these latter night-black years.
 "How," I mused, "has her worth departed!
 What a ruin...her fame is now!
 We, once freest of the Free,

We are trampled . . . and broken-hearted ;
Yea, even our Princes . . . themselves must bow
Low before the vile Shane Bwee !”¹

Nigh a stream, in . . . a grassy hollow,
Tired, at length, I . . . lay down to rest—
There the birds and balmy air
Bade new reveries . . . and cheerier follow,
Waking newly . . . within my breast
Thoughts that cheated my despair.
Was I waking . . . or was I dreaming ?
I glanced up, and . . . behold ! there shone
Such a vision over me !
A young girl, bright . . . as Erin’s beaming
Guardian spirit—now sad and lone,
Through the Spoiling of Shane Bwee !

O, for pencil . . . to paint the golden
Locks that waved in . . . luxuriant sheen
To her feet of stilly light !
(Not the Fleece that . . . in ages olden
Jason bore o’er . . . the ocean green
Into Hellas, gleamed so bright.)
And the eyebrows . . . thin-arched over
Her mild eyes, and . . . more, even more
Beautiful, methought, to see
Than those rainbows . . . that wont to hover
O’er our blue island-lakes of yore
Ere the Spoiling by Shane Bwee !

¹ *Seagan Buidhe*, Yellow John, a name applied first to the Prince of Orange, and afterwards to his adherents generally.

“Bard!” she spake, “deem . . . not this unreal.
I was niece of . . . a Pair whose peers
None shall see on Earth agen—
ÆONGUS CON, and . . . the Dark O’NIAL,¹
Rulers over . . . Iern in years
When her sons as yet were Men.
Times have darkened; . . . and now our holy
Altars crumble, . . . and castles fall;
Our groans ring through Christendee.
Still, despond not! HE comes, though slowly,
He, the Man, who shall disenthral
The PROUD CAPTIVE of Shane Bwee!”

Here she vanished; . . . and I, in sorrow,
Blent with joy, rose . . . and went my way
Homeward over moor and hill.
O, Great God! Thou . . . from whom we borrow
Life and strength, unto Thee I pray!
Thou, who swayest at Thy will
Hearts and councils, . . . thralls, tyrants, freemen,
Wake through Europe . . . the ancient soul,
And on every shore and sea,
From the Blackwater to the Dniemen,
Freedom’s Bell will . . . ere long time toll
The deep death-knell of Shane Bwee!

¹ Niall Dubh.

A Lamentation

FOR

THE DEATH OF SIR MAURICE FITZGERALD, KNIGHT
OF KERRY.¹

[An Abridged Translation from the Irish of Pierce Ferriter.]

THERE was lifted up one voice of woe,
One lament of more than mortal grief,
Through the wide South to and fro,
For a fallen Chief.
In the dead of night that cry thrilled through me,
I looked out upon the midnight air;
Mine own soul was all as gloomy,
And I knelt in prayer.

O'er Loch Gur, that night, once—twice—yea,
thrice—
Passed a wail of anguish for the Brave
That half curdled into ice
Its moon-mirroring wave.
Then uprose a many-toned wild hymn in
Choral swell from Ogra's dark ravine,
And Mogeely's Phantom Women²
Mourned the Geraldine!

Far on Carah Mona's emerald plains
Shrieks and sighs were blended many hours,

¹ Who was killed in Flanders in 1642.

² Banshees.

And Fermoy in fitful strains
 Answered from her towers.
Youghal, Keenalmeaky, Eemokilly,
 Mourned in concert, and their piercing *keen*
Woke to wondering life the stilly
 Glens of Inchiqueen.

From Loughmoe to yellow Dunanore
 There was fear ; the traders of Tralee
Gathered up their golden store,
 And prepared to flee ;
For, in ship and hall, from night till morning
 Showed the first faint beamings of the sun,
All the foreigners heard the warning
 Of the Dreaded One !

“This,” they spake, “portendeth death to *us*,
 If we fly not swiftly from our fate !”
Self-conceited idiots ! thus
 Ravishly to prate !
Not for base-born higgling Saxon trucksters
 Ring laments like these by shore and sea ;
Not for churls with souls of hucksters
 Waileth our Banshee !

For the high Milesian race alone
 Ever flows the music of her woe ;
For slain heir to bygone throne,
 And for Chief laid low !
Hark ! . . . Again, methinks, I hear her weeping
 Yonder ! Is she near me now, as then ?
Or was but the night-wind sweeping
 Down the hollow glen ?

Sarsfield.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

"A Phadruig Sairseal! slan go dti tu!"

PART I.

The bard apostrophises Sarsfield.

FAREWELL, O Patrick Sarsfield! May luck be on your
path!

Your camp is broken up—your work is marred for
years—

But you go to kindle into flame the King of France's
wrath,

Though you leave sick Erin in tears.

Ohone! Ullagone!¹

And invokes blessings on him.

May the white sun and moon . . . rain glory on your head,

All hero as you are, and holy Man of God!

To you the Saxons owe . . . a many an hour of dread

In the land you have often trod.

Ohone! Ullagone!

And yet more blessings.

The Son of Mary guard you, and bless you to the end!

'Tis altered is the time since your legions were astir,

¹ This word is a corruption of the phrase *Olc-ghoein*, literally an *evil noise*, viz., a cry raised on the perpetration of some bad action.

When at Cullen you were hailed as the Conqueror and
Friend,

And you crossed the river near Birr.

Ohone! Ullagone!

He announces his design of revisiting the North.

I'll journey to the North, over mount, moor, and wave.

'Twas there I first beheld, drawn up in file and line,
The brilliant Irish hosts—they were bravest of the Brave,

But, alas! they scorned to combine!

Ohone! Ullagone!

He recounts his reminiscences of the war.

I saw the royal Boyne, when its billows flashed with
blood.

I fought at Grána Oge, where a thousand *marcach*s¹ fell.
On the dark empurpled field of Aughrim, too, I stood,

On the plain by Shanbally's Well.

Ohone! Ullagone!

He gives his benison to Limerick.

To the heroes of Limerick, the City of the Fights,

Be my best blessing borne on the wings of the air!

We had card-playing there o'er our camp-fires at night,

And the Word of Life, too, and prayer.²

And bestows his malison on Londonderry.

But, for you, Londonderry, may Plague smite and slay

Your people! May Ruin...desolate you stone by
stone!

¹ Cavaliers, or horsemen: the *marcach* of the middle ages, however, held the rank of a knight.

² I italicise those lines to invite attention to their peculiarly Irish character.

Through you a many a gallant youth lies coffinless to-day,
 With the winds for mourners alone!
 Ohone! Ullagone!

He indulges in a burst of sorrow for a lost opportunity.

I clomb the high hill on a fair summer noon,
 And saw the Saxon Muster, clad in armour blinding
 bright,
*Oh, Rage withheld my hand, or gunsman and dragoon
 Should have supped with Satan that night!*
 Ohone! Ullagone!

PART II.

The bard mourns for the valiant Dead.

How many a noble soldier, how many a cavalier,
 Careered along this road . . . seven fleeting weeks ago,
 With silver-hilted sword, with matchlock and with spear,
 Who now, *movrone*, lieth low!
 Ohone! Ullagone!

And pays a tribute to the valour of one of the Living.

All hail to thee Ben Hedir—But ah, on thy brow
 I see a limping soldier, who battled and who bled
 Last year in the cause of the Stuart, though now
 The worthy is begging his bread!
 Ohone! Ullagone!

He deploras the loss of a friend.

And Jerome, oh, Jerome!¹ he perished in the strife—
 His head it was spiked on a halbert so high;

¹ One of King James's generals.

His colours they were trampled. *He had no chance of
life*

If the Lord God himself stood by.¹

And of others, dear friends also.

But most, oh, my woe! I lament and lament

For the ten valiant heroes who dwelt nigh the Nore,
And my three blessed brothers! They left me, and they
went

To the wars—and returned no more!

Ohone! Ullagone!

He reverts to the calamities of the Irish.

On the Bridge of the Boyne was our first overthrow—

By Slaney the next, for we battled without rest:
The third was at Aughrim. Oh, Erin, thy woe
Is a sword in my bleeding breast!

Ohone! Ullagone!

*He describes in vivid terms the conflagration of the house
at Ballytemple.*

O! the roof above our heads it was barbarously fired,
While the black Orange guns...blazed and bellowed
around,—

And as volley followed volley, Colonel Mitchell enquired
Whether Lucan² still stood his ground.

Ohone! Ullagone!

¹ "*Agus ní riabh faghail cleasla aige da bhfaicleach se Dia nan.*"—This is one of those peculiarly powerful forms of expression, to which I find no parallel except in the Arabic language.

² Lord Lucan, i. e. General Sarsfield.

Finally, however, he takes a more hopeful view of the prospects of his country.

But O'Kelly still remains, to defy and to toil ;

He has memories that Hell won't permit him to forget,
And a sword that will make the blue blood flow like oil
Upon many an Aughrim yet!
Ohone! Ullagone!

And concludes most cheeringly.

And I never shall believe that my Fatherland can fall
With the Burkes, and the Decies, and the son of Royal
James,
And Talbot the Captain, and Sarsfield above all,
The beloved of damsels and dames.¹



Lament over the Ruins of the Abbey of Trach Molaga.²

[Translated from the original Irish of John O'Cullen, a native of Cork, who died in the year 1816.]

“Oidhche dhámh go doilg, dúbhach.”

I WANDERED forth at night alone,
Along the dreary, shingly, billow-beaten shore ;
Sadness that night was in my bosom's core.
My soul and strength lay prone.

¹ “*Agus Padraig Sairseal, gradh ban Eirionn !*”

² Literally “The House of [St.] Molaga,” and now called Timoleague.

The thin wan moon, half overveiled
By clouds, shed her funereal beams upon the scene;
While in low tones, with many a pause between,
The mournful night-wind wailed.

Musing of Life, and Death, and Fate,
I slowly paced along, heedless of aught around,
Till on the hill, now, alas! ruin-crowned,
Lo! the old Abbey-gate!

Dim in the pallid moonlight stood,
Crumbling to slow decay, the remnant of that pile
Within which dwelt so many saints erewhile
In loving brotherhood!

The memory of the men who slept
Under those desolate walls—the solitude—the hour—
Mine own lorn mood of mind—all joined to o'erpower
My spirit—and I wept!

In yonder Goshen once—I thought—
Reigned Piety and Peace: Virtue and Truth were there;
With Charity and the blessed spirit of Prayer
Was each fleet moment fraught!

There, unity of Walk and Will
Blent hundreds into one: no jealousies or jars
Troubled their placid lives: their fortunate stars
Had triumphed o'er all Ill!

There, knolled each morn and even
The bell for Matin and Vesper: Mass was said or sung.—

From the bright silver censer as it swung,
Rose balsamy clouds to Heaven.

Through the round cloistered corridors
A many a midnight hour, bareheaded and unshod,
Walked the Grey Friars, beseeching from their God
Peace for these western shores!

The weary pilgrim, bowed by Age,
Oft found asylum there—found welcome, and found wine.
Oft rested in its halls the Paladine,
The Poet and the Sage!

Alas! alas! how dark the change!
Now round its mouldering walls, over its pillars low,
The grass grows rank, the yellow gowans blow,
Looking so sad and strange!

Unightly stones choke up its wells;
The owl hoots all night long under the altar-stairs;
The fox and badger make their darksome lairs
In its deserted cells!

Tempest and Time—the drifting sands—
The lightnings and the rains—the seas that sweep around
These hills in winter-nights, have awfully crowned
The work of impious hands!

The sheltering, smooth-stoned, massive wall—
The noble figured roof—the glossy marble piers—
The monumental shapes of elder years—
Where are they? Vanished all!

Rite, incense, chant, prayer, mass, have ceased—
All, all have ceased! Only the whitening bones half
sunk

In the earth now tell that ever here dwelt monk,
Friar, acolyte, or priest.

Oh! woe, that Wrong should triumph thus!
Woe that the olden right, the rule and the renown
Of the Pure-souled and Meek should thus go down
Before the Tyrannous!

Where wert thou, Justice, in that hour?
Where was thy smiting sword? What had those good
men done,
That thou shouldst tamely see them trampled on
By brutal England's Power?

Alas, I rave! . . . If Change is here,
Is it not o'er the land? Is it not too in me?
Yes! I am changed even more than what I see.
Now is my last goal near!

My worn limbs fail—my blood moves cold—
Dimness is on mine eyes—I have seen my children die;
They lie where I too in brief space shall lie—
Under the grassy mould!

* * * * *

I turned away, as toward my grave,
And, all my dark way homeward by the Atlantic's verge,
Resounded in mine ears like to a dirge
The roaring of the wave.

The Dawning of the Day.

[The following song, translated from the Irish of O'Doran, refers to a singular atmospherical phenomenon said to be sometimes observed at Blackrock, near Dundalk, at daybreak, by the fishermen of that locality. Many similar narratives are to be met with in the poetry of almost all countries; but O'Doran has endeavoured to give the legend a political colouring, of which, I apprehend, readers in general will hardly deem it susceptible.]

“Maidin chiuin dham chois bruach na tragha.”

'Twas a balmy summer morning,
 Warm and early,
 Such as only June bestows;
 Everywhere the earth adorning
 Dews lay pearly
 In the lily-bell and rose.
 Up from each green-leafy bosk and hollow
 Rose the blackbird's pleasant lay.
 And the soft cuckoo was sure to follow.
 'Twas the Dawning of the Day!

Through the perfumed air the golden
 Bees flew round me;
 Bright fish dazzled from the sea,
 'Till medreamt some fairy olden—
 World spell bound me
 In a trance of witcherie.
 Steeds pranced round anon with stateliest housings
 Bearing riders pranked in rich array,

Like flushed revellers after wine-carousings.
'Twas the Dawning of the Day!

Then a strain of song was chanted,
And the lightly-
Floating sea-nymphs drew anear.
Then again the shore seemed haunted
By hosts brightly
Clad, and wielding shield and spear!
Then came battle shouts—an onward rushing—
Swords, and chariots, and a phantom fray.
Then all vanished; the warm skies were blushing
In the Dawning of the Day!

Cities girt with glorious gardens,
Whose immortal
Habitants in robes of light
Stood, methought, as angel-wardens
Nigh each portal,
Now arose to daze my sight.
Eden spread around, revived and blooming;
When . . . lo! as I gazed, all passed away—
. . . I saw but black rocks and billows looming
In the dim chill Dawn of Day!

The Dream of John Mac Donnell.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.)

[John Mac Donnell, usually called Mac Donnell *Claragh*, from his family residence, was a native of the county of Cork, and may be classed among the first of the purely Irish poets of the last century. He was born in 1691, and died in 1754. His poems are remarkable for their energy, their piety of tone, and the patriotic spirit they everywhere manifest. The following is one of them, and deserves to be regarded as a very curious topographical "Jacobite relic."]

I LAY in unrest—old thoughts of pain,
That I struggled in vain to smother,
Like midnight spectres haunted my brain—
Dark fantasies chased each other;
When, lo! a Figure—who might it be?—
A tall fair figure stood near me!
Who might it be? An unreal Banshée?
Or an angel sent to cheer me?

Though years have rolled since then, yet now
My memory thrillingly lingers
On her awful charms, her waxen brow,
Her pale translucent fingers,
Her eyes that mirrored a wonder-world,
Her mien of unearthly mildness,
And her waving raven tresses that curled
To the ground in beautiful wildness.

"Whence comest thou, Spirit?" I asked, methought,
"Thou art not one of the Banished?"
Alas, for me! she answered nought,
But rose aloft and vanished;

And a radiance, like to a glory, beamed
In the light she left behind her.
Long time I wept, and at last medreamed
I left my shieling to find her.

And first I turned to the thunderous North,
To Gruagach's mansion kingly;
Untouching the earth, I then sped forth
To Inver-lough, and the shingly
And shining strand of the fishful Erne,
And thence to Cruachan the golden,
Of whose resplendent palace ye learn
So many a marvel olden !

I saw the Mourna's billows flow—
I passed the walls of Shenady.
And stood in the hero-thronged Ardroe,
Embosked amid greenwoods shady;
And visited that proud pile that stands
Above the Boyne's broad waters,
Where Ængus dwells with his warrior-bands
And the fairest of Ulster's daughters.

To the halls of Mac Lir, to Creevroe's height,
To Tara, the glory of Erin,
To the fairy palace that glances bright
On the peak of the blue Cnocfeerin,
I vainly hied. I went west and east—
I travelled seaward and shoreward—
But thus was I greeted at field and at feast—
“Thy way lies onward and forward !”

At last I reached, I wist not how,
The royal towers of Ival,

Which under the cliff's gigantic brow,
Still rise without a rival;
And here were Thomond's chieftains all,
With armour, and swords, and lances,
And here sweet music filled the hall,
And damsels charmed with dances.

And here, at length, on a silvery throne,
Half seated, half reclining,
With forehead white as the marble stone,
And garments so starrily shining,
And features beyond the poet's pen—
The sweetest, saddest features—
Appeared before me once agen,
That fairest of Living Creatures!

"Draw near, O mortal!" she said, with a sigh,
"And hear my mournful story!
The Guardian-Spirit of ERIN am I,
But dimmed is mine ancient glory.
My priests are banished, my warriors wear
No longer Victory's garland;
And my Child,¹ my Son, my beloved Heir,
Is an exile in a far land!"

I heard no more—I saw no more—
The bands of slumber were broken;
And palace and hero, and river and shore,
Had vanished, and left no token.
Dissolved was the spell that had bound my will
And my fancy thus for a season;
But a sorrow therefore hangs over me still,
Despite of the teachings of Reason!

¹ Charles Stuart.

The Sorrows of Innisfail.

(FROM THE IRISH OF GEOFFREY KEATING.)

“Om sgesl air ard-mhagh Fail ní chodlann oidhche.”

THROUGH the long drear night I lie awake, for the sorrows of Innisfail.

My bleeding heart is ready to break; I cannot but weep and wail.

Oh, shame and grief and wonder! her sons crouch lowly under

The footstool of the paltriest foe

That ever yet hath wrought them woe!

How long, O Mother of Light and Song, how long will they fail to see

That men must be *bold*, no less than *strong*, if they truly will to be free?

They sit but in silent sadness, while wrongs that should rouse them to madness,

Wrongs that might wake the very Dead,

Are piled on thy devoted head!

Thy castles, thy towers, thy palaces proud, thy stately mansions all,

Are held by the knaves who crossed the waves to lord it in Brian's hall.

Britannia, alas! is portress in Cobhthach's Golden Fortress,

And Ulster's and Momonia's lands

Are in the Robber-stranger's hands.

The tribe of Eogan is worn with woe; the O'Donnell
reigns no more;
O'Neill's remains lie mouldering low, on Italy's far-off
shore;
And the youths of the Pleasant Valley are scattered and
cannot rally,
While foreign Despotism unfurls
Its flag 'mid hordes of base-born churls.

The chieftains of Naas were valourous lords, but their
valour was crushed by Craft—
They fell beneath Envy's butcherly dagger, and Calunny's
poisoned shaft.
A few of their mighty legions yet languish in alien regions,
But most of them, the Frank, the Free,
Were slain through Saxon perfidie!

Oh! lived the Princes of Ainy's plains, and the heroes of
green Domgole,
And the chiefs of the Mauige, we still might hope to
baffle our doom and dole.
Well then might the dastards shiver who herd by the
blue Bride river,
But ah! those great and glorious men
Shall draw no glaive on Earth agen!

All-powerful God! look down on the tribes who mourn
throughout the land,
And raise them some deliverer up, of a strong and smiting
hand!
Oh! suffer them not to perish, the race Thou wert wont
to cherish,
But soon avenge their fathers' graves,
And burst the bonds that keep them slaves!

The Testament of Cathaeir Mór.

[One of the most interesting archæological relics connected with Irish literature is unquestionably the Testament of Cathaeir Mór, King of Ireland in the second century. It is a document whose general authenticity is established beyond question, though some doubt exists as to whether it was originally penned in the precise form in which it has come down to modern times. Mention of it is made by many writers on Irish history, and among others, by O'Flaherty in his *Ogygia*—(Part III., c. 59). But in the *LEABHAR NA G-CEART*, or, The Book of Rights, now for the first time edited, with Translation and notes, by Mr. O'Donovan, for the *CELTIC SOCIETY*, we have it entire. The learned editor is of opinion, that "it was drawn up in its present form some centuries after the death of Cathaeir Mór, when the race of his more illustrious sons had definite territories in Leinster." Be the fact as it may, the document is certainly one of those characteristic remains of an earlier age which most markedly bear the stamp of the peculiarities that distinguish native Irish literary productions.]

Introduction.

HERE IS THE WILL OF CATHAEIR MÓR.

GOD REST HIM.

AMONG his heirs he divided his store,
His treasures and lands,
And, first, laying hands
On his son Ross Faly, he blessed him.

"~~My~~ Sovereign Power, my nobleness,
My wealth, my strength to curse and bless
My royal privilege of protection,
I leave to the son of my best affection,
ROSS FALY, Ross of the Rings,
Worthy descendant of Ireland's Kings!
To serve as memorials of succession
For all who yet shall claim their possession
In after-ages.
Clement and noble and bold
Is Ross, my son.

Then, let him not hoard up silver and gold,
 But give unto all fair measure of wages.
 Victorious in battle he ever hath been ;
 He therefore shall yield the green
 And glorious plains of Tara to none,
 No, not to his brothers !
 Yet these shall he aid
 When attacked or betrayed.
 This blessing of mine shall outlast the tomb,
 And live till the Day of Doom,
 Telling and telling daily,
 And a prosperous man beyond all others
 Shall prove Ross Faly !”

Then he gave him ten shields, and ten rings, and ten swords,
 And ten drinking-horns ; and he spake him those words.

“Brightly shall shine the glory,
 O Ross, of thy sons and heirs,
 Never shall flourish in story
 Such heroes as they and theirs !”

Then, laying his royal hand on the head
 Of his good son, DARRY, he blessed him and said :—

“**My Valour**, my daring, my martial courage,
 My skill in the field I leave to DARRY,
 That he be a guiding Torch and starry
 Light and Lamp to the hosts of *our* age.
 A hero to sway, to lead and command,
 Shall be every son of his tribes in the land !
 O, DARRY, with boldness and power
 Sit thou on the frontier of Tuath Lann,
 And ravage the lands of Deas Ghower.²

¹ *Tuath Laighean*, viz. North Leinster.

² *Deas Ghabhair*, viz. South Leinster.

Accept no gifts for thy protection
 From woman or man.
 So shall Heaven assuredly bless
 Thy many daughters with fruitfulness,
 And none shall stand above thee,—
 For I, thy sire, who love thee
 With deep and warm affection,
 I prophesy unto thee all success
 Over the green battalions
 Of the redoubtable Galions.”¹

And he gave him, thereon, as memorials and meeds,
 Eight bondsmen, eight handmaids, eight cups, and eight
 steeds.

THE noble Monarch of Erin’s men
 Spake thus to the young Prince Brassal, then :—
 “**My Sea**, with all its wealth of streams,
 I leave to my sweetly-speaking BRASSAL,
 To serve and to succour him as a vassal—
 And the lands whereon the bright sun beams
 Around the waves of Amergin’s Bay²
 As parcelled out in the ancient day:
 By free men through a long, long time
 Shall this thy heritage be enjoyed—
 But the chieftaincy shall at last be destroyed,
 Because of a Prince’s crime.
 And though others again shall regain it,
 Yet Heaven shall not bless it,
 For Power shall oppress it,
 And Weakness and Baseness shall stain it!”

¹ *Gaillians*, an ancient designation, according to O’Donovan, of the Laignigh or Leinstermen.

² *Inbhear Aimherghin*, originally the estuary of the Blackwater, and so called from Aimherghin, one of the sons of Milesius, to whom it was apportioned by lot.

And he gave him six ships, and six steeds, and six shields,
 Six mantles and six coats of steel—
 And the six royal oxen that wrought in his fields,
 These gave he to Brassal the Prince for his weal.

THEN to Catach he spake :—

“**My border lands**

Thou, CATACH, shalt take,
 But ere long they shall pass from thy hands,
 And by thee shall none
 Be ever begotten, daughter or son !”

To Fearghus Luascan spake he thus :—

“Thou FEARGHUS, also, art one of us,
 But over-simple in all thy ways,
 And babblest much of thy childish days.
 For thee have I nought, but if lands may be bought
 Or won hereafter by sword or lance,
 Of those, perchance,
 I may leave thee a part,
 All simple babbler and boy as thou art !”

Young Fearghus, therefore, was left bereaven,
 And thus the Monarch spake to CREEVEN :—

“**To my boyish Mero**, my gentle CREEVEN,
 Who loveth in Summer, at morn and even,
 To snare the songful birds of the field,
 But shunneth to look on spear and shield,
 I have little to give of all that I share.
 His fame shall fail, his battles be rare.
 And of all the Kings that shall wear his crown
 But one alone shall win renown.”¹

¹ The text adds: *i. e. Colam mac Críomhthainn*; but O'Donovan conjectures, that this is a mere *scholium* of some scribe.

And he gave him six cloaks, and six cups, and seven
steeds,

And six harnessed oxen, all fresh from the meads.

BUT on Aenghus Nic, a younger child,
Begotten in crime and born in wo,
The father frowned, as on one defiled,
And with lowering brow he spake him so:—

“**To Nic**, my son, that base-born youth,
Shall nought be given of land or gold;
He may be great and good and bold,
But his birth is an agony all untold,
Which gnaweth him like a serpent’s tooth.

I am no donor
To him or his race—
His birth was dishonor;
His life is disgrace!”

AND thus he spake to ECHY TIMIN,
Deeming him fit but to herd with women:—

“**Weak son of mine**, thou shalt not gain
Waste or water, valley or plain.
From thee shall none descend save cravens,
Sons of sluggish sires and mothers,
Who shall live and die,
But give no corpses to the ravens!
Mine ill thought and mine evil eye¹
On thee beyond thy brothers
Shall ever, ever lie!”

AND to Oilioll Cadach his words were those:—

“**O Oilioll**, great in coming years

¹ In the original—“*Mo faindi, mo eascaine*,”—literally, “My weakness, my curse.”

Shall be thy fame among friends and foes
 As the first of *Brughaidhs*¹ and Hospitaliers!
 But neither noble nor warlike
 Shall show thy renownless dwelling;
 Nevertheless
 Thou shalt dazzle at chess,
 Therein supremely excelling
 And shining like somewhat starlike!"

And his chess-board, therefore, and chessmen eke,
 He gave to Oilíoll Cadach the Meek.

Now Fiacha,—youngest son was he,—
 Stood up by the bed... of his father, who said,
 The while, caressing
 Him tenderly:—

"My son! I have only for thee my blessing,
 And nought beside—
 Hadst best abide

With thy brothers a time, as thine years are green."

Then Fiacha wept, with a sorrowful mien;
 So, Cathaeir spake, to encourage him, gaily,
 With cheerful speech—

"Abide one month with thy brethren each,
 And seven years long with my son, Ross Faly.
 Do this, and thy sire, in sincerity,
 Prophecies unto thee fame and prosperity."

AND further he spake, as one inspired:—
 "A Chieftain flourishing, feared, and admired,
 Shall Fiacha prove!
 The gifted Man from the boiling Berve²

¹ Public victuallers.

² *Bearbha*, viz., the river Barrow.

Him shall his brothers' clansmen serve.
 His forts shall be Aillin and proud Almain,
 He shall reign in Carman and Allen;¹
 The highest renown shall his palaces gain
 When others have crumbled and fallen.
 His power shall broaden and lengthen,
 And never know damage or loss;
 The impregnable Naas he shall strengthen,
 And govern in Ailbhe and Arriged Ross.
 Yes! O Fiacha, Foe of strangers,
 This shall be *thy* lot!
 And thou shalt pilot
 Ladhrann and Leeven² with steady and even
 Heart and arm through storm and dangers!
 Overthrown by thy mighty hand
 Shall the Lords of Tara lie.
 And Taillte's³ fair, the first in the land,
 Thou, son, shalt magnify;
 And many a country thou yet shalt bring
 To own thy rule as Ceann and King.
 The blessing I give thee shall rest
 On thee and thy seed
 While Time shall endure,
 Thou grandson of Fiacha the Blest!
 It is barely thy meed,
 For thy soul is childlike and pure!"

Here ends the Will of Cathaeir Mor, who was King of Ireland.

¹ The localities mentioned here were chiefly residences of the ancient kings of Leinster.

² Forts upon the eastern coasts of Ireland.

³ *Taillte*, now Teltown, a village between Kells and Navan, in Meath.

Rury and Darborgilla.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

[Ruaghri, Prince of Oriel, after an absence of two days and nights from his own territories on a hunting expedition, suddenly recollects that he has forgotten his wedding day. He despairs of forgiveness from the bride whom he appears to have slighted, Dearborgilla, daughter of Prince Cairtre, but would scorn her too much to wed her if she *could* forgive him. He accordingly prepares for battle with her and her father, but unfortunately intrusts the command of his forces to one of his most aged *Ceanns* or Captains. He is probably incited to the selection of this chieftain by a wish to avoid provoking hostilities, which, however, if they occur, he will meet by defiance and conflict; but his choice proves to have been a fatal one. His *Ceann* is seized with a strange feeling of fear in the midst of the fray; and this, being communicated to his troops, enlarges into a panic, and Ruaghri's followers are all slaughtered. Ruaghri himself arrives next day on the battleplain, and, perceiving the result of the contest, stabs himself to the heart. Dearborgilla witnesses this sad catastrophe from a distance, and, rushing towards the scene of it, clasps her lover in her arms; but her stern father, following, tears her away from the bleeding corpse, and has her cast in his wrath, it is supposed, into one of the dungeons of his castle. But of her fate nothing certain is known afterwards; though, from subsequent circumstances, it is conjectured that she perished, the victim of her lover's thoughtlessness and her father's tyranny.]

Know ye the tale of the Prince of Oriel,
Of Rury, last of his line of kings?
I pen it here as a sad memorial
Of how much woe reckless folly brings.

Of a time that Rury rode woodwards, clothed
In silk and gold on a hunting chase,
He thought like thunder¹ on his betrothed,
And with clinched hand he smote his face.

"*Foreer!*"² *Mobhron!*"³ Princess Darvorgilla!
Forgive she will not a slight like this;

¹ *H-saoil se mar teoirneach*; he thought like thunder; *i. e.*, the thought came on him like a thunderbolt.

² Alas!

³ Pronounced *Mo vrone*, and means *My grief*!

But could she, dared she, I should be still a
Base wretch to wed her for heaven's best bliss!

"Foreer! Foreer! Princess Darvorgilla!
She has four hundred young bowmen bold;
But I—I love her, and would not spill a
Drop of their blood for ten torques¹ of gold.

"Still, woe to all who provoke to slaughter!
I count as nought, weighed with fame like mine,
The birth and beauty of Cairtre's daughter;
So, judge the sword between line and line!

"Thou, therefore, Calbhach,² go call a muster,
And wind the bugle by fort and dun!
When stain shall tarnish our house's lustre,
Then sets in darkness the noon-day sun!"

But Calbhach answered, "Light need to do so!
Behold the noblest of heroes here!
What foe confronts us, I reckon not whoso,
Shall fly before us like hunted deer!"

Spake Rury then—"Calbhach, as thou wilt!
But see, old man, there be brief delay—
For this chill parle is of all things chillest,
And my fleet courser must now away!

"Yet, though thou march with thy legions townwards,
Well armed for ambush or treacherous fray,

¹ Royal neck-ornaments.

² Calbhach,—proper name of a man,—derived from Calb,—bald-pated.

Still show they point their bare weapons downwards,
As those of warriors averse to slay !”

Now, when the clansmen were armed and mounted,
The aged Calbhach gave way to fears ;
For, foot and horseman, they barely counted
A hundred cross-bows and forty spears.

And thus exclaimed he, “ My soul is shaken !
We die the death, not of men, but slaves ;
We sleep the sleep from which none awaken,
And scorn shall point at our tombless graves !”

Then out spake Fergal—“ A charge so weighty
As this, O Rury, thou shouldst not throw
On a drivelling dotard of eight-and-eighty,
Whose arm is nerveless for spear or bow !”

But Rury answered, “ Away ! To-morrow
Myself will stand in Traghvally¹ town ;
But, come what may come, this day I borrow
To hunt through Glafna the brown deer down !”

So, through the night, unto gray Traghvally,
The feeble *Ceann* led his hosts along ;
But, faint and heart-sore, they could not rally,
So deeply Rury had wrought them wrong.

Now, when the Princess beheld advancing
Her lover’s troops with their arms reversed,
In lieu of broadswords and chargers prancing,
She felt her heart’s hopes were dead and hearsed.

¹ Dundalk.

And on her knees to her ireful father
She prayed, "O father, let this pass by;
War not against the brave Rury! Rather
Pierce this fond bosom and let me die!"

But Cairtre rose in volcanic fury,
And so he spake—"By the might of God,
I hold no terms with this craven Rury
Till he or I lie below the sod!

"Thou shameless child! Thou, alike unworthy
Of him, thy father, who speaks thee thus,
And her, my Mhearb,¹ who in sorrow bore thee;
Wilt thou dishonour thyself and us?

"Behold! I march with my serried bowmen—
Four hundred thine and a thousand mine;
I march to crush these degraded foemen,
Who gorge the ravens ere day decline!"

Meet now both armies in mortal struggle,
The spears are shivered, the javelins fly;
But, what strange terror, what mental juggle,
Be those that speak out of Calbhach's eye?

It is—it must be, some spell Satanic,
That masters him and his gallant host.
Woe, woe the day! An inglorious panic
O'erpowers the legions—and all is lost!

Woe, woe that day, and that hour of carnage!
Too well they witness to Fergal's truth!

¹ Martha.

Too well in bloodiest appeal they warn Age
Not lightly thus to match swords with Youth!

When Rury reached, in the red of morning,
The battle-ground, it was he who felt
The dreadful weight of this ghastly warning,
And what a blow had o'ernight been dealt!

So, glancing round him, and sadly groaning,
He pierced his breast with his noble blade;
Thus all too mournfully mis-atoning
For that black ruin his word had made.

But hear ye further! When Cairtre's daughter
Saw what a fate had o'erta'en her Brave,
Her eyes became as twin founts of water,
Her heart again as a darker grave.

Clasp now thy lover, unhappy maiden!
But, see! thy sire tears thine arms away!
And in a dungeon, all anguish laden,
Shalt thou be cast ere the shut of day.

But what shall be in the sad years coming
Thy doom? I know not, but guess too well
That sunlight never shall trace thee roaming
Ayond the gloom of thy sunken cell!

This is the tale of the Prince of Oriel
And Darvorgilla, both sprung of Kings!
I trace it here as a dark memorial
Of how much woe thoughtless folly brings.

The Expedition and Death of King Dathu.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

KING DATHU assembled his Druids and Sages,
And thus he spake them—"Druids and Sages!

What of King Dathu?

What is revealed in Destiny's pages

Of him or his? Hath he

Aught for the Future to dread or to dree?

Good to rejoice in, or Evil to flee?

Is he a foe of the Gall—

Fitted to conquer or fated to fall?"

And Beirdra, the Druid, made answer as thus—

A priest of a hundred years was he—

"Dathu! thy fate is not hidden from us!

Hear it through me!

Thou shalt work thine own will!

Thou shalt slay—thou shalt prey—

And be Conqueror still!

Thee the Earth shall not harm!

Thee we charter and charm

From all evil and ill;

Thee the laurel shall crown!

Thee the wave shall not drown!

Thee the chain shall not bind!

Thee the spear shall not find!

Thee the sword shall not slay!

Thee the shaft shall not pierce!

Thou, therefore, be fearless and fierce,

And sail with thy warriors away
To the lands of the Gall,
There to slaughter and sway,
And be Victor o'er all !”

So Dathy he sailed away, away,
Over the deep resounding sea ;
Sailed with his hosts in armour grey
Over the deep resounding sea,
Many a night and many a day,
And many an islet conquered he—
He and his hosts in armour grey.
And the billow drowned him not,
And a fetter bound him not,
And the blue spear found him not,
And the red sword slew him not,
And the swift shaft knew him not,
And the foe o'erthrew him not.
Till, one bright morn, at the base
Of the Alps, in rich Ausonia's regions,
His men stood marshalled face to face
With the mighty Roman legions.

Noble foes !

Christian and Heathen stood there among those,
Resolute all to overcome,
Or die for the Eagles of Ancient Rome !

When, behold ! from a temple anear
Came forth an aged priest-like man,
Of a countenance meek and clear,
Who, turning to Eire's Ceann,¹

¹ Ceann,—Head, King.

Spake him as thus—"King Dathy! hear!
Thee would I warn!
Retreat! retire! Repent in time
The invader's crime.
Or better for thee thou hadst never been born!"
But Dathy replied, "False Nazarene!
Dost thou, then, menace Dathy, thou?
And dreamest thou that he will bow
To one unknown, to one so mean,
So powerless as a priest must be?
He scorns alike thy threats and thee!
On! on, my men, to victory!"

And, with loud shouts for Eire's King,
The Irish rush to meet the foe,
And falchions clash and bucklers ring,—
When, lo!

Lo! a mighty earthquake's shock!
And the cleft plains reel and rock;
Clouds of darkness pall the skies;
Thunder crashes,
Lightning flashes,
And in an instant Dathy lies
On the earth a mass of blackened ashes!
Then, mournfully and dolefully,
The Irish warriors sailed away
Over the deep resounding sea,
Till, wearily and mournfully,
They anchored in Eblana's Bay.
Thus the Seanachies¹ and Sages
Tell this tale of long-gone ages.

¹ Seanachies,—historians.

Prince Aldfrid's Itinerary through Ireland.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

[Amongst the Anglo-Saxon students resorting to Ireland was Prince Aldfrid, afterwards King of the Northumbrian Saxons. His having been educated there about the year 684 is corroborated by venerable Bede in his "Life of St. Cuthbert." The original poem, of which this is a translation, attributed to Aldfrid, is still extant in the Irish language.]

I FOUND in Innisfail the fair,
In Ireland, while in exile there,
Women of worth, both grave and gay men,
Many clerics and many laymen.

I travelled its fruitful provinces round,
And in every one of the five¹ I found,
Alike in church and in palace hall,
Abundant apparel, and food for all.

Gold and silver I found, and money,
Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey;
I found God's people rich in pity,
Found many a feast and many a city.

I also found in Armagh, the splendid,
Meekness, wisdom, and prudence blended,
Fasting, as Christ hath recommended,
And noble councillors untranscended.

I found in each great church moreo'er,
Whether on island or on shore.

¹ The two Meuths then formed a distinct province.

Piety, learning, fond affection,
Holy welcome and kind protection.

I found the good lay monks and brothers
Ever beseeching help for others,
And in their keeping the holy word
Pure as it came from Jesus the Lord.

I found in Munster unfettered of any,
Kings, and queens, and poets a many—
Poets well skilled in music and measure,
Prosperous doings, mirth and pleasure.

I found in Connaught the just, redundance
Of riches, milk in lavish abundance;
Hospitality, vigor, fame,
In Cruachan's¹ land of heroic name.

I found in the country of Connall² the glorious,
Bravest heroes, ever victorious;
Fair-complexioned men and warlike,
Ireland's lights, the high, the starlike!

I found in Ulster, from hill to glen,
Hardy warriors, resolute men;
Beauty that bloomed when youth was gone,
And strength transmitted from sire to son.

I found in the noble district of Boyle
(*MS. here illegible.*)

¹ Cruachan, or Croghan, was the name of the royal palace of Connaught.

² Tyrconnell, the present Donegal.

Brehon's,¹ Erenachs, weapons bright,
And horsemen bold and sudden in fight.

I found in Leinster the smooth and sleek,
From Dublin to Slewmary's² peak ;
Flourishing pastures, valor, health,
Long-living worthies, commerce, wealth.

I found, besides, from Ara to Glea,
In the broad rich country of Ossorie,
Sweet fruits, good laws for all and each,
Great chess-players, men of truthful speech.

I found in Meath's fair principality,
Virtue, vigor, and hospitality ;
Candor, joyfulness, bravery, purity,
Ireland's bulwark and security.

I found strict morals in age and youth,
I found historians recording truth ;
The things I sing of in verse unsmooth,
I found them all—I have written sooth.³

¹ Brehon,—a law judge ; Erenach,—a ruler, an archdeacon.

² Slewmary, a mountain in the Queen's county, near the river Barrow.

³ "Bede assures us that the Irish were a harmless and friendly people. To them many of the Angles had been accustomed to resort in search of knowledge, and on all occasions had been received kindly and supported gratuitously. Aldfrid lived in spontaneous exile among the Scots (Irish) through his desire of knowledge, and was called to the throne of Northumbria after the decease of his brother Egfrid in 685."—*Lingard's England*, vol. i. chap. 3.

Kinkora.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

[This poem is ascribed to the celebrated poet Mac-Liag, the secretary of the renowned monarch Brian Boru, who, as is well known, fell at the battle of Clontarf, in 1014, and the subject of it is a lamentation for the fallen condition of Kinkora, the palace of that monarch, consequent on his death. The decease of Mac-Liag is recorded in the "Annals of the Four Masters," as having taken place in 1015. A great number of his poems are still in existence, but none of them have obtained a popularity so widely extended as his "Lament." The palace of Kinkora, which was situated on the banks of the Shannon, near Killaloe, is now a heap of ruins.]

O, WHERE, Kinkora! is Brian the Great?
 And where is the beauty that once was thine?
 O, where are the princes and nobles that sate
 At the feast in thy halls, and drank the red wine!
 Where, O Kinkora?

O, where, Kinkora! are thy valourous lords?
 O, whither, thou Hospitable! are they gone?
 O, where are the Dalcassians of the golden swords?¹
 And where are the warriors Brian led on?
 Where, O Kinkora?

And where is Morrogh, the descendant of kings;
 The defeater of a hundred—the daringly brave—
 Who set but slight store by jewels and rings—
 Who swam down the torrent and laughed at its wave?
 Where, O Kinkora?

And where is Donogh, King Brian's worthy son?
 And where is Conaing, the beautiful chief?

¹ *Colg n-or*, or the swords of Gold, i. e. of the Gold-hilted Swords.

And Kian and Core? Alas! they are gone—
They have left me this night alone with my grief!
Left me, Kinkora!

And where are the chiefs with whom Brian went forth,
The never-vanquished sons of Erin the brave,
The great King of Onaght, renowned for his worth,
And the hosts of Baskinn from the western wave?
Where, O Kinkora?

O, where is Duvlann of the Swift-footed Steeds?
And where is Kian, who was son of Molloy?
And where is King Lonergan, the fame of whose deeds
In the red battle-field no time can destroy?
Where, O Kinkora?

And where is that youth of majestic height,
The faith-keeping Prince of the Scots? Even he,
As wide as his fame was, as great as was his might,
Was tributary, O Kinkora, to thee!
Thee, O Kinkora!

They are gone, those heroes of royal birth,
Who plundered no churches, and broke no trust;
'Tis weary for me to be living on earth
When they, O Kinkora, lie low in the dust!
Low, O Kinkora!

O, never again will Princes appear,
To rival the Dalcassians¹ of the Cleaving Swords;

¹ The Dalcassians were Brian's body guard.

I can never dream of meeting afar or anear,
 In the east or the west, such heroes and lords!
 Never, Kinkora!

O, dear are the images my memory calls up
 Of Brian Boru!—how he never would miss
 To give me at the banquet, the first bright cup!
 Ah! why did he heap on me honour like this?
 Why, O Kinkora?

I am Mac-Liag, and my home is on the Lake:
 Thither often, to that palace whose beauty is fled,
 Came Brian, to ask me, and I went for his sake,
 O, my grief! that I should live, and Brian be dead!
 Dead, O Kinkora!



Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

[This is an Elegy on the death of the princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, who having fled with others from Ireland in the year 1607, and afterwards dying at Rome, were interred on St. Peter's Hill, in one grave. The poem is the production of O'Donnell's bard, Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Ward, who accompanied the family in their exile, and is addressed to Nuala, O'Donnell's sister, who was also one of the fugitives. As the circumstances connected with the flight of the Northern Earls, which led to the subsequent confiscation of the six Ulster Counties by James I., may not be immediately in the recollection of many of our readers, it may be proper briefly to state, that it was caused by the discovery of a letter directed to Sir William Ussher, Clerk of the Council, dropped in the Council-chamber on the 7th of May, and which accused the Northern chieftains generally of a conspiracy to overthrow the government. The charge is now totally disbelieved. As an illustration of the poem, and as an interesting piece of hitherto unpublished literature in itself, we extract the account of the flight as recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters, and translated by Mr. O'Donovan: "Maguire (Cuconnaught)

and Donogh, son of Mahon, who was son of the Bishop O'Brien, sailed in a ship to Ireland, and put in at the harbor of Swilly. They then took with them from Ireland the Earl O'Neill (Hugh, son of Fedoragh) and the Earl O'Donnell (Rory, son of Hugh, who was son of Magnus) and many others of the nobles of the province of Ulster. These are the persons who went with O'Neill, namely, his Countess, Catherina, daughter of Mugennis, and her three sons; Hugh, the Baron, John, and Brian; Art Oge, son of Cormac, who was son of the Baron; Fedoragh, son of Con, who was son of O'Neill; Hugh Oge, son of Brian, who was son of Art O'Neill; and many others of his most intimate friends. These were they who went with the Earl O'Donnell, namely Caffer, his brother, with his sister Nuala; Hugh, the Earl's child, wanting three weeks of being one year old; Rose, daughter of O'Doherty and wife of Caffer, with her son Hugh, aged two years and three months; his (Rory's) brother's son Donnell Oge, son of Donnel, Naghtan, son of Calvach, who was son of Donogh Cairbreach O'Donnell, and many others of his intimate friends. They embarked on the festival of the Holy Cross in autumn. This was a distinguished company; and it is certain that the sea has not borne and the wind has not wafted in modern times a number of persons in one ship more eminent, illustrious, or noble in point of genealogy, heroic deeds, valour, feats of arms, and brave achievements than they. Would that God had but permitted them to remain in their patrimonial inheritances until the children should arrive at the age of manhood! Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the council that recommended the project of this expedition, without knowing whether they should, to the end of their lives, be able to return to their native principalities or patrimonies." The Earl of Tyrone was the illustrious Hugh O'Neill, the Irish leader in the wars against Elizabeth.]

O WOMAN of the Piercing Wail,
 Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
 With sigh and groan,
 Would God thou wert among the Gael!
 Thou wouldst not then from day to day
 Weep thus alone.
 'Twere long before, around a grave
 In green Tirconnell, one could find
 This loneliness;
 Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave
 Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
 Companionless.

Beside the wave, in Donegal,
 In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
 Or Killillee,
 Or where the sunny waters fall,

At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
This could not be.
On Derry's plains—in rich Drumclieff—
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears!

O, no!—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle-walls,
From Lissadill,
Would flock alike both rich and poor.
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill;
And some would come from Barrow-side,
And many a maid would leave her home
On Leitrim's plains,
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
And swell thy strains!

O, horses' hoofs would trample down
The Mount whereon the martyr-saint¹
Was crucified.
From glen and hill, from plain and town,
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
Would echo wide.
There would not soon be found, I ween,

¹ St. Peter. This passage is not exactly a blunder, though at first it may seem one: the poet supposes the grave itself transferred to Ireland, and he naturally includes in the transference the whole of the immediate locality around the grave.—Tr.

One foot of ground among those bands
For museful thought,
So many shriekers of the *keen*¹
Would cry aloud, and clap their hands,
All woe-distraught!

Two princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their cells of clay beside
O'Donnell Roe:
Three royal youths, alas! are gone,
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
For Erin's woe!
Ah! could the men of Ireland read
The names these noteless burial stones
Display to view,
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
Their tears gush forth again, their groans
Resound anew!

The youths whose relics moulder here
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord
Of Aileach's lands;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
Thy nephew, long to be deplored
By Ulster's bands.
Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time
Could domicile Decay or house
Decrepitude!
They passed from Earth ere Manhood's prime,
Ere years had power to dim their brows
Or chill their blood.

¹ *Keen*, or *Caoine*, the funeral-wail.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years,
Lies here a corse
Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
Tirconnell of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair—
For valour, truth, and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns,
A peerless pair.

O, had these twain, and he, the third,
The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
Their mate in death—
A prince in look, in deed and word—
Had these three heroes yielded on
The field their breath,
O, had they fallen on Criffan's plain,
There would not be a town or clan
From shore to sea,
But would with shrieks bewail the Slain,
Or chant aloud the exulting *rann*¹
Of jubilee!

When high the shout of battle rose,
On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
Through Erin's gloom,
If one, if barely one of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
The hero's doom!

¹ Song.

If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
The shock of spears,
Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
Long must the north have wept his death
With heart-wrung tears!

If on the day of Ballachmyre
The Lord of Mourne had met, thus young,
A warrior's fate,
In vain would such as thou desire
To mourn, alone, the champion sprung
From Niall the Great!
No marvel this—for all the Dead,
Heaped on the field, pile over pile,
At Mullach-brack,
Were scarce an *eric*¹ for his head,
If Death had stayed his footsteps while
On victory's track!

If on the Day of Hostages
The fruit had from the parent bough
Been rudely torn
In sight of Munster's bands—Mac-Nee's—
Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,
Could ill have borne.
If on the day of Balloch-boy,
Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,
The chieftain low,
Even our victorious shout of joy
Would soon give place to rueful cries
And groans of woe!

¹ A compensation or fine.

If on the day the Saxon host
Were forced to fly—a day so great
For Ashanee¹—
The Chief had been untimely lost,
Our conquering troops should moderate
Their mirthful glee.
There would not lack on Lifford's day,
From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,
From Limerick's towers,
A marshalled file, a long array,
Of mourners to bedew the soil
With tears in showers!

If on the day a sterner fate
Compelled his flight from Athenree,
His blood had flowed,
What numbers all disconsolate
Would come unasked, and share with thee
Affliction's load!

If Derry's crimson field had seen
His life-blood offered up, though 'twere
On Victory's shrine,
A thousand cries would swell the *keen*,
A thousand voices of despair
Would echo thine!

O, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm
That bloody night on Fergus' banks
But slain our Chief,
When rose his camp in wild alarm—
How would the triumph of his ranks
Be dashed with grief!

¹ Ballyshannon.

How would the troops of Murbach mourn
If on the Curlew Mountains' day,
Which England rued,
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,
By shedding there, amid the fray,
Their prince's blood!

Red would have been our warrior's eyes
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field
A gory grave,
No Northern Chief would soon arise
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
So swift to save.
Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh
Had met the death he oft had dealt
Among the foe
But, had our Roderick fallen too,
All Erin must, alas! have felt
The deadly blow!

What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall!
And Erin, once the Great and Free,
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain,
And iron thrall!
Then, daughter of O'Donnell, dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside,
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride!

1 v
Darky's recollection
of the scene, &c.
commonly said
made for me

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay,
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way
As He decrees.
Embrace the faithful Crucifix,
And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Saviour trod;
Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope and worldly care
Its groans to God!

And Thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land!
Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of Conn!

"The Saturday before the flight, the Earl of Tyrone was with the lord-deputy at Slane, where he had spoken with his lordship of his journey into England, and told him he would be there about the beginning of Michaelmas term, according to his Majesty's directions. He took leave of the lord-deputy in a more sad and passionate manner than was usual with him. From thence he went to Mellifont and Garret Moore's house, where he wept abundantly when he took his leave, giving a solemn farewell to every child and every servant in the house, which made them all marvel, because in general it was not his manner to use such compliments. On Monday he went to Dungarvan, where he rested two whole days, and on Wednesday night, they say he travelled all night. It is likewise reported that the countess, his wife, being exceedingly weary, slipped down from her horse, and weeping,

said, 'She could go no further.' Wherenpon the earl drew his sword, and swore a great oath that 'he would kill her on the spot if she would not pass on with him, and put on a more cheerful countenance.' When the party, which consisted (men, women, and children) of fifty or sixty persons, arrived at Loch Foyle, it was found that their journey had not been so secret but that the governor there had notice of it, and sent to invite Tyrone and his son to dinner. Their haste, however, was such that they accepted not his courtesy, but hastened on to Rathmulla, a town on the west side of Lough Swilly, where the Earl of Tyrconnell and his company met with them. From thence the whole party embarked, and, landing on the coast of Normandy, proceeded through France to Brussels. Davies concludes his curious narrative, with a few pregnant words, in which the difficulties that England had to contend with in conquering Tyrone are thus acknowledged with all the frankness of a generous foe :—'As for us that are here,' he says, 'we are glad to see the day wherein the countenance and majesty of the law and civil government hath banished Tyrone out of Ireland, which the best army in Europe, and the expense of two millions of sterling pounds had not been able to bring to pass.'"—*Moore's Ireland.*



O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire.¹

[O'Hussey, the last hereditary bard of the great sept of Maguire, of Fermanagh, who flourished about 1630, possessed a fine genius. He commenced his vocation when quite a youth, by a poem celebrating the escape of the famous Hugh Roe O'Donnell from Dublin Castle, in 1591, into which he had been treacherously betrayed. The noble ode which O'Hussey addressed to Hugh Maguire, when that chief had gone on a dangerous expedition, in the depth of an unusually severe winter, is as interesting an example of the devoted affection of the bard to his chief, and as vivid a picture of intense desolation, as could be well conceived.]

WHERE is my Chief, my Master, this bleak night, *mavrone* !
 O, cold, cold, miserably cold is this bleak night for Hugh,
 Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet pierceth one through
 and through,
 Pierceth one to the very bone !

¹ Mr. Ferguson, in a fine piece of criticism on this poem, remarks: "There is a vivid vigor in these descriptions, and a savage power in the antithetical climax, which claim a character almost approaching to sublimity. Nothing can be more graphic, yet more diversified, than his images of unmitigated horror—nothing more grandly startling than his heroic conception of the glow of glory triumphant over frozen toil. We have never read this poem without recurring, and that by no unworthy association, to Napoleon in his Russian campaign. Yet, perhaps O'Hussey has conjured up a picture of more inclement desolation, in his rude idea of northern horrors, than could be legitimately employed by a poet of the present

Rolls real thunder? Or, was that red, livid light
Only a meteor? I scarce know; but through the mid-
night dim

The pitiless ice-wind streams. Except the hate that per-
secutes *him*

Nothing hath crueller venom might.

An awful, a tremendous night is this, meseems!
The flood-gates of the rivers of heaven, I think, have been
burst wide—

Down from the overcharged clouds, like unto headlong
ocean's tide,

Descends grey rain in roaring streams.

Though he were even a wolf ranging the round green
woods,

Though he were even a pleasant salmon in the unchain-
able sea,

Though he were a wild mountain eagle, he could scarce
bear, he,

This sharp, sore sleet, these howling floods.

O, mournful is my soul this night for Hugh Maguire!
Darkly, as in a dream he strays! Before him and behind
Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding wind,
The wounding wind, that burns as fire!

It is my bitter grief—it cuts me to the heart—
That in the country of Clan Darry this should be his
fate!

day, when the romance of geographical obscurity no longer permits us to imagine the Phlegrean regions of endless storm, where the snows of Hæmus fall mingled with the lightnings of Etna, amid Bistonian wilds or Hyrcanian forests."—*Dublin University Magazine*, vol. iv.

O, woe is me, where is he? Wandering, houseless, desolate,
Alone, without or guide or chart!

Medreams I see just now his face, the strawberry-bright,
Uplifted to the blackened heavens, while the tempestuous
winds
Blow fiercely over and round him, and the smiting sleet-
shower blinds
The hero of Galang to-night!

Large, large affliction unto me and mine it is,
That one of his majestic bearing, his fair, stately form,
Should thus be tortured and o'erborne—that this unsparing
storm
Should wreak its wrath on head like his!

That his great hand, so oft the avenger of the oppressed,
Should this chill, churlish night, perchance, be paralyzed
by frost—
While through some icicle-hung thicket—as one lorn and
lost—
He walks and wanders without rest.

The tempest-driven torrent deluges the mead,
It overflows the low banks of the rivulets and ponds—
The lawns and pasture-grounds lie locked in icy bonds,
So that the cattle cannot feed.

The pale bright margins of the streams are seen by none.
Rushes and sweeps along the untamable flood on every
side—

It penetrates and fills the cottagers' dwellings far and wide—

• Water and land are blent in one.

Through some dark woods, 'mid bones of monsters, Hugh
now strays,

As he confronts the storm with anguished heart, but man-
ly brow—

O! what a sword-wound to that tender heart of his were
now

A backward glance at peaceful days!

But other thoughts are his—thoughts that can still inspire
With joy and an onward-bounding hope the bosom of
Mac-Nee—

Thoughts of his warriors charging like bright billows of
the sea,

Borne on the wind's wings, flashing fire!

And though frost glaze to-night the clear dew of his eyes,
And white ice-gauntlets glove his noble fine fair fingers
o'er,

A warm dress is to him that lightning-garb he ever wore,
The lightning of the soul, not skies.

AVRAN.¹

Hugh marched forth to the fight—I grieved to see him so
depart;

And lo! to-night he wanders frozen, rain-drenched, sad,
betrayed—

*But the memory of the limewhite mansions his right hand
hath laid*

In ashes, warms the hero's heart!

¹ A concluding stanza, generally intended as a recapitulation of the entire poem.

Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.¹

(A JACOBITE RELIC—FROM THE IRISH.)

LONG they pine in weary woe, the nobles of our land,
 Long they wander to and fro, proscribed, alas! and
 banned;
 Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the exile's brand;
 But their hope is in the coming-to of Kathaleen Ny-
 Houlahan!

Think her not a ghastly hag, too hideous to be seen,
 Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kathaleen;
 Young she is, and fair she is, and would be crowned a queen,
 Were the king's son at home here with Kathaleen
 Ny-Houlahan!

Sweet and mild would look her face, O none so sweet and ✓
 mild,
 Could she crush the foes by whom her beauty is reviled; ✓
 Woollen plaids would grace herself and robes of silk her
 child,
 If the king's son were living here with Kathaleen Ny-
 Houlahan!

Sore disgrace it is to see the Arbitress of thrones,
 Vassal to a *Saxoneen* of cold and sapless bones!
 Bitter anguish wrings our souls—with heavy sighs and
 groans
 We wait the Young Deliverer of Kathaleen Ny-Hou-
 lahan!

¹ *Anglice*, Catherine Holohan, a name by which Ireland was allegorically known.

Let us pray to Him who holds Life's issues in his hands—
Him who formed the mighty globe, with all its thousand
lands;

Girding them with seas and mountains, rivers deep, and
strands,

To cast a look of pity upon Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

He, who over sands and waves led Israel along—

He, who fed, with heavenly bread, that chosen tribe and
throng—

He, who stood by Moses, when his foes were fierce and
strong—

May He show forth His might in saving Kathaleen
Ny-Houlahan!



Welcome to the Prince.

(A JACOBITE RELIC—FROM THE IRISH.)

[This was written about the period of the battle of Culloden (27th April, 1746), by William Heffernan, surnamed Dall, or the Blind, of Shronehill, county Tipperary.]

LIFT up the drooping head,

Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin!¹

Her blood yet boundeth red

Through the myriad veins of Erin.

No! no! she is not dead

Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin!

Lo! she redeems

The lost years of by gone ages—

¹ Dark Michael M'Gilla Kerin, prince of Ossory.

New glory beams
Henceforth on her History's pages !
Her long penitential Night of Sorrow
Yields at length before the reddening morrow !

You heard the thunder-shout,
Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin !
Saw the lightning streaming out
O'er the purple hills of Erin !
And, bide you yet in doubt,
Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin ?
O ! doubt no more !
Through Ulidia's voiceful valleys,
On Shannon's shore,
Freedom's burning spirit rallies.
Earth and Heaven unite in sign and omen¹
Bodeful of the downfall of our foemen.

Thurot commands the North,
Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin !
Louth sends her heroes forth,
To hew down the foes of Erin !
Swords gleam in field and *gorth*,²
Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin !
Up ! up ! my friend !
There's a glorious goal before us ;
Here will we blend
Speech and soul in this grand chorus :
"By the Heaven that gives us one more token,
We will die, or see our shackles broken !"

¹ This is an allusion to that well-known atmospherical phenomenon of the "cloud armies," which is said to have been so common about this period in Scotland.

² *Gorth* literally means Garden.

Charles leaves the Grampian hills,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin !
Charles, whose appeal yet thrills,
 Like a clarion-blast, through Erin.
Charles, he whose image fills
 Thy soul, too, Mac-Giolla-Kierin !
 Ten thousand strong,
His clans move in brilliant order,
 Sure that ere long
He will march them o'er the Border,
While the dark-haired daughters of the Highlands
Crown with wreaths the Monarch of three islands !

Fill, then, the ale-cup high,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin !
Fill ! the bright hour is nigh
 That shall give her own to Erin !
Those who so sadly sigh,
 Even as you, Mac-Giolla-Kierin,
 Henceforth shall sing.
Hark !—O'er heathery hill and dell come
 Shouts for the King !
Welcome, our Deliverer ! Welcome !
Thousands this glad night, ere turning bedward,
Will with us drink, "Victory to Charles Edward !"

Lament for Banba.¹

(FROM THE IRISH.)

O, MY land! O, my love!

What a woe, and how deep,
Is thy death to my long mourning soul!

God alone, God above,
Can awake thee from sleep,
Can release thee from bondage and dole!

Alas, alas, and alas!

For the once proud people of Banba!

As a tree in its prime,

Which the axe layeth low,
Didst thou fall, O, unfortunate land!

Not by Time, nor thy crime,
Came the shock and the blow.

They were given by a false felon hand!

Alas, alas, and alas,

For the once proud people of Banba!

O, my grief of all griefs

Is to see how thy throne
Is usurped, whilst thyself art in thrall!
Other lands have their chiefs,
Have their kings, thou alone

¹ Banba (*Banva*) was one of the most ancient names given by the Bards to Ireland.

Art a wife, yet a widow withal !
Alas, alas, and alas,
For the once proud people of Banba !

The high house of O'Neill
Is gone down to the dust,
The O'Brien is clanless and banned ;
And the steel, the red steel,
May no more be the trust
Of the Faithful and Brave in the land !
Alas, alas, and alas,
For the once proud people of Banba !

True, alas ! Wrong and Wrath
Were of old all too rife.
Deeds were done which no good man admires ;
And perchance Heaven hath
Chastened us for the strife
And the blood-shedding ways of our sires !
Alas, alas, and alas,
For the once proud people of Banba !

But, no more ! This our doom,
While our hearts yet are warm,
Let us not over-weakly deplore !
For the hour soon may loom
When the Lord's mighty hand
Shall be raised for our rescue once more !
And our grief shall be turned into joy
For the still proud people of Banba !

Ellen Bawn.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

ELLEN BAWN, O Ellen Bawn, you darling, darling dear,
you,

Sit awhile beside me here, I'll die unless I'm near you!

'Tis for you I'd swim the Suir and breast the Shannon's
waters;

For Ellen dear, you've not your peer in Galway's bloom-
ing daughters!

Had I Limerick's gems and gold at will to mete and
measure,

Were Loughrea's abundance mine, and all Portumna's
treasure,

These might lure me, might insure me many and many a
new love,

But O! no bribe could pay your tribe for One like you,
my true love!

Blessings be on Connaught! that's the place for sport and
raking!

Blessings too, my love, on you, a-sleeping and a-waking!

I'd have met you, dearest Ellen, when the sun went under,
But, woe! the flooding Shannon broke across my path in
thunder!

Ellen! I'd give all the deer in Limerick's parks and arbors,
Ay, and all the ships that rode last year in Munster's har-
bors,

Could I blot from Time the hour I first became your lover,
For, O! you've given my heart a wound it never can re-
cover!

Would to God that in the sod my corpse to-night were
lying,
And the wild birds wheeling o'er it, and the winds
a-sighing,
Since your cruel mother and your kindred choose to sever
Two hearts that Love would blend in one for ever and for
ever!



Love Ballad.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

LONELY from my home I come,
To cast myself upon your tomb,
And to weep.
Lonely from my lonesome home,
My lonesome house of grief and gloom,
While I keep
Vigil often all night long,
For your dear, dear sake,
Praying many a prayer so wrong
That my heart would break!

Gladly, O my blighted flower,
Sweet Apple of my bosom's Tree,
Would I now

Stretch me in your dark death-bower
Beside your corpse, and lovingly
Kiss your brow.
But we'll meet ere many a day,
Never more to part,
For even now I feel the clay
Gathering round my heart.

In my soul doth darkness dwell,
And through its dreary winding caves
Ever flows,
Ever flows with moaning swell,
One ebbless flood of many Waves,
Which are Woes.
Death, love, has me in his lures,
But that grieves not me,
So my ghost may meet with yours
On yon moon-loved lea.

When the neighbours near my cot
Believe me sunk in slumber deep,
I arise—
For, O! 'tis a weary lot,
This watching eye, and wooing sleep
With hot eyes—
I arise, and seek your grave,
And pour forth my tears;
While the winds that nightly rave,
Whistle in mine ears.

Often turns my memory back
To that dear evening in the dell,
When we twain

Sheltered by the sloe-bush black,
Sat, laughed, and talked, while thick sleet fell,
And cold rain.
Thanks to God! no guilty leaven
Dashed our childish mirth.
You rejoice for this in Heaven,
I not less on earth!

Love! the priests feel wroth with me,
To find I shrine your image still
In my breast.
Since you are gone eternally,
And your fair frame lies in the chill
Grave at rest;
But true Love outlives the shroud,
Knows nor check nor change,
And beyond Time's world of Cloud
Still must reign and range.

Well may now your kindred mourn
The threats, the wiles, the cruel arts,
They long tried
On the child they left forlorn!
They broke the tenderest heart of hearts,
And she died.
Curse upon the love of show!
Curse on Pride and Greed!
They would wed you "high"—and woe!
Here behold their meed!

The Vision of Conor O'Sullivan.

(FROM THE IRISH)

LAST night, amid dreams without number,
I beheld a bright vision in slumber :
A maiden with rose-red and lily-white features,
Disrobed of all earthly cumber.

Her hair o'er her shoulder was flowing
In clusters all golden and glowing,
Luxuriant and thick as in meads are the grass-blades
That the scythe of the mower is mowing.

With her brilliant eyes, glancing so keenly,
Her lips, smiling sweet and serenely,
Her pearly-white teeth and her high-arched eyebrows,
She looked most commanding and queenly.

Her long taper fingers might dally
With the harp in some grove or green alley ;
And her ivory neck and her beautiful bosom
Were white as the snows of the valley.

Bowing down, now, before her so lowly,
With words that came trembling and slowly,
I asked what her name was, and where I might worship
At the shrine of a being so holy !

"This nation is thy land and my land,"
She answered me with a sad smile, and
The sweetest of tones—"I, alas! am the spouse of
The long-banished chiefs of our island!"

“Ah! dimmed is that island’s fair glory,
And through sorrow her children grow hoary;
Yet, seat thee beside me, O Nurse of the Heroes,
And tell me thy tragical story!”

“The Druids and Sages unfold it—
The Prophets and Saints have foretold it,
That the Stuart would come o’er the sea with his legions,
And that all Eire’s tribes should behold it!

“Away, then, with sighing and mourning,
The hearts in men’s bosoms are burning
To free this green land—oh! be sure you will soon see
The days of her greatness returning!

“Up, heroes, ye valiant and peerless!
Up, raise the loud war-shout so fearless!
While bonfires shall blaze, and the bagpipe and trumpet
Make joyous a land now so cheerless!

“For the troops of King Louis shall aid us;—
The chains that now gall and degrade us
Shall crumble to dust, and our bright swords shall slaughter
The wretches whose wiles have betrayed us!”

Patrick Condon’s Vision.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

[PATRICK CONDON, the author of this song, was a native of Imokilly, county of Cork, and resided about four miles from the town of Youghal. About thirty years ago he emigrated to North America, and located himself some distance from Quebec. The Englishman who has ever, in the course of his travels, chanced to come into proximity with an Irish “hedge school,” will be at no loss

to conjecture the origin of the frequent allusions to heathen mythology in these songs. They are to be traced, we may say, exclusively to that intimate acquaintance with the classics which the Munster peasant never failed to acquire from the instructions of the road-side pedagogue. The Kerry rustic, it is known, speaks Latin like a citizen of old Rome, and has frequently, though ignorant of a syllable of English, conversed in the language of Cicero and Virgil with some of the most learned and intellectual of English tourists. Alas ! that the acuteness of intellect for which the Irish peasant is remarkable should not have afforded a hint to our rulers, amid their many and fruitless attempts at what is called conciliation ! Would it not be a policy equally worthy of their judgment, and deserving of praise in itself, to establish schools for the Irish in which they might be taught, at least, the elementary principles of education through the medium of their native tongue ? This course, long advocated by the most enlightened of every class and creed, has been lately brought forward in an able manner by Mr. Christopher Anderson.—See his *Sketches of the Native Irish*.]

THE evening was waning : long, long I stood pondering
 Nigh a green wood on my desolate lot.
 The setting sun's glory then set me a-wondering,
 And the deep tone of the stream in the grot.
 The birds on the boughs were melodiously singing, too,
 Even though the night was advancing apace ;
 Voices of fox-hunters,—voices were ringing too,
 And deep-mouthed hounds followed up the long chase.

Nut-trees around me grew beauteous and flourishing—
 Of the ripe fruit I partook without fear—
 Sweet was their flavour,—sweet, healthful, and nourish-
 ing—
 Honey I too found—the best of good cheer !
 When, lo ! I beheld a fair maiden draw near to me ;
 The noblest of maidens in figure and mind—
 One who hath been, and will ever be dear to me—
 Lovely and mild above all of her kind !

Long were her locks, hanging down in rich tresses all—
 Golden and plaited, luxuriant and curled ;
 Her eyes shone like stars of that Heaven which blesses
 all :
 Swan-white was her bosom, the pride of the world.

Her marvellous face like the rose and the lily shone;
 Pearl-like her teeth were as ever were seen;
In her calm beauty she proudly, yet stilly shone—
 Meek as a vestal, yet grand as a Queen.

Long-time I gazed on her, keenly and silently—
 Who might she be, this young damsel sublime?
Had she been chased from a foreign land violently?
 Had she come hither to wile away time?
Was she Calypso? I questioned her pleasantly—
 Ceres, or Hecate the bright undefiled?
Thetis, who sank the stout vessels incessantly?
 Bateia the tender, or Hebe the mild?

“None of all those whom you name”—she replied to me:
 “One broken-hearted by strangers am I;
But the day draweth near when the rights now denied
 to me
All shall flame forth like the stars in the sky.
Yet twenty-five years and you’ll witness my gloriousness:
 Doubt me not, friend, for in God is my trust;
And they who exult in their barren victoriousness
 Suddenly, soon, shall go down to the dust!”

Síghile Ní Gára.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

[The first peculiarity likely to strike the reader is the remarkable sameness pervading those Irish pieces which assume a narrative form. The poet usually wanders forth of a summer evening over moor and mountain, mournfully meditating on the wrongs and sufferings of his native land, until at length, sad and weary, he

lies down to repose in some flowery vale, or on the slope of some green and lonely hill-side. He sleeps, and in a dream beholds a young female of more than mortal beauty, who approaches and accosts him. She is always represented as appearing in naked loveliness. Her person is described with a minuteness of detail bordering upon tediousness—her hands, for instance, are said to be such as would execute the most complicated and delicate embroidery. The enraptured poet inquires whether she be one of the heroines of ancient story—Semiramis, Helen, or Medea—or one of the illustrious women of his own country—Deirdre, Blathnaid, or Cearnaid, or some Banshee, like Aoibhill, Cliona, or Aine, and the answer he receives is, that she is none of those eminent personages, but EIRE, once a queen, and now a slave—of old in the enjoyment of all honour and dignity, but to-day in thrall to the foe and the stranger. Yet wretched as is her condition, she does not despair, and encourages her afflicted child to hope, prophesying that speedy relief will shortly reach him from abroad. The song then concludes, though in some instances the poet appends a few consolatory reflections of his own, by way of finale.

The present song is one of the class which we have described, and *Sighile Ní Ghudharadh* (Celia O'Gara), in the language of allegory, means Ireland.]

ALONE as I wandered in sad meditation,
 And pondered my sorrows and soul's desolation,
 A beautiful vision, a maiden, drew near me,
 An angel she seemed sent from Heaven to cheer me.
 Let none dare to tell me I acted amiss
 Because on her lips I imprinted a kiss—
 O! that was a moment of exquisite bliss!
 For sweetness, for grace, and for brightness of feature,
 Earth holds not the match of this loveliest creature!

Her eyes, like twin stars, shone and sparkled with lustre;
 Her tresses hung waving in many a cluster,
 And swept the long grass all around and beneath her;
 She moved like a being who trod upon ether,
 And seemed to disdain the dominions of space—
 Such beauty and majesty, glory and grace,
 So faultless a form, and so dazzling a face,
 And ringlets so shining, so many and golden,
 Were never beheld since the storied years olden.

Alas, that this damsel, so noble and queenly,
 Who spake, and who looked, and who moved so serenely,

Should languish in woe, that her throne should have
crumbled ;

Her haughty oppressors abiding unhumbled.

O ! woe that she cannot with horsemen and swords,
With fleets and with armies, with chieftains and lords,
Chase forth from the isle the vile Sassenach hordes,
Who too long in their hatred have trodden us under,
And wasted green Eire with slaughter and plunder !

She hath studied God's Gospels, and Truth's divine pages—
The tales of the Druids, and lays of old sages ;
She hath quaffed the pure wave of the fountain Pierian,
And is versed in the wars of the Trojan and Tyrian ;
So gentle, so modest, so artless and mild,
The wisest of women, yet meek as a child ;
She pours forth her spirit in speech undefiled ;
But her bosom is pierced, and her soul hath been shaken,
To see herself left so forlorn and forsaken !

“O maiden !” so spake I, “thou best and divinest,
Thou, who as a sun in thy loveliness shinest,
Who art thou, and whence?—and what land dost thou
dwell in ?

Say, art thou fair Deirdre, or canst thou be Helen ?”
And thus she made answer—“What ! dost thou not see
The nurse of the Chieftains of Eire in me—
The heroes of Banba, the valiant and free ?
I was great in my time, ere the Gall¹ became stronger
Than the Gael, and my sceptre passed o'er to the
Wronger !”

¹ *Gall*, the stranger ; *Gaels*, the native Irish.

Thereafter she told me, with bitter lamenting,
 A story of sorrow beyond all inventing—
 Her name was Fair Eire, the Mother of true hearts,
 The daughter of Conn, and the spouse of the Stewarts.
 She had suffered all woes, had been tortured and flayed,
 Had been trodden and spoiled, been deceived and be-
 trayed;
 But her champion, she hoped, would soon come to her aid,
 And the insolent Tyrant who now was her master
 Would then be o'erwhelmed by defeat and disaster!

O, fear not, fair mourner!—thy lord and thy lover,
 Prince Charles, with his armies, will cross the seas over.
 Once more, lo! the Spirit of Liberty rallies
 Aloft on thy mountains, and calls from thy valleys.
 Thy children will rise and will take, one and all,
 Revenge on the murderous tribes of the Gall,
 And to thee shall return each renowned castle hall;
 And again thou shalt revel in plenty and treasure,
 And the wealth of the land shall be thine without measure.



St. Patrick's Hymn before Tara.

[The original Irish of this hymn was published, by Dr. Petrie, in vol. xviii., "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy." It is in the *Bearla Feine*, the most ancient dialect of the Irish, the same in which the Brehon laws were written. It was printed from the "*Liber Hymnorum*," preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, a manuscript, which, as Dr. Petrie proves by the authority of Usher and others, must be nearly 1250 years old.]

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this awful hour,
 I call on the holy Trinity!
 Glory to Him who reigneth in power,

The God of the elements, Father, and Son,
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity !

AT TARAH TO-DAY I call on the Lord,
On Christ, the Omnipotent Word,
Who came to redeem from Death and Sin
Our fallen race ;
And I put and I place
The virtue that lieth and liveth in
His Incarnation lowly,
His Baptism pure and holy,
His life of toil, and tears, and affliction,
His dolorous Death—his Crucifixion,
His Burial, sacred and sad and lone,
His Resurrection to life again,
His glorious Ascension to Heaven's high Throne,
And, lastly, his future dread
And terrible coming to judge all men—
Both the Living and Dead

AT TARAH TO-DAY I put and I place
The virtue that dwells in the Seraphim's love,
And the virtue and grace
That are in the obedience
And unshaken allegiance
Of all the Archangels and angels above,
And in the hope of the Resurrection
To everlasting reward and election,
And in the prayers of the Fathers of old,
And in the truths the Prophets foretold,
And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,
And in the Confessors' faith and teachings,

And in the purity ever dwelling
 Within the immaculate Virgin's breast,
 And in the actions bright and excelling
 Of all good men, the just and the blest

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this fateful hour,
 I place all Heaven with its power,
 And the sun with its brightness,
 And the snow with its whiteness,
 And fire with all the strength it hath,
 And lightning with its rapid wrath,
 And the winds with their swiftness along their path,
 And the sea with its deepness,
 And the rocks with their steepness,
 And the earth with its starkness,¹
 All these I place,
 By God's almighty help and grace,
 Between myself and the Powers of Darkness.

AT TARAH TO-DAY
 May God be my stay !
 May the strength of God now nerve me !
 May the power of God preserve me !
 May God the Almighty be near me !
 May God the Almighty espy me !
 May God the Almighty hear me !
 May God give me eloquent speech !
 May the arm of God protect me !
 May the wisdom of God direct me !
 May God give me power to teach and to preach !

¹ Properly, "strength," "firmness," from the Anglo-Saxon, *stark*, "strong," "stiff."

May the shield of God defend me!
May the host of God attend me,
 And ward me,
 And guard me,
Against the wiles of demons and devils,
Against the temptations of vices and evils,
Against the bad passions and wrathful will
 Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,
Against every man who designs me ill,
 Whether leagued with others or plotting apart!

 IN THIS HOUR OF HOURS,
 I place all those powers
Between myself and every foe,
 Who threaten my body and soul
 With danger or dole,
To protect me against the evils that flow
From lying soothsayers' incantations,
From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
From Heresy's hateful innovations,
From Idolatry's rites and invocations,
 Be those my defenders,
 My guards against every ban—
And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;
In fine, against every knowledge that renders
 The light Heaven sends us dim in
 The spirit and soul of Man!

 MAY CHRIST, I PRAY,
 Protect me to-day
 Against poison and fire,
Against drowning and wounding,

That so, in His grace abounding,
I may earn the Preacher's hire!

CHRIST, as a light,
Illumine and guide me!
CHRIST, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me!
CHRIST be under me! CHRIST be over me!
CHRIST be beside me
On left-hand and right!
CHRIST be before me, behind me, about me!
CHRIST this day be within and without me!

CHRIST, the lowly and meek,
CHRIST, the All-Powerful, be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
In all who draw near me,
Or see me or hear me!

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity!
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
The GOD of the Elements, Father, and Son,
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity!

Salvation dwells with the Lord,
With CHRIST, the Omnipotent Word.
From generation to generation
Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation!

A P O C R Y P H A .

The Karamanian Exile.

(FROM THE OTTOMAN.)

I SEE thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman !
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman ! O Karaman !
As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman !
So thou loomest on my dreams,
Karaman ! O Karaman !

The hot bright plains, the sun, the skies,
Karaman !
Seem death-black marble to mine eyes,
Karaman ! O Karaman !
I turn from summer's blooms and dyes ;
Yet in my dreams thou dost arise
In welcome glory to my eyes,
Karaman !
In thee my life of life yet lies,
Karaman !

Thou still art holy in mine eyes,
Karaman! O Karaman!

Ere my fighting years were come,
Karaman!
Troops were few in Erzerome,
Karaman! O Karaman!
Their fiercest came from Erzerome,
They came from Ukhbar's palace dome,
They dragged me forth from thee, my home,
Karaman!
Thee, my own, my mountain home,
Karaman!
In life and death, my spirit's home,
Karaman! O Karaman!

O, none of all my sisters ten,
Karaman!
Loved like me my fellow-men,
Karaman! O Karaman!
I was mild as milk till then,
I was soft as silk till then;
Now my breast is as a den,
Karaman!
Foul with blood and bones of men,
Karaman!
With blood and bones of slaughtered men,
Karaman! O Karaman!

My boyhood's feelings newly born,
Karaman!
Withered like young flowers uptorn,
Karaman! O Karaman!

And in their stead sprang weed and thorn ;
What once I loved now moves my scorn ;
My burning eyes are dried to horn,

Karaman !

I hate the blessed light of morn,

Karaman !

It maddens me, the face of morn,

Karaman ! O Karaman !

The Spahi wears a tyrant's chains,

Karaman !

But bondage worse than this remains,

Karaman ! O Karaman !

His heart is black with million stains :

Thereon, as on Kaf's blasted plains,
Shall never more fall dews and rains,

Karaman !

Save poison-dews and bloody rains,

Karaman !

Hell's poison-dews and bloody rains,

Karaman ! O Karaman !

But life at worst must end ere long,

Karaman !

Azreel¹ avengeth every wrong,

Karaman ! O Karaman !

Of late my thoughts rove more among
Thy fields ; o'ershadowing fancies throng
My mind, and texts of bodeful song,

Karaman !

¹ The angel of death.

Azreel is terrible and strong,

Karaman!

His lightning sword smites all ere long,

Karaman! O Karaman!

There's care to-night in Ukhbar's halls,

Karaman!

There's hope too, for his trodden thralls,

Karaman! O Karaman!

What lights flash red along yon walls?

Hark! hark!—the muster-trumpet calls!—

I see the sheen of spears and shawls,

Karaman!

The foe! the foe!—they scale the walls,

Karaman!

To-night Murād or Ukhbar falls,

Karaman! O Karaman!



The Mail and Warning of the Three Khalendeers.

(FROM THE OTTOMAN.)

LA' laha, il Allah!¹

Here we meet, we three, at length,

Amrah, Osman, Perizad:

Shorn of all our grace and strength,

Poor, and old, and very sad!

We have lived, but live no more;

Life has lost its gloss for us,

¹ God alone is all-merciful!

Since the days we spent of yore
Boating down the Bosphorus!
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
Old Time brought home no loss for us.
We felt full of health and heart
Upon the foamy Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
Days indeed! A shepherd's tent
Served us then for house and fold;
All to whom we gave or lent,
Paid us back a thousand fold.
Troublous years by myriads wailed,
Rarely had a cross for us,
Never when we gaily sailed,
Singing down the Bosphorus.
La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
There never came a cross for us,
While we daily, gaily sailed,
Adown the meadowy Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah!
Blithe as birds we flew along,
Laughed and quaffed and stared about;
Wine and roses, mirth and song,
Were what most we cared about.
Fame we left for quacks to seek,
Gold was dust and dross for us,
While we lived from week to week,
Boating down the Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
And gold was dust and dross for us,
While we lived from week to week,
Aboating down the Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah!
Friends we were, and would have shared
Purses, had we twenty full.
If we spent, or if we spared,
Still our funds were plentiful.
Save the hours we past apart
Time brought home no loss for us;
We felt full of hope and heart
While we clove the Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
For life has lost its gloss for us,
Since the days we spent of yore
Upon the pleasant Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
Ah! for youth's delirious hours,
Man pays well in after days.
When quenched hopes and palsied powers
Mock his love-and-laughter days.
Thorns and thistles on our path,
Took the place of moss for us,
Till false fortune's tempest wrath
Drove us from the Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
When thorns took place of moss for us,

Gone was all! Our hearts were graves
 Deep, deeper than the Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
 Gone is all! In one abyss
 Lie Health, Youth, and Merriment!
 All we've learned amounts to this—
Life's a sad experiment.
 What it is we trebly feel
 Pondering what it was for us,
 When our shallop's bounding keel
 Clove the joyous Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah!
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 We wail for what life was for us,
 When our shallop's bounding keel
 Clove the joyous Bosphorus!

THE WARNING.

La' laha, il Allah!
 Pleasure tempts, yet man has none
 Save himself t' accuse, if her
 Temptings prove, when all is done,
 Lures hung out by Lucifer.
 Guard your fire in youth, O Friends!
 Manhood's is but Phosphorus,
 And bad luck attends and ends
 Boatings down the Bosphorus!
 La' laha, il Allah!
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
 Youth's fire soon wanes to Phosphorus,
 And slight luck or grace attends
 Your boaters down the Bosphorus!

The Time of the Barmecides.

(FROM THE ARABIC.)

My eyes are filmed, my beard is grey,
I am bowed with the weight of years;
I would I were stretched in my bed of clay,
With my long-lost youth's compeers!
For back to the Past, though the thought brings woe,
My memory ever glides—
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides!
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides.

Then Youth was mine, and a fierce wild will,
And an iron arm in war,
And a fleet foot high upon Ishkar's hill,
When the watch-lights glimmered afar,
And a barb as fiery as any I know
That Khoord or Beddaween rides,
Ere my friends lay low—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.
Ere my friends lay low—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

One golden goblet illumed my board,
One silver dish was there;
At hand my tried Karamanian sword
Lay always bright and bare,

For those were the days when the angry blow
Supplanted the word that chides—
When hearts could glow—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides;
When hearts could glow—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides,

Through city and desert my mates and I
Were free to rove and roam,
Our diapered canopy the deep of the sky,
Or the roof of the palace dome—
O! ours was that vivid life to and fro
Which only sloth derides—
Men spent Life so, long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides,
Men spent Life so, long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

I see rich Bagdad once again,
With its turrets of Moorish mould,
And the Khalif's twice five hundred men
Whose binishes flamed with gold;
I call up many a gorgeous show
Which the Pall of Oblivion hides—
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the time of the Barmecides;
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the time of the Barmecides!

But mine eye is dim, and my beard is grey,
And I bend with the weight of years—
May I soon go down to the House of Clay
Where slumber my Youth's compeers!

For with them and the Past, though the thought
 wakes woe,
My memory ever abides;
And I mourn for the Times gone long ago,
 For the Times of the Barmecides!
I mourn for the Times gone long ago,
 For the Times of the Barmecides!



The Mariner's Bride.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

Look, mother! the mariner's rowing
 His galley adown the tide;
I'll go where the mariner's going,
 And be the mariner's bride!

I saw him one day through the wicket,
 I opened the gate and we met—
 As a bird in the fowler's net,
Was I caught in my own green thicket.
O mother, my tears are flowing,
 I've lost my maidenly pride—
I'll go if the mariner's going,
 And be the mariner's bride!

This Love the tyrant evinces,
 Alas! an omnipotent might,
 He darkens the mind like Night.
He treads on the necks of Princes!

O mother, my bosom is glowing,
 I'll go whatever betide,
 I'll go where the mariner's going,
 And be the mariner's bride !

Yes, mother ! the spoiler has reft me
 Of reason and self-control ;
 Gone, gone is my wretched soul,
 And only my body is left me !
 The winds, O mother, are blowing,
 The ocean is bright and wide ;
 I'll go where the mariner's going,
 And be the mariner's bride.



To the Ingleezee Khafir, calling himself Djaun Bool
 Djenkinzun.

(FROM THE PERSIAN.)

Thus writeth Meer Djafrit—

I hate thee, Djaun Bool,
 Worse than Márid or Afrit,
 Or corpse-eating Ghool.

I hate thee ike Sin,
 For thy mop-head of hair,
 Thy snub nose and bald chin,
 And thy turkeycock air.

Thou vile Ferindjee !
 That thou thus shouldst disturb an

Old Moslim like me,
 With my Khizzilbash turban !
Old foggy like me,
 With my Khizzilbash turban !

I spit on thy clothing,
 That garb for baboons !
I eye with deep loathing
 Thy tight pantaloons !
I curse the cravat
 That encircles thy throat,
And thy cooking-pot hat,
 And thy swallow-tailed coat !
Go, hide thy thick scone
 In some hovel suburban ;
Or else don at once
 The red Moosleman turban.
Thou dog, don at once
 The grand Khizzilbash turban !

MISCELLANEOUS.

Soul and Country.

ARISE! my slumbering soul, arise!
And learn what yet remains for thee
To dree or do!

The signs are flaming in the skies;
A struggling world would yet be free,
And live anew.

The earthquake hath not yet been born,
That soon shall rock the lands around,
Beneath their base.

Immortal freedom's thunder horn,
As yet, yields but a doleful sound
To Europe's race.

Look round, my soul, and see and say
If those about thee understand
Their mission here;

The will to smite—the power to slay—
Abound in every heart—and hand
Afar, anear.

But, God! must yet the conqueror's sword
Pierce *mind*, as heart, in this proud year?
O, dream it not!

It sounds a false, blaspheming word,
Begot and born of moral fear—
And ill-begot!

To leave the world a name is nought;
To leave a name for glorious deeds
And works of love—
A name to waken lightning thought,
And fire the soul of him who reads,
This tells⁴ above.

Napoleon sinks to-day before
The ungilded shrine, the *single* soul
Of Washington;
TRUTH's name, alone, shall man adore,
Long as the waves of time shall roll
Henceforward on!

My countrymen! my words are weak,
My health is gone, my soul is dark,
My heart is chill—
Yet would I fain and fondly seek
To see you borne in freedom's bark
O'er ocean still.

Beseech your God, and bide your hour—
He cannot, will not, long be dumb;
Even now his tread
Is heard o'er earth with coming power;
And coming, trust me, it will come,
Else were he dead!

Siberia.

IN Siberia's wastes
The Ice-wind's breath
Woundeth like the toothèd steel.
Lost Siberia doth reveal
Only blight and death.

Blight and death alone.
No Summer shines.
Night is interblent with Day.
In Siberia's wastes alway
The blood blackens, the heart pines.

In Siberia's wastes
No tears are shed,
For they freeze within the brain.
Nought is felt but dullest pain,
Pain acute, yet dead ;

Pain as in a dream,
When years go by
Funeral-paced, yet fugitive,
When man lives, and doth not live,
Doth not live—nor die.

In Siberia's wastes
Are sands and rocks.
Nothing blooms of green or soft,
But the snowpeaks rise aloft
And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there
 Is one with those;
 They are part, and he is part,
 For the sands are in his heart,
 And the killing snows.

Therefore, in those wastes
 None curse the Czar.
 Each man's tongue is cloven by
 The North Blast, who heweth nigh
 With sharp scymitar.

And such doom each drees,
 Till, hunger-gnawn,
 And cold-slain, he at length sinks there,
 Yet scarce more a corpse than ere
 His last breath was drawn.



A Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century.

"Et moi, j'ai été aussi en Arcadie."—And I, I, too, have been a dreamer.—
Inscription on a Painting by Poussin.

I WALKED entranced
 Through a land of Morn;
 The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
 Shone down and glanced
 Over seas of corn
 And lustrous gardens aleft and right.

Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain,
Beams no such sun upon such a land ;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign,
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

Anon stood nigh
By my side a man
Of princely aspect and port sublime.
Him queried I,
"O, my Lord and Khan,¹
What clime is this, and what golden time?"
When he—"The clime
Is a clime to praise,
The clime is Erin's, the green and bland;
And it is the time,
These be the days,
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand!"

Then saw I thrones,
And circling fires,
And a Dome rose near me, as by a spell,
Whence flowed the tones
Of silver lyres,
And many voices in wreathèd swell ;
And their thrilling chime
Fell on mine ears
As the heavenly hymn of an angel-band—
"It is now the time,
These be the years,
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand!"

¹ *Ceann*, the Gaelic title for a chief.

I sought the hall,
And, behold! . . . a change
From light to darkness, from joy to woe!
King, nobles, all,
Looked aghast and strange;
The minstrel-group sate in dumbest show!
Had some great crime
Wrought this dread amaze,
This terror? None seemed to understand!
'Twas then the time,
We were in the days,
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

I again walked forth;
But lo! the sky
Showed fleckt with blood, and an alien sun
Glared from the north,
And there stood on high,
Amid his shorn beams, A SKELETON!
It was by the stream
Of the castled Maine,
One Autumn eve, in the Teuton's land,
That I dreamed this dream
Of the time and reign
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand!

An Invitation.

FRIENDS to Freedom! is't not time
That your course were shaped at length?
Wherefore stand ye loitering here?
Seek some healthier, holier clime,
Where your souls may grow in strength,
And whence Love hath exiled Fear!

Europe,—Southron, Saxon, Celt,—
Sits alone, in tattered robe.
In our days she burns with none
Of the lightning-life she felt,
When Rome shook the troubled globe,
Twenty centuries ago.

Deutschland sleeps: her star hath waned.
France, the Thundress whilome, now
Singeth small, with bated breath.
Spain is bleeding, Poland chained;
Italy can but groan and vow.
England lieth sick to death.¹

Cross with me the Atlantic's foam,
And your genuine goal is won.
Purely Freedom's breezes blow,

¹ "England leidet von einer todtlichen Krankheit, ohne Hoff nung wie ohne Hef lung." England labours under a deadly sickness without hope and without remedy.—NIEBUHR.

Merrily Freedom's children roam,
By the dædal Amazon,
And the glorious Ohio!

Thither take not gems and gold.
Nought from Europe's robber-hoards
Must profane the Western Zones.
Thither take ye spirits bold,
Thither take ye ploughs and swords,
And your fathers' buried bones!

Come!—if Liberty's true fires
Burn within your bosoms, come!
If ye would that in your graves
Your free sons should bless their sires,
Make the Far Green West your home,
Cross with me the Atlantic's waves!

The Warning Voice.¹

“ Il me semble que nous sommes à la veille d'une grande bataille humaine. Les forces sont là ; mais je n'y vois pas de général.”—BALZAC : *Livre Mystique*.

YE Faithful!—ye Noble!
A day is at hand
Of trial and trouble,
And woe in the land!
O'er a once greenest path,
Now blasted and sterile,
Its dusk shadows loom—

¹ Written in the year 1847, when the British Famine was wasting Ireland, and when the Irish Confederation was formed.

It cometh with Wrath,
With Conflict and Peril,
With Judgment and Doom!

False bands shall be broken,
Dead systems shall crumble,
And the Haughty shall hear
Truths yet never spoken,
Though smouldering like flame
Through many a lost year
In the hearts of the Humble;
For, Hope will expire
As the Terror draws nigher,
And, with it, the Shame
Which so long overawed
Men's minds by its might—
And the Powers abroad
Will be Panic and Blight,
And phrenetic Sorrow—
Black Pest all the night,
And Death on the morrow!

Now, therefore, ye True,
Gird your loins up anew!
By the good you have wrought!
By all you have thought,
And suffered, and done!
By your souls! I implore you,
Be leal to your mission—
Remembering that *one*
Of the *two* paths before you
Slopes down to Perdition!
To you have been given,

Not granaries and gold,
But the Love that lives long,
And waxes not cold ;
And the Zeal that hath striven
Against Error and Wrong,
And in fragments hath riven
The chains of the Strong !
Bide now, by your sternest
Conceptions of earnest
Endurance for others,
Your weaker-souled brothers !
Your true faith and worth
Will be History soon,
And their stature stand forth
In the unsparing Noon !

You have dreamed of an era
Of Knowledge, and Truth,
And Peace—the *true* glory !
Was this a chimera ?
Not so !—but the childhood and youth
Of our days will grow hoary,
Before such a marvel shall burst on their sight !
On *you* its beams glow not—
For *you* its flowers blow not !
You cannot rejoice in its light,
But in darkness and suffering instead,
You go down to the place of the Dead !
To *this* generation
The sore tribulation,
The stormy commotion,
And foam of the Popular Ocean,
The struggle of class against class ;

The Dearth and the Sadness,
The Sword and the War-vest;
To the *next*, the Repose and the Gladness,
“The sea of clear glass,”
And the rich Golden Harvest!

Know, then, your true lot,
Ye Faithful, though few!
Understand your position,
Remember your mission,
And vacillate not,
Whatsoever ensue!
Alter not! Falter not!
Palter not now with your own living souls,
When each moment that rolls
May see Death, lay his hand
On some new victim's brow!
Oh! let not your vow
Have been written in sand!
Leave cold calculations
Of Danger and Plague,
To the slaves and the traitors
Who cannot dissemble
The dastard sensations
That now make them tremble
With phantasies vague!—
The men without ruth—
The hypocrite haters
Of Goodness and Truth,
Who at heart curse the race
Of the sun through the skies;
And would look in God's face
With a lie in their eyes!

To the last do your duty,
 Still mindful of this—
 That Virtue is Beauty,
 And Wisdom, and Bliss ;
 So, howe'er, as frail men, you have erred on
 Your way along Life's throngèd road,
 Shall your consciences prove a sure guerdon
 And tower of defence,
 Until Destiny summon you hence
 To the Better Abode !



The Lovely Land.

(ON A LANDSCAPE, PAINTED BY M*****.)

GLORIOUS birth of Mind and Colour,
 Gazing on thy radiant face,
 The most lorn of Adam's race
 Might forget all dolour !

What divinest light is beaming
 Over mountain, mead, and grove !
 That blue noontide sky above,
 Seems asleep and dreaming.

Rich Italia's wild-birds warble
 In the foliage of those trees.
 I can trace thee, Veronese,
 In these rocks of marble !

Yet no! Mark I not where quiver
The sun's rays on yonder stream?
Only a Poussin could dream
Such a sun and river!

What bold imaging! Stony valley,
And fair bower of eglantine!
Here I see the black ravine,
There the liliated alley!

This is some rare clime so olden,
Peopled, not by men, but fays;
Some lone land of genii days,
Storyful and golden!

Oh, for magic power to wander
One bright year through such a land!
Might I even one hour stand
On the blest hills yonder!

But—what spy I?...O, by noonlight!
'Tis the same!—the pillar-tower
I have oft passed thrice an hour,
Twilight, sunlight, moonlight!

Shame to me, my own, my sire-land,
Not to know thy soil and skies!
Shame, that through Maclise's eyes
I first see thee, IRELAND!

No! no land doth rank above thee
Or for loveliness or worth!
So shall I, from this day forth,
Ever sing and love thee!

The Saw-Mill.

My path lay towards the Mourne agen,
But I stopped to rest by the hill-side
That glanced adown o'er the sunken glen,
Which the Saw- and Water-mills hide,
Which now, as then,
The Saw- and Water-mills hide.

And there, as I lay reclined on the hill,
Like a man made by sudden *qualm* ill,
I heard the water in the Water-mill,
And I saw the saw in the Saw-mill!
As I thus lay still,
I saw the saw in the Saw-mill!

The saw, the breeze, and the humming bees,
Lulled me into a dreamy reverie,
Till the objects round me, hills, mills, trees,
Seemed grown alive all and every,
By slow degrees
Took life as it were, all and every!

Anon the sound of the waters grew
To a Mourne-ful ditty,
And the song of the tree that the saw sawed through,
Disturbed my spirit with pity,
Began to subdue
My spirit with tenderest pity!

“Oh, wanderer! the hour that brings thee back
Is of all meet hours the meetest.
Thou now, in sooth, art on the Track,
Art nigher to Home than thou weetest;
Thou hast thought Time slack,
But his flight has been of the fleetest!

“For thee it is that I dree such pain
As, when wounded, even a plank will;
My bosom is pierced, is rent in twain,
That thine may ever bide tranquil,
May ever remain
Henceforward untroubled and tranquil.

“In a few days more, most Lonely One!
Shall I, as a narrow ark, veil
Thine eyes from the glare of the world and sun
’Mong the urns in yonder dark vale,
In the cold and dun
Recesses of yonder dark vale!

“For this grieve not! Thou knowest what thanks
The Weary-souled and Meek owe
To Death!”—I awoke, and heard four planks
Fall down with a saddening echo.
*I heard four planks
Fall down with a hollow echo.*

Cean-Salla.

THE LAST WORDS OF RED HUGH O'DONNELL ON HIS DEPARTURE
FROM IRELAND FOR SPAIN.

[“ After this defeat at Cean-Salla (Kinsale), it was remarked that the Irish became a totally changed people, for they now exchanged their valour for timidity, their energy and vigour for indolence, and their hopes for bitter despondency.”—*Annals of the Four Masters*, A. D. 1602.]

WEEP not the brave Dead !
Weep rather the Living—
On them lies the curse
Of a Doom unforgiving !
Each dark hour that rolls,
Shall the memories they nurse,
Like molten hot lead,
Burn into their souls
A remorse long and sore !
They have helped to enthrall a
Great land evermore,
They who fled from Cean-Salla !

Alas, for thee, slayer
Of the kings of the Norsemen !
Thou land of sharp swords,
And strong kerns and swift horsemen !
Land ringing with song !
Land, whose abbots and lords,
Whose Heroic and Fair,
Through centuries long,
Made each palace of thine
A new western Walhalla—

Thus to die without sign
On the field of Cean-Salla ;

My ship cleaves the wave—
I depart for Iberia—
But, oh ! with what grief,
With how heavy and dreary a
Sensation of ill !
I could welcome a grave :
My career has been brief,
But I bow to God's will !
Not if now all forlorn,
In my green years, I fall, a
Lone exile, I mourn—
But I mourn for Cean-Salla !



Irish National Hymn.

O IRELAND ! Ancient Ireland !
Ancient ! yet for ever young !
Thou our mother, home and sireland—
Thou at length hast found a tongue—
Proudly thou, at length,
Resistest in triumphant strength.
Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled ;
And as that mighty God existeth,
Who giveth victory when and where He listeth,
Thou yet shalt wake and shake the nations of the world.

For this dull world still slumbers,
Weetless of its wants or loves,
Though, like Galileo, numbers
Cry aloud, "It moves! it moves!"
In a midnight dream,
Drifts it down Time's wreckful stream—
All march, but few descry the goal.
O Ireland! be it thy high duty
To teach the world the might of Moral Beauty,
And stamp God's image truly on the struggling soul.

Strong in thy self-reliance,
Not in idle threat or boast,
Hast thou hurled thy fierce defiance
At the haughty Saxon host—
Thou hast claimed, in sight
Of high Heaven, thy long-lost right.
Upon thy hills—along thy plains—
In the green bosom of thy valleys,
The new-born soul of holy freedom rallies,
And calls on thee to trample down in dust thy chains!

Deep, saith the Eastern story,
Burns in Iran's mines a gem,
For its dazzling hues and glory
Worth a Sultan's diadem.
But from human eyes
Hidden there it ever lies!
The aye-travailing Gnomes alone,
Who toil to form the mountain's treasure,
May gaze and gloat with pleasure without measure
Upon the lustrous beauty of that wonder-stone.

So is it with a nation
 Which would win for its rich dower
 That bright pearl, Self-Liberation—
 It must labour hour by hour.
 Strangers, who travail
 To lay bare the gem, shall fail ;
 Within itself, must grow, must glow—
 Within the depths of its own bosom
 Must flower in living might, must broadly blossom,
 The hopes that shall be born ere Freedom's Tree can
 blow.

Go on, then, all-rejoiceful !
 March on thy career unbowed !
 IRELAND ! let thy noble, voiceful
 Spirit cry to God aloud !
 Man will bid thee speed—
 God will aid thee in thy need—
 The Time, the Hour, the Power are near—
 Be sure thou soon shalt form the vanguard
 Of that illustrious band, whom Heaven and Man guard :
 And these words come from *one whom some have called a*
Seer.



Broken-hearted Days.

BALLAD.

WEEP for one blank, one desert epoch in
 The history of the heart ; it is the time
 When all which dazzled us no more can win ;
 When all that beamed of starlike and sublime

Wanes, and we stand lone mourners o'er the burial
Of perished pleasure, and a pall funereal,
Stretching afar across the hueless heaven,
Curtains the kingly glory of the sun,
And robes the melancholy earth in one
Wide gloom; when friends for whom we could have
striven

With pain, and peril, and the sword, and given
Myriads of lives, had such been merged in ours,
Requite us with falseheartedness and wrong;
When sorrows haunt our path like evil powers,
Sweeping and countless as the legion throng.

Then, when the upbroken dreams of boyhood's span,
And when the inanity of all things human,
And when the dark ingratitude of man,
And when the hollower perfidy of woman,
Come down like night upon the feelings, turning
This rich, bright world, so redolent of bloom,
Into a lazar-house of tears and mourning—
Into the semblance of a living tomb!

When, yielding to the might she cannot master,
The soul forsakes her palace halls of youth,
And (touched by the Ithuriel wand of truth,
Which oft in one brief hour works wonders vaster
Than those of Egypt's old magician host),
Sees at a single glance that all is lost!
And brooding in her cold and desolate lair
Over the phantom-wrecks of things that were,
And asking destiny if nought remain?
Is answered—bitterness and lifelong pain,
Remembrance, and reflection, and despair,

And torturing thoughts that will not be forbidden,
And agonies that cannot all be hidden!

Oh! in an hour like this, when thousands fix,
In headlong desperation, on self-slaughter,
Sit down, you droning, groaning bore! and mix
A glorious beaker of red rum-and-water!
And finally give care his flooring blow,
By one large roar of laughter, or guffaw,
As in the Freischutz chorus, "Haw! haw! haw!"
L'affaire est faite—you've bammed and bothered woe!

The One Mystery.

BALLAD.

'Tis idle! we exhaust and squander
The glittering mine of thought in vain;
All-baffled reason cannot wander,
Beyond her chain.
The flood of life runs dark—dark clouds
Make lampless night around its shore:
The dead, where are they? In their shrouds—
Man knows no more.

Evoke the ancient and the past,
Will one illumining star arise?
Or must the film, from first to last,
O'erspread thine eyes?

When life, love, glory, beauty, wither,
Will wisdom's page, or science' chart,
Map out for thee the region whither
Their shades depart?

Supposest thou the wondrous powers,
To high imagination given,
Pale types of what shall yet be ours,
When earth is heaven?
When this decaying shell is cold,
Oh! sayest thou the soul shall climb
That magic mount she trod of old,
Ere childhood's time?

And shall the sacred pulse that thrilled,
Thrill once again to glory's name?
And shall the conquering love that filled
All earth with flame,
Reborn, revived, renewed, immortal,
Resume his reign in prouder might,
A sun beyond the ebon portal,
Of death and night?

No more, no more—with aching brow,
And restless heart, and burning brain,
We ask the When, the Where, the How,
And ask in vain.
And all philosophy, all faith,
All earthly—all celestial lore,
Have but one voice, which only saith—
Endure—adore!

The Nameless One.

BALLAD.

ROLL forth, my song, like the rushing river,
That sweeps along to the mighty sea ;
GOD will inspire me while I deliver,
My soul of thee !

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for *him*, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to GOD, who mated
His soul with song—

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning-beam,

Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for
him;
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.



The Dying Enthusiast.

BALLAD.

SPEAK no more of life,
What can life bestow,
In this amphitheatre of strife,
All times dark with tragedy and woe?
Knowest thou not how care and pain
Build their lampless dwelling in the brain,
Ever, as the stern intrusion
Of our teachers, time and truth,
Turn to gloom the bright illusion,
Rainbowed on the soul of youth?
Could I live to find that this is so?
Oh! no! no!

As the stream of time
Sluggishly doth flow,
Look how all of beaming and sublime,
Sinks into the black abysm below.

Yea, the loftiest intellect,
Earliest on the strand of life is wrecked.
Nought of lovely, nothing glorious,
Lives to triumph o'er decay ;
Desolation reigns victorious—

Mind is dungeon walled by clay :
Could I bear to feel mine own laid low ?
Oh ! no ! no !

Restless o'er the earth,
Thronging millions go :
But behold how genius, love, and worth,
Move like lonely phantoms to and fro.
Suns are quenched, and kingdoms fall,
But the doom of these outdarkens all !
Die they then ? Yes, love's devotion,
Stricken, withers in its bloom ;
Fond affections, deep as ocean,
In their cradle find their tomb :
Shall I linger, then, to count each throe ?
Oh ! no ! no !

Prison-bursting death !
Welcome be thy blow !
Thine is but the forfeit of my breath,
Not the spirit ! nor the spirit's glow.
Spheres of beauty—hallowed spheres,
Undefaced by time, undimmed by tears,
Henceforth hail ! oh, who would grovel,
In a world, impure as this ?
Who would weep, in cell or hovel,
When a palace might be his ?
Wouldst thou have me the bright lot forego ?
Oh ! no ! no !

To Joseph Brennan.

BALLAD.

FRIEND and brother, and yet more than brother,
Thou endowed with all of Shelley's soul!
Thou whose heart so burneth for thy mother,¹
That, like *his*, it may defy all other
Flames, while time shall roll!

Thou of language bland, and manner meekest,
Gentle bearing, yet unswerving will—
Gladly, gladly, list I when thou speakest,
Honoured highly is the man thou seekest
To redeem from ill!

Truly showest thou me the one thing needful!
Thou art not, nor is the world yet blind.
Truly have I been long years unheedful
Of the thorns and tares, that choked the weedful
Garden of my mind!

Thorns and tares, which rose in rank profusion,
Round my scanty fruitage and my flowers,
Till I almost deemed it self-delusion,
Any attempt or glance at their extrusion
From their midnight bowers.

Dream and waking life have now been blended
Longtime in the caverns of my soul—

¹ Earth.

Oft in daylight have my steps descended
Down to that dusk realm where all is ended,
Save remeadless dole!

Oft, with tears, I have groaned to God for pity—
Oft gone wandering till my way grew dim—
Oft sung unto Him a prayerful ditty—
Oft, all lonely in this throngful city
Raised my soul to Him!

And from path to path His mercy tracked me—
From a many a peril snatched He me,
When false friends pursued, betrayed, attacked me,
When gloom overdarked, and sickness racked me,
He was by to save and free!

Friend! thou warnest me in truly noble
Thoughts and phrases! I will heed thee well—
Well will I obey thy mystic double
Counsel, through all scenes of woe and trouble,
As a magic spell!

Yes! to live a bard, in thought and feeling!
Yes! to act my rhyme, by self-restraint,
This is truth's, is reason's deep revealing,
Unto me from thee, as God's to a kneeling
And entranced saint!

Fare thee well! we now know each the other,
Each has struck the other's inmost chords—
Fare thee well, my friend and more than brother,
And may scorn pursue me if I smother
In my soul thy words!

Twenty Golden Years Ago.

O, THE rain, the weary, dreary rain,
 How it plashes on the window-sill!
 Night, I guess too, must be on the wane,
 Strass and Gass¹ around are grown so still.
 Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—
 Ah! t'was rarely I beheld it flow
 In the tavern where I loved to sup
 Twenty golden years ago!

Twenty years ago, alas!—but stay—
 On my life, 'tis half-past twelve o'clock!
 After all, the hours *do* slip away—
 Come, here goes to burn another block!
 For the night, or morn, is wet and cold;
 And my fire is dwindling rather low:—
 I had fire enough, when young and bold
 Twenty golden years ago.

Dear! I don't feel well at all, somehow:
 Few in Weimar dream how bad I am;
 Floods of tears grow common with me now,
 High-Dutch floods, that Reason cannot dam.
 Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive
 If I mope at home so—I don't know—
Am I living now? I was alive
 Twenty golden years ago.

¹ Street and lane.

Wifeless, friendless, flaggonless, alone,
Not quite bookless, though, unless I chuse,
Left with nought to do, except to groan,
Not a soul to woo, except the muse—
O! this is hard for *me* to bear,
Me, who whilome lived so much *en haut*,
Me, who broke all hearts like china-ware,
Twenty golden years ago!

Perhaps 'tis better;—time's defacing waves,
Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
They who curse me nightly from their graves,
Scarce could love me were they living now;
But my loneliness hath darker ills—
Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought and Co.,
Awful Gorgons! worse than tailors' bills
Twenty golden years ago!

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
O, how plaintive you would ween I was!
But I won't, albeit I have a deal
More to wail about than Kerner has!
Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
Mine for withered hopes, my scroll of woe
Dates, alas! from youth's deserted bowers,
Twenty golden years ago!

Yet, may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long,
Me, I tweak no beak among them;—hawks
Must not pounce on hawks: besides, in song
I could once beat all of them by chalks.
Though you find me as I near my goal,
Sentimentalizing like Rousseau,

O! I had a grand Byronian soul
Twenty golden years ago!

Tick-tick, tick-tick!—not a sound save Time's,
And the windgust as it drives the rain—
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain!
Sleep!—no more the dupe of hopes or schemes;
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
Curious anticlimax to thy dreams
Twenty golden years ago!

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59. Open the Door Softly. (Down in the
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